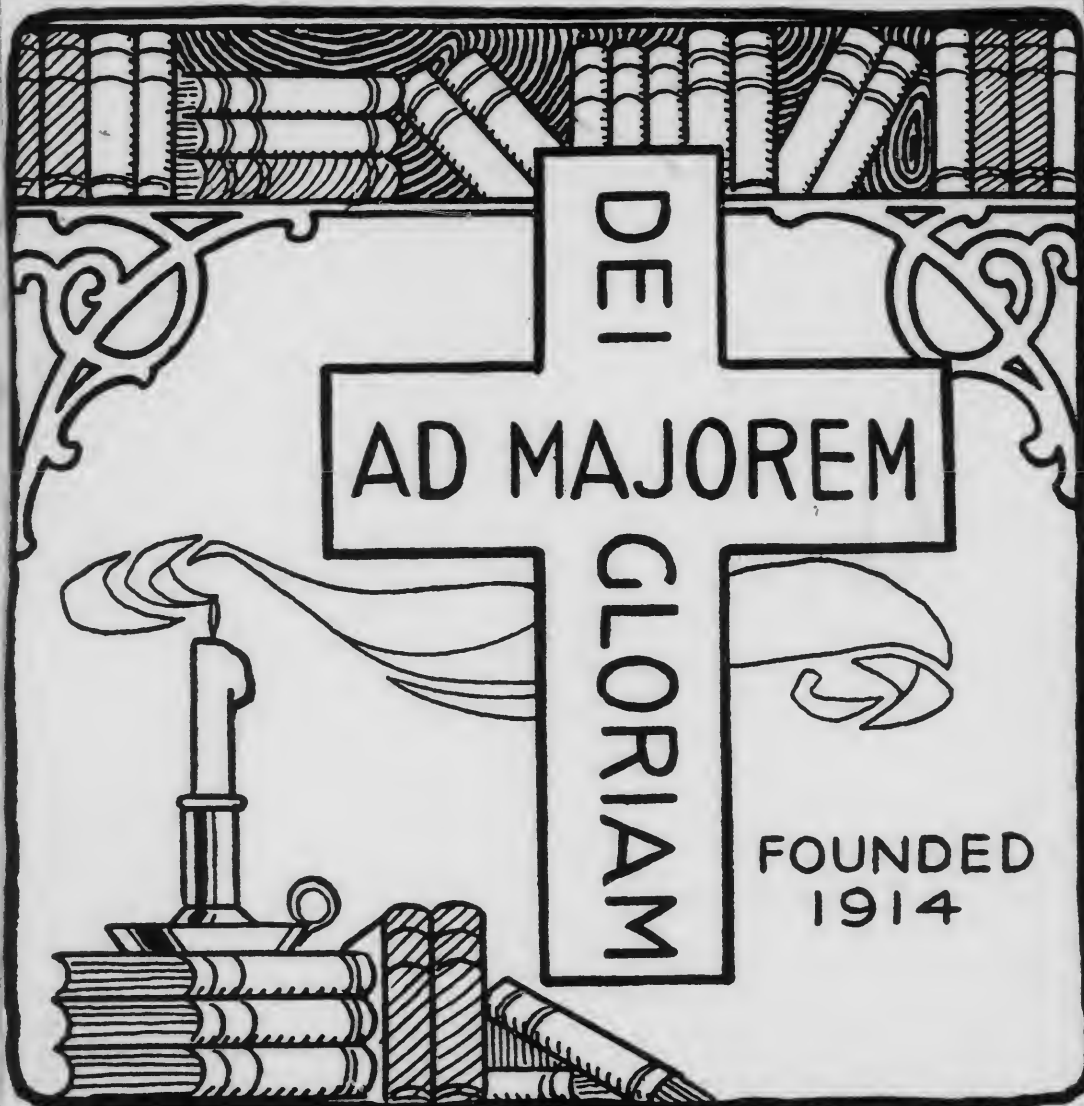


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THE LIFE

OF THE

REV. JOHN HEWGILL BUMBY.

A



1 M^r Bumby reading. 2 M^r Bumby astride the boat J. Garland supporting him.
3 Natives clinging to the sail. 4 The wave which washed M^r Bumby off the boat.

THE LIFE

OF THE

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23
JOHN NEWGILL BUMBY,

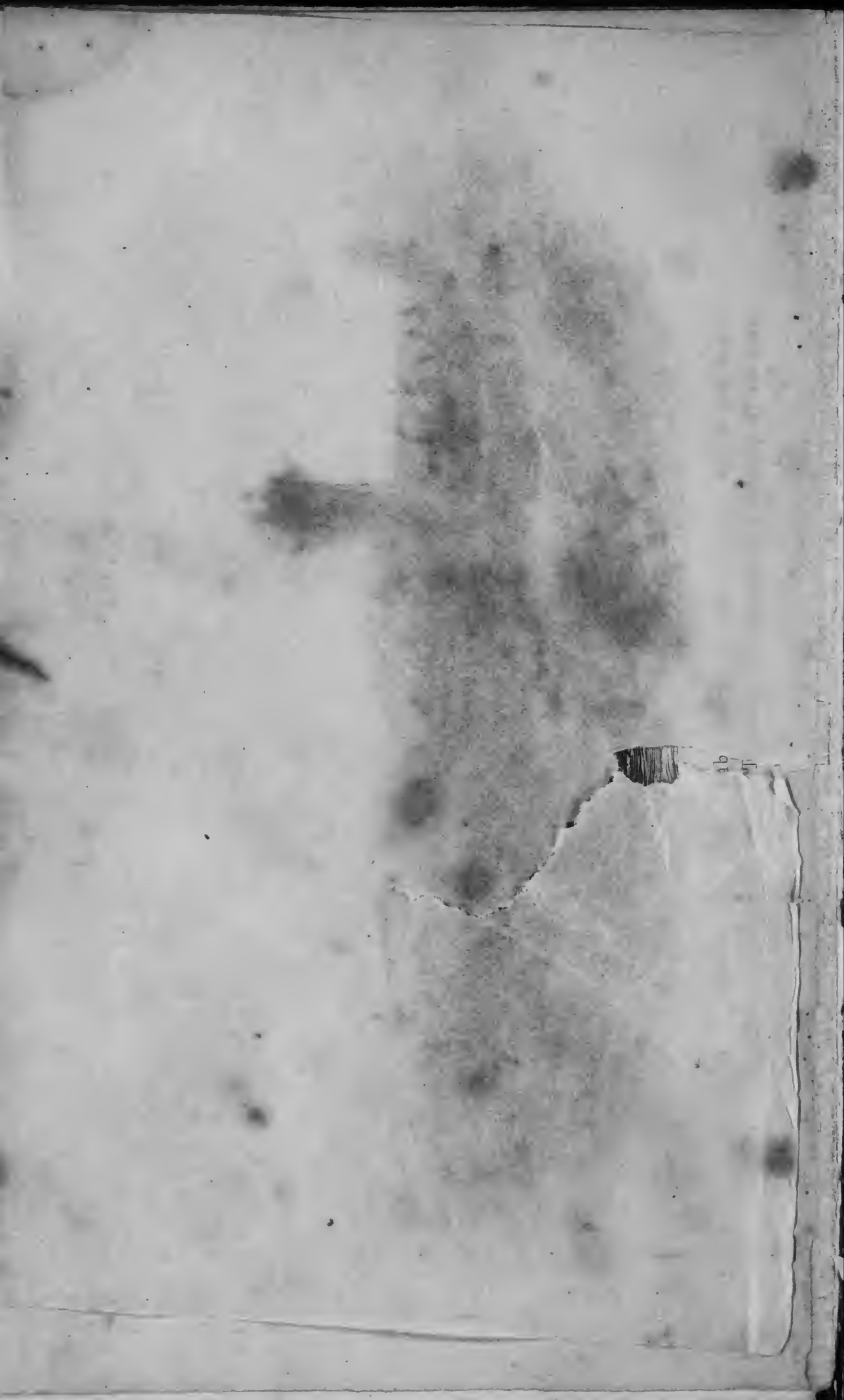
WHO WAS DROWNED IN THE RIVER THAMES,
SEPTEMBER, 1840.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE
WISDEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL
MANAGEMENT OF THE
WISDEST BUSINESS IN THAT COUNTRY.

BY THE

LAWYER, ALFRED BARRETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE OF THE RIVER," "THE RIVER
AND THE RIVER," &c.



THE LIFE

OF THE

REV. JOHN HEWGILL BUMBY,

WHO WAS DROWNED IN THE RIVER THAMES,
NEW-ZEALAND, JUNE 26TH, 1840.

WITH

A BRIEF HISTORY

OF

THE COMMENCEMENT AND PROGRESS OF THE
WESLEYAN MISSION IN THAT COUNTRY.

BY THE

REV. ALFRED BARRETT,

AUTHOR OF "CHRIST IN THE STORM," "PASTORAL
ADDRESSES," &c.

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PREFACE.

No sooner had the tidings of the lamented death of the subject of these pages reached this country, than a desire was expressed by many of his friends to possess some permanent memorial of his devoted zeal and characteristic excellencies. Many obstacles, however, interposed at that time to hinder the attainment of this object, which it would be tedious and improper here to particularise, and the design seemed to sleep; but about a year ago the author being favoured by two or three circumstances of advantage in the way of writing a brief narrative of our departed friend's life and labours, he gathered such papers as were available, and the results are now before the reader.

Very cordial and respectful thanks are due to the Rev. Dr. Beecham, Senior Missionary Secretary, and late President of the Conference, for his kindness in affording access to all needful documents in the Mission-House, as also for other information obligingly rendered; to the Rev. Elijah Hoole, his colleague in the Secre-

taryship, likewise, for similar aid, hardly less important and valuable ; and to those respected friends who have transmitted letters.

Although the interest of the personal narrative may have lost something by delay ; yet as the writer has been enabled, now a dozen years have elapsed, to trace to a very successful issue that great work in which the deceased lost his life ; it is hoped that every Christian reader will find, in contemplating the triumphs of the Gospel among the aboriginal races of New-Zealand, a deep and sacred delight, which will be more than a countervail for this disadvantage ; and so an apparent error may, by the God of grace, be overruled for good.

A. B.

MANCHESTER,

December 27th, 1851.

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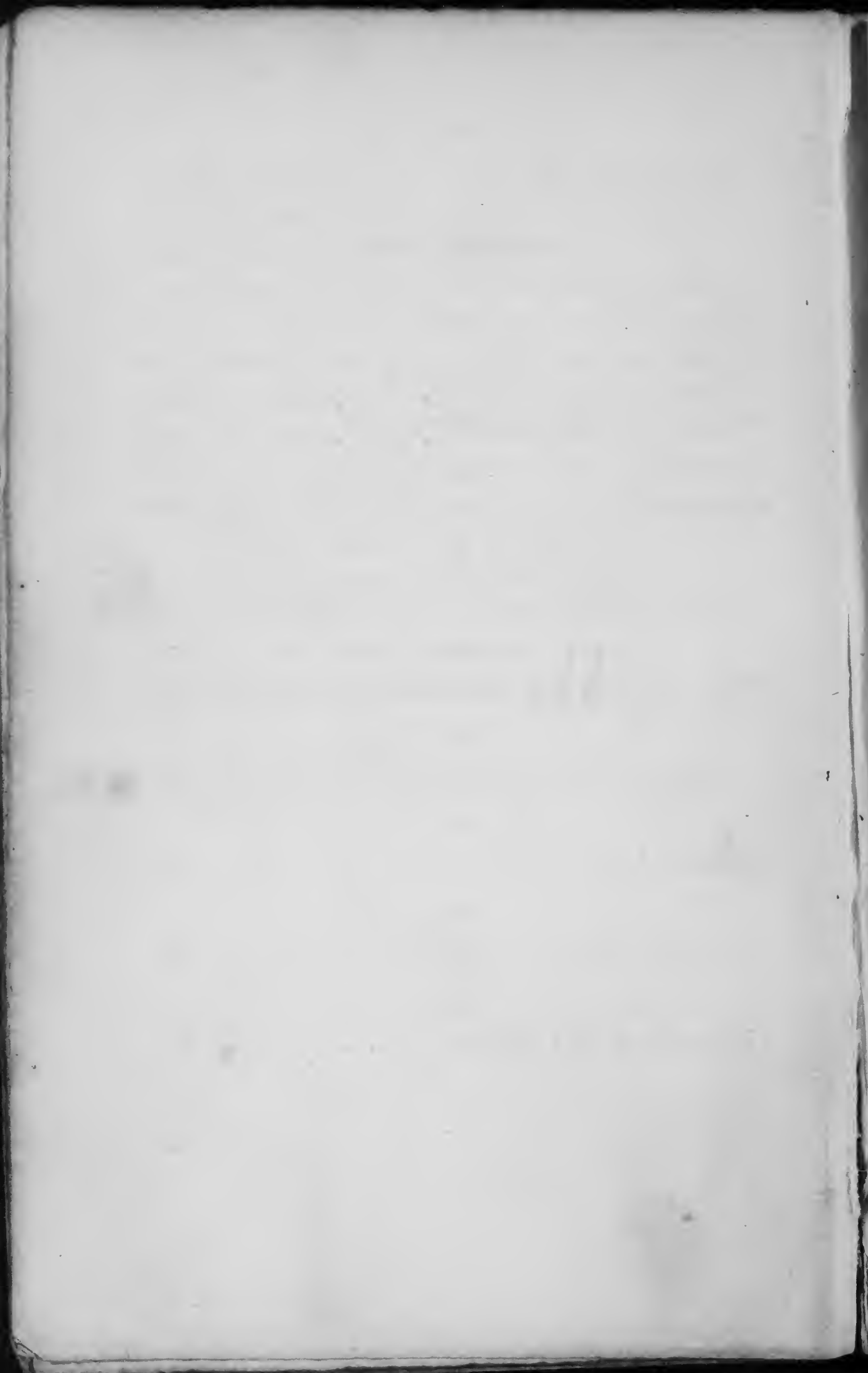
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MEMORIALS
OF
THE REV. JOHN H. BUMBY.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE AND MINISTERIAL CALL.

As Mr. Wesley was proceeding on one of his northern journeys, in the year 1751, he halted awhile at Osmotherley, in the north of Yorkshire; and there, after his usual manner, bore a testimony for his Divine Master. Among the hearers were William Hewgill and a few other simple-minded and godly persons, who had walked nearly sixty miles from the village of Hawnby, for the purpose of enjoying the privilege of hearing the Gospel from the lips of the venerated evangelist. To their new-born souls the word came with refreshment and power; and on their obtaining an interview with Mr. Wesley, after the service, they induced him to give them a promise of visiting their village. He fulfilled this promise in the ensuing year.

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A Society had already been formed with his approbation, the members of which were walking in consistent holiness of life, though some of them, by the persecuting bigotry of the landlord, had been dispossessed of their habitations, and made in other ways to suffer shame and loss on account of their religious profession. This little band, however, maintained their meek fidelity, giving no just cause of offence; and the devotedness and zeal of Mrs. William Hewgill, in particular, were rewarded by the conversion of her daughter Mary, which took place when she was in her twentieth year.

It was one of those clear and strongly-marked conversions which were so frequently realised among the early Methodists. The Spirit's work was well defined; and the great change issued in the formation of a remarkably pure, elevated, and energetic character in this excellent young woman. In the year 1800 she lost her mother, her father having died when she was a child: in 1803, she became united in marriage to Mr. John Bumby, of Thirsk; and, removing to that town, she entered upon her new sphere and relation only to exemplify in a more influential manner that piety which had been tested by sorrow, and cherished by several years of a retired walk with God.

One of her children was John Hewgill Bumby, our well-remembered and departed

friend, born November 17th, 1808. Gifted with a clear and discriminating understanding, and with attainments in knowledge which, in those days, were above the common lot, Mrs. Bumby brought great strength and firmness of principle, as well as depth of tenderness, to the training of her children; especially of this boy, who, from his childhood, was conscious of a strong attraction towards her. He was fond of reading; and this propensity she cherished, so far as it was consistent with his health and welfare: she gave it a right direction, and sought, above all, to lead him to a true knowledge of himself and of Christ; following every special effort by solemn and believing intercession, and taking hold on the baptismal covenant of God. It was under the influence and teaching of this parent, that the youth began to have serious thoughts respecting the evil of his own carnal nature, and the misery resulting from the want of a conscious salvation from the guilt and dominion of sin. As the Wesleyan Ministers in their journeys frequently abode a day or more in the house of his parents, and he had the opportunity of hearing the conversation, and joining in the prayers, of these devout and laborious servants of Christ, his impressions of the importance and loveliness of vital religion were greatly deepened by these means.

Religious thoughtfulness, likewise, seemed to

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call forth a peculiar power of thought on all subjects which were presented to his mind ; and thus his inquiries respecting the objects of nature, the facts of history, and the theme of his daily reading, were often more close and searching than could be readily answered. He was as susceptible of impressions from the beauty or grandeur of natural scenery, as he was liable to fits of musing on those matters of deep concern which were stirring his boyish heart to its very centre ; and he was in consequence frequently known, in these abstract moments, to fall from his pony, while riding through some of the most interesting districts of the north of Yorkshire in company with his father. One of the Preachers who visited at his father's house, had been employed on foreign stations ; and John listened with the deepest interest to his details, both of the scenes which he had passed through, and the progress of the Gospel by his instrumentality.

In the year 1823, the Rev. John Sedgwick was appointed to the Superintendent's charge of the Thirsk Circuit ; and it was in this year, and under the ministry of this laborious servant of Christ, that John found conscious peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. His deep concern and penitential distress had for some time previously been increasing ; and now, laying hold on the sinner's only Hope,—especially

in a most solemn and anxious hour, when the Holy Spirit, with more than wonted light and power, revealed Christ to him as a present Saviour,—exercising “faith in His blood,” he obtained the long-desired pardon, and entered into pacific covenant with his reconciled God and Father. He has left no special record of the exercises of his mind at this period, nor of the process by which his sorrow was turned into joy; but by his friends the change could not be either unnoticed or mistaken. Instead of guilt, he had now a peaceful conscience; instead of labouring in an impotent struggle against sin, he was conscious of a new and loving obedience, through the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him; and, instead of the fear of wrath, the hope of heaven. Still it would be unreasonable to expect, that, at this time, in his fifteenth year, a thoroughly harmonised character could be formed, or even a course of unbroken spirituality. The foundation was laid for the work of sanctification; but that work had henceforth to be carried on. There were occasionally outbreaks of natural impetuosity, when an impulsive cause was present; acts of imprudence, resulting from the too prompt dictation of an easily excited temperament; over-strong expressions of love and hate, in reference to different objects, from the same cause; and instances of

practical playfulness, in friendly and retired circles, which were often carried too far ; to put down or destroy which, not merely a spiritual conversion, but a physical miracle, would be required. It was his merciful lot that he had a buoyant and healthful youth ; but he was of that highly delicate organization, which is so generally connected with mental tenderness and power commingled, that a seed of sorrow was likely to exist in this source, the fruit of which would be a sufficient sedative against natural extravagances ; whilst, most of all, the work of regeneration in his heart was so strong and clear, and his desire for communion with God so intense, that it was not likely he would rest without attaining to all inward and outward holiness. To what extent his closet was his confessional, is only known to God. Those who have passed through the hazardous period of the teens, conscious of undefined and undeveloped power, without seeing any sphere for it, and surrounded by all the temptations of youth, are best able to approach this subject. Bitter tears for sins of omission, for inward sins, and guilty yieldings in various forms to the tempter, cast us then in faith upon the compassion of Him whose blood is the propitiation for our sins, as well as for the sins of the ungodly world. At the same time let it be clearly understood, that John never departed from the Guide

of his youth, forsook the covenant of his God, nor in the least degree dishonoured the profession which he made. He was known as the honest, frank, warm-hearted Methodist youth ; and although the profane might scoff and jeer, none could point at him as either insincere or blameworthy. His very earnestness commanded respect. Within two years after his conversion, during which time his spiritual life was growing more intense and principled, he became deeply affected with the danger and misery of unconverted sinners ; and began to cherish corresponding desires to save them. In the more retired walks of Christian usefulness, he had already taken a part ; but now his love of the holy Scriptures, and his delight in meditating on them, became so apparent, as well as the fluent and impassioned utterance to his friends of his thoughts as to the truths which they revealed, that they could not but think, with several others, that a higher course awaited him. There were many facilities in a large rural Circuit for exercising the gifts of a pious and zealous youth. Numerous villages, especially where the Gospel was not preached in the parish churches, needed the regular administration of evangelical truth ; and the number of lay-brethren who assisted the Ministers to supply them was not too great ; and, therefore, under proper sanction, our young friend was urged to go to one of these

places, and take the service. He went with fear and trembling, borne along by what he believed to be an all-commanding authority. His spiritual father and friend, Mr. Sedgwick, then in the third year of his pastorate of the Circuit, was present. John preached from John iii. 16: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life;"—a judicious selection for a youth, though, in another aspect, a text, O how far too difficult for an angel!—and proceeded through the exercise in a way which excited the gratitude and surprise of the Minister in question. He believed that God had a gracious design with regard to the lad; and, that this matter might be more fully tested, he made the usual arrangements for John to become a probationary, and then an accepted, Local Preacher: in which capacity he eventually addressed and exhorted the rural congregations around, with great and growing acceptance. A question here might arise, as to whether all this was not premature. Most sober Christians would undoubtedly say, he was yet too young to attempt public instruction, for that he could not yet know much either of his own heart or that of others. It is true, likewise, that his education was yet imperfect, being limited to what the town in which he resided would afford; and, upon the

whole, the writer would incline to the belief, that the prolongation of his retirement through a few more years of studious and practical preparation in other departments of Christian toil, would have rendered his first public efforts more healthy, and perhaps have saved him from much subsequent mental suffering.

These views, it is true, are somewhat modified, when we remember his brief career: we feel as though we could hardly wish he had preached one sermon less. In the period of his youth, there was great demand for the zealous promulgation of simple Gospel truth; and, perhaps, too great a disposition unduly to force onward precocious talent: since then, sterner times have come upon us. John, however, was superior to most of the members of his congregations even in knowledge and culture; and he possessed a native elegance and beautifying faculty of mind, which placed his attainments, such as they were, in the most advantageous point of view: besides, as he dwelt on the main themes of practical Christianity, repentance, faith, and holiness, without venturing then on anything like varied and profound teaching, the simple-minded and good of all ages heard him with interest, and not unfrequently with profit. Exercising his gifts in this way, he began to feel an intense interest in his Bible, and throughout the day would ponder, even to

the interruption of his duties in business, some passage of beauty or power which had been brought or suggested to his mind, until he believed he had an adequate comprehension of its meaning ; and this led the way, in connexion with his real compassion for perishing sinners, to the awakening of a desire within him to be fully separated to the work of the ministry. He was too conscientious, too dutiful a son, absolutely to neglect assisting his father in the sphere of life in which Providence had placed the family ; but his heart began to be secretly set upon another matter. As the Apostle Paul was separated by providential designation and training, even from his mother's womb, *before* he received his actual call ; so, if we may quote a minor instance, it was with John Bumby. His soul was as much moulded, though the moulding process had only just begun, for preaching and teaching Christ, as the souls of other men were for commercial enterprise, and the energetic struggles of secular life. The hand of the Lord was upon him. As we learn from a collation of places in the New Testament, that Father, Son, and Holy Ghost are severally concerned in the calling and appointment of Pastors and teachers in the church ; (1 Cor. xii. 28 ; Matt. xx. 23 ; Eph. iv. 11 ; Acts xx. 28 ;) so this constituted order of operation seemed to be realised in him : for the

work of the Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, separately considered, seemed to point to one ultimate intention. How wondrous, and yet how infinitely wise, are the dealings of God with His obedient children ! While drawing them on towards a momentous issue, He preserves their present relations unbroken. Unlike the ancient prophetic impulses, which were sudden and irresistible, the call of the Christian Minister is an attraction of a gentler kind, and stands more in connexion with gifts improved, and with growth in grace. All is simple, and, speaking after the manner of men, natural. The servant who is faithful in little, receives more ; that is, more of constraining inward desire, and more of gifts and qualifications too.

A conviction so deep could not long be kept secret ; and, in particular, it was imparted to his pious and judicious mother : through her medium, and in other ways, it was at length made known to his father ; when John had the sorrow and discouragement of finding that he was likely to be met with opposition. Mr. Bumby viewed the proposal more at first as a family question, than in the light of Christian responsibility : he evidently dreaded the idea of losing his son's society, and perhaps did not well understand at first how strong and uniform were his convictions. About the close of

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the year 1826 John visited his ministerial friend, the Rev. John Sedgwick, at Barton-upon-Humber, where he frequently conferred with him on the subject nearest to his heart, and also occasionally took a service in his stead. In a letter which Mr. Sedgwick addressed to Mr. Bumby, dated January 10th, 1827, there is the following expression : "Your son is a wonder already ; and if he continue to live to God, as I trust he will, he will become one of our most acceptable and useful Preachers." And after stating that, under John's first sermon at Barton, one person was thoroughly awakened, and several others were graciously affected, he adds, "I have no doubt but that religion and good sense will teach him all necessary obedience to you and Mrs. Bumby ; but my opinion is, that the Lord designs him in a year or two to be fully given up to the ministry ; and I therefore beg you will, as far as may be consistent with a moderate attention to business, let him have every opportunity for improving his mind. By so doing you will glorify God, who has honoured you in your son." This letter, from a Minister who was so respected, must have made some impression. On his return home our friend became more than ever absorbed in contemplating the one great theme of his life ; and, knowing his own liability to excitement, and fearing to risk any-

thing of the kind in a conversation with his father, he addressed to him the following letter: it bears no date, but must have been written in the early part of 1827:—

HONOURED AND DEAR FATHER,

You will doubtless be surprised at my using this mode of address to you, with whom I have the opportunity of conversing daily. But as it is a matter of infinite importance I am about to communicate, and as I thought I could write more freely than speak on the subject, I have chosen to adopt this plan in preference to a private and personal interview. But before I proceed any further, I must beg that you will do me the favour to prostrate yourself before an all-wise and all-gracious God, in order that you may know how to act in reference to what follows.

You must know then, honoured father, that from the most early part of my life it has been impressed upon my mind, that I should sooner or later be called to labour in the vineyard of the Lord. Of late the impression has been yet more powerful; and I am fully convinced that I am called by that God, whose I am and whom I serve,

“To save poor souls out of the fire,
And snatch them from the verge of hell;”

and sooner let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, let my right hand forget her cunning, let my body sink into the darkness of the tomb, than let me restrain the Spirit's course within me.

If I should be “disobedient to the heavenly vision,” whatever you might think of me, the Lord would surely say, “Thou wicked and slothful servant.” But I must adopt the language of the Apostle, and say, “A dispensa-

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tion of the Gospel is committed unto me," and "woe is unto me if I preach not the Gospel."

And now, perhaps, my father has no objection to his son's being a Minister of the Lord Jesus Christ: yet I know the feelings of human nature. You think that I, being an only son, should be the staff and comfort of your old age; you think that a pious son should always obey his father. But (O pardon me!) where the will even of a dear and much-loved parent is contrary to the will of God, I must in such a situation "obey God rather than man." I am encouraged to hope that my design will not be contrary to the approbation of my father: and, as I do not intend to go out for two or three years, I have a particular favour to ask of you. It is that you will expend a few more pounds upon my education. I should very much like to go to —— for a few months; and as my going depends entirely upon my father, and must stand or fall with his approbation, I shall cheerfully acquiesce in my fate, whatever it may be. But O let me go! You will never be a penny the poorer for it; for God will restore you fourfold. I want my father's consent, paternal blessing, and assistance.....I cannot endure the thought of having to answer for the blood of the souls I might be the instrument of saving,—of being lost for ever, because I was disobedient to the call of God. Sooner will I weep my life away than act thus.

"I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone,
To spend, and to be spent, for them
Who have not yet my Saviour known."

And now be pleased to let me know your will and pleasure as soon as possible.

I am, honoured father,
Your affectionate son, (in great suspense,)
JOHN BUMBY.

His father could not offer any further resistance. He consented to release his son from the claims of business, and send him, as a select student and boarder, to an academy in Leeds, where he might devote all his time to the acquisition of knowledge, and mental culture. John now seemed to breathe more freely; and in a letter written about this time there is some such expression as this: "Best of fathers! how mysterious are the dispensations of Divine Providence! Who would have thought that I, a little naughty, ignorant, rebellious lad, should look forward to be raised to the honourable and matchless office of an ambassador of Christ, a herald of the Cross, a watchman on the walls of Jerusalem?.....O father! truly 'he that winneth souls is wise,' and 'they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.' To this I would aspire, for this I would live, for this I would die."

And yet the period of his residence in Leeds was not a happy one. Soon after his arrival there, dissensions arose in the Wesleyan Societies of that populous and flourishing town, which issued in the memorable schism of 1828. The professed cause was the introduction of an organ into the large chapel recently erected, contrary, it was said, to the wishes and opi-

nions of some of the office-bearers ; but the real cause lay much deeper, and was nothing else than a secret enmity to the mild and guarded, but firm, pastoral government which was exercised over the Societies by the Wesleyan Ministers, in fulfilment of the trust committed to them by the Founder, in his constitution of the Conference. A tendency to civil democracy had infected some of the less spiritually-minded members with false notions of their position and importance ; disappointed ambition, with respect to others, had infused a practical bitterness into their spirit, and a willingness to coalesce with any whose object should be to degrade the ministry, and magnify the subordinate officers. Meetings which were intended for the spiritual regulation and adjustment of the affairs of God's people, were turned into scenes of acrimonious debate and strife ; young men of two or three and twenty deemed themselves called to humble and reform venerable and, in some instances, truly learned men, who were as rich in Christian graces as they were in ministerial experience. The best part of the Society wept and prayed in secret ; but they could not meet the violence and calumnies of the bitter and misguided with like weapons of warfare, and were obliged to wait the result.

John Bumby and another youth, a student

like-minded with himself, belonged to a class which was scattered by disaffection ; and although they could not then form an adequate judgment on all the questions brought at that time into controversy, they knew the deferential disposition of heart which the law of the Lord Jesus Christ required of them, in respect to a ministry which had been the means of their salvation and conservation ; and they were enabled, too, to mark the meek, Christian, and forbearing spirit of the Ministers and of their lay fellow-helpers, in contrast with the spirit of those who, to gain selfish purposes, would lay everything sacred low. The two youths, in the midst of the storm, waited upon the Rev. Edmund Grindrod, received from his hands their regular quarterly ticket, together with his fatherly admonition and benediction : they felt powerfully drawn towards that eminent but then deeply-tried Pastor, and from his teaching obtained principles and counsels which tended in no small degree to form their character for life. That other youth now fills an eminent place in the living ministry. An extensive division took place : the people that were left were united more closely by their trials, and unexampled prosperity followed. It is with sorrow the Wesleyan of the present day reflects that similar scenes have been witnessed since ; that is, the reviviscence of the same spirit, the

same practical manifestations, the same damage to blood-bought souls: though he must likewise remember, in mitigation of his sorrow, that so far they have been followed by similarly enlarged and gracious results.

As was just observed above, John did not stay here very long; for in 1829 we find him again at his father's house, dividing his time between application to study, and brief excursions into neighbouring Circuits at the call of needy and over-worked labourers, or of Missionary Committees. At the Meetings of Juvenile Associations he was then particularly acceptable: his eloquence was very florid and impassioned, and there was something about his delicate youthfulness and unquestioned piety which awakened great interest.

On one occasion he was invited to attend and aid at a meeting of this kind in one of the large towns in the East Riding of Yorkshire. The congregation was numerous and respectable. Our friend experienced much excitement and perturbation on the occasion. He had not brought himself there; but being drawn on by others, who felt concern for the perishing Heathen, he felt constrained to brace himself up, and use his powers in the best way for the advancement of the cause. When he was called upon to speak, he commenced a strain of declamation which nothing but a heart that

knew the love of Christ could sustain ; yet it was conceived in such false taste, that he utterly missed his own real mark. Every form of trope, apostrophe, interjection, and appeal hurried along in rapid confusion, accompanied by the most earnest action, till the speaker literally panted for breath, and after an address of twenty minutes sat down exhausted. The effect on the congregation was not happy. Many regarded the whole affair as a piece of display : this it was not : his best friends know that he had as little of vanity as usually falls to the lot of those who obtain any public notice at the dangerous age of nineteen or twenty. It was simply the result of a great but ill-judged effort to meet what he deemed a momentous duty. If any persons were to receive blame, it should be those who had advised and urged on thus prematurely these too exciting and responsible exercises : whatever may be said as to his early efforts among village congregations, it cannot be doubted, that tasks like these involved a too severe strain upon the immature judgment, unfurnished experience, and undeveloped physical strength of a very young man. The remarks apply not to John Bumby only : there were other young men in the same predicament with himself. It was then the fashion to force out at once the gifts and talents of hopeful Christian youth. Our young friend perceived

the failure of his speech at the time ; and the next day, partly by the reserve of his friends on the subject, and partly by several sinister intimations, he became acquainted with the extent of the disappointment. His pain and mortification were extreme ; but his humility bore the test. He bowed before the Lord in private, and asked for mercy and direction. Whether he had much cause or little, he loathed himself in the presence of Infinite Wisdom and Purity. Many would have fled from the spot immediately ; but he remained to take a quiet service on the Sabbath afternoon, and preached a sermon remarkable for its modesty and humility. This event, there is reason to believe, was made a great blessing to him. All our best lessons are learned in the greatest pain. His own mature judgment was entirely on the side of the thoughts which are here recorded.

And now he was awaiting his providential call. His health was decidedly delicate ; his constitution, which was never strong, had suffered from this too frequent demand upon both body and mind ; and delicate health is a serious matter to a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry, than which there is not, perhaps, a more laborious vocation on earth. This circumstance created a little difficulty in the deliberations of the York District-Meeting, before

which, in May, 1829, he had to appear, to undergo his first examination: but the assembled Ministers were so convinced that the Lord had called him, so willing to hope that his health might be strengthened and established by judicious treatment, and so satisfied with his examination in general, that he was fully recommended to the Conference as a candidate, in the usual way. In August he was accepted, and placed upon the List of Reserve for probationers.

But, like many other of God's chosen instruments, he became fearful, as his understanding opened, and his conscience became more tender, lest he should be determining his own course, and mistaking a selfish inclination for the call of God. The Spirit's inward impulse and monition seldom take such a form as to shut out all possibility of spiritual and moral conflict, inasmuch as this kind of conflict may have to subserve many valuable purposes in the course of individual sanctification. A few sentences of his own will disclose the state of his mind at this time:—

March 2d, 1829.—I preached twice yesterday at Gainsborough: the congregations good, especially in the evening, when I had a good time in addressing the young. O that some good may be the result! I feel this morning not very well: my breast is more painful than it has been for some time. The Lord grant to me strength according to my day! O that I may walk in a

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right path! and neither "full direction need," nor "miss my providential way!" The design of the various providential dispensations of God towards me, I cannot develope; but, doubtless, all will be cleared up at last. Lord, help me to watch and pray, and to examine myself; to devote this day to Thy service! What a hard heart I must have! O break it by Thy grace, and melt it by Thy love!

Thirsk, June 3d.—I have been to the District-Meeting at York, and got through that ordeal.....I trust that, if I am called to preach the Gospel,—and that I am I have no doubt,—a path will be opened for me providentially into the full employment of the work of the ministry; but O for more piety! I am so dull and dead, so worldly-minded and earth-bound, so trifling and careless, that I am sometimes led, or tempted, to think that I am destitute of the vital spark,—the life of God. Yet still, upon examination, I feel that I have a sure trust and confidence in God through Christ; and that I am a member of His family, and a partaker of His grace. O had I proceeded as I commenced the Christian race, how different a being should I have been from what at this time I actually am! What Christian devotedness, fervent spirituality, and scrupulous conscientiousness! O Lord, be merciful, be merciful to me, and heal my soul! I do determine now, in the name of that Being, in whose solemn and heart-searching presence I am, from henceforth to live as I have never done before,—to live to God, and to God alone. The vows of God are upon me. I *must* be about my Father's business. Amen.

August 6th.—It is now the time of Conference; and though many of my friends have expected that I should get an immediate appointment, yet there is no such news, nor do I expect any. *I feel perfectly passive*, and think, with the medical men whom I have consulted, that a respite from preaching for a few weeks would be of

essential service to my establishment in health.....O that the Lord would be my Guide and Director! I heard the other day, that I am received upon the List of Reserve. O how responsible is the care of souls! how awful is the work of the ministry! May the Lord give me His Spirit, and grant that my sufficiency may be of God! I have given myself to the church. God of my fathers, be my God!

At this time it was suggested by some of his friends, that it might be advantageous for him to study for a season at Edinburgh; but he never saw it to be the path of duty, though it occasioned him much perplexity and anxiety. To this he refers in the following extract:—

August 26th.—I have written to Mr. Lessey, inquiring his mind as to the Edinburgh project, and have also requested Mr. Kirk to consult and give me Mr. Bunting's views on the scheme; and as they decide, I intend to act, if there is a providential opening. I have made, and shall continue to make, it matter of earnest prayer. I should certainly prefer going out under one of the Preachers, (according to the preparatory plan proposed at the last Conference,) as the cost would be less, for one thing, even if I bore my own expenses, which did not enter into their plan. O that God would direct my path! No one knows what I feel but God alone,—what is the agony of my mind occasionally. I examine myself: I want not to go into the work for gain, for riches, "for a morsel of bread." God forbid! O that I could see the path in which I am to walk! but it is lost in mists, it is hid in darkness. If I could reconcile my mind to the thing, I would go into business; but there are the clamours of conscience. I am called to "walk by faith, and not by sight." But O, I am so unfaithful,

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so sinful, so miserable ! If there were a place lower than the dust, gladly would I take it as my station.But there is Jesus. In Jesus Christ the Father is well pleased, and in Him I take refuge as my sanctuary. O boundless grace !

“ ’Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me ! ”

Mr. Lessey appears to have been favourable to the Edinburgh plan ; but the record continues :—

August 29th.—Still I continue to have doubts upon my mind as to the hand of Providence in the matter.O I would not miss my providential way for worlds ! I am sometimes afraid that I have run before I was sent. It is true I have had fruit of my labours : but still that is not a sufficient proof of one’s call ; for what is the meaning of that passage in Matthew, where it is said, “ Many shall say unto me, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name ? ” &c., but a statement that it is possible for those who have not been sent of God, to be instrumental in the salvation of sinners ? Still I cannot give up the belief that I am called. I have been thinking, that, if I do not go out before or at the next Conference, I ought to take it as a proof that it is my duty to go into business. Yet I *dare not so determine*.

August 31st.—I am a wonder to myself. I cannot tell how it is, that the people in general seem to think and speak so well of me, who am nothing, and who comparatively know nothing, dust and ashes, sin, ignorance, and misery.....O that I may never disgrace my Christian profession ! My soul trembles and shakes to its very centre while I think of the possibility of so doing. Nothing, I know, but Omnipotence can prevent it. Into Thy hands I commit my cause, O God !

September 19th.—O that I knew the designs of God towards me ! But no, I check myself : it is wrong. It is mine to trust ; and He who has hitherto sustained me, shall keep me to the end. I want a spirit of entire and uninterrupted dependence upon God.

22d.—I see it is very possible to be a *Preacher* without being a *Divine* ; and I therefore determine to use intense application in the pursuit of that knowledge which will enable me, with readiness and ease, to give to every one “ a reason of the hope that is in me.”

In this spirit he continued to improve his leisure, through the year commencing with the Conference of 1829. His knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, one would judge from collateral circumstances, though nothing occurred particularly to test this point, was not much more than rudimental ; but his acquaintance with history was considerable, and his love of the holy Scriptures most ardent. He thirsted for sacred knowledge, yet chiefly for knowledge of that kind which ministered to the affections of impassioned piety. His studies for life now began to take their peculiar type, and to fulfil their part in the formation of his ministerial character. Now, also, in his own personal spiritual life, he had begun more fully and painfully to fight “ the good fight of faith ;” that is, he was becoming better acquainted with himself, with the conquered but still existing struggles of the carnal mind, and more liable, from his position, to the assaults

of the adversary of souls. He had not, like many others, found his way to the blessing of justification and peace with God through months and years of bitter darkness and distress, where the soul has such a sense of the misery and curse of unpardoned sin, that the memory and influence of this bitterness seem to last through life; and where the subsequent joy in God preserves the full force of its contrast in coeval measure. Being so well trained in his childhood and early youth, both by his mother and by pastoral teaching, in the doctrines of repentance and faith in Christ crucified, he had simply to wait till his knowledge became vital and practical, until it should stir his heart to its very depths, as well as inform his understanding and affect his creed. And, therefore, when the Holy Spirit, whose prevenient grace had been so far improved, made known to John his guilt and misery, turning his cold convictions into a real (and, for a short season, alarming) burden of distress; he saw, almost as soon, the sinner's only Refuge, and clung to Him; confiding in His sacrificial blood, and closing with Him as a present Saviour. The malady and the cure were apprehended almost at the same time, insomuch that he had not then a complete view of the wretchedness and danger of the one, or of the glory and fulness of the other. The lesson was now opening

before him. Where the early conflicts of many Christians were in a good part terminated, his were beginning. He had incipient faith, faith wrought by the operation of the Holy Spirit, such as he could not cherish or exercise before he became a true penitent, quite in such a living form and sufficient amount as to disprove the semi-Pelagian notion, that the believing which justifies is a naturally possessed faculty; and this brought to him, through the same Spirit as the Spirit of adoption, a comfortable sense of the favour of his heavenly Father; but as far as "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed because the love of God is [more abundantly] shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us,"—all this he had yet practically to learn. He heard the warning trumpet, and prepared himself for the battle; not only as a standard-bearer in Christ's army, but as one among the thousands of struggling souls who, for their own sakes, are contending for the faith which was once delivered to the saints.

A few months after the Conference just mentioned, he was summoned by private arrangement to supply for a while the place of the Rev. Thomas H. Squance, in the Hull Circuit, whose health had failed. He had here the advantage of a brief association in labour with

his revered friend and former Pastor, the Rev. Edmund Grindrod, who was Superintendent of the Circuit; and viewed with the greatest admiration and profit the mingled firmness and benignity with which the spiritual affairs of the Societies were administered under his hands. John learned here how to obey, and thus became possessed of the first qualification of one who might hereafter become called upon to rule. It was at this time the writer had the opportunity of hearing him preach one Lord's-day morning at George-yard chapel. The subject was the Sabbath, and taken from the vision of the beloved disciple in the Apocalypse: "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day." (Rev. i. 10.) His manner was serious and becoming; he was so far recollected as to be able to do justice to his feelings by giving due emphasis to the emphatic portions of the beautiful hymns which he had selected, and in prayer he was humble and earnest, though deficient in that intercessory fulness which he afterwards attained,—the lack of which in some Ministers makes a litany so desirable, and cannot be supplied without greater knowledge and a larger heart. The opening of the sermon was natural and modest, being a kind of outline-exposition of the vision and its attendant circumstances; the main substance consisted of an historical view of the sabbatical institution, with its adaptation

to the wants of mankind in succeeding ages, and also its divinely-appointed and necessary connexion with the means of grace and salvation, and the upholding of belief in revealed religion. The teaching part of the sermon, though coherent and clear, was not so full and complete as he might have made it, had it been wrought out more in detail in his previous meditations; there was an evident desire to hasten on to practical conclusions: but as he approached the application, his natural impetuosity became more apparent; and then, as he alluded to the atrocities of the atheistic French Revolution, and the misery of all sabbathless men, living and dying in sin, his complexion, delicately fair, glowed with mingled tenderness and awe; his eye kindled into unwonted lustre, his voice arose; and though his appeals were clothed in exuberant rhetoric, yet they were powerful and startling in their effect, because they came from the heart, and were uttered under the Spirit's own unction. His descant upon the Sabbath of heaven was peculiarly happy, and he quoted the well-known lines,—

“O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,”

in a tone and manner which convinced his hearers, that even then he had begun to cherish that love of the better country which is

so sure a sign of a regenerate condition. Still this exercise did not so much indicate what he was, as what he was likely to be. His day, if we may speak so, was brief, and his hours of transition from stage to stage of characteristic and spiritual improvement hastened rapidly along.

At the Conference of 1830, he received in the usual manner an appointment to the Waltham-Abbey Circuit, near London, as a ministerial candidate. As he had expected to receive his summons at this time, his arrangements for leaving home were soon made; and with a heart panting after the hallowed toil of the ministry, though chastened with many misgivings as to his fitness for it, he set out to commence his regular and momentous probation.

CHAPTER II.

PROBATION.

It might be considered, in many respects, an untried sphere on which the youthful Preacher had now entered. The number of the public services, and the distance of the places from each other, and from Waltham-

Abbey, the Superintendent's residence, required a larger amount of physical labour than hitherto he had been called upon to supply. Besides which, the tie to home, and to its numerous soothing implications, had to be broken. It was time to begin to endure hardness as a good soldier. There had been a charm about his home-popularity, surrounded as he was by a good degree of kindly deference and sympathy; and, to an innocent extent, it had the effect of sustaining his mind under discouragement, and inciting his emulation; but severer views of ministerial duty were now to be practically presented. He resided with the Rev. Isaac Bradnack, the Superintendent just alluded to; and, considering the eminent spirituality and benignity of that servant of Christ, who was soon after called to his reward, a fitter association could not have been made. By Mr. and Mrs. Bradnack, John was treated with even parental kindness: they knew his heart by what was passing in their own, and were enabled to soften much of the bitterness of a first separation from a loved home.

There were several families within the wide sphere of labour which then formed the Waltham-Abbey Circuit, which were soon enabled to appreciate the character and value of the stranger who had arrived among them;

and these expected his visits with pleasure, and greatly profited even from the first by his ministry. Many of the villages, however, had been but recently brought under evangelical cultivation; and it cannot be wondered at, considering the adverse influences which are found to bear upon partially-informed and imperfectly-sanctified minds, that John should often have found himself in contact with persons whose words and ways subjected him to great trial. Quivering with sensibility as all his feelings were, he shrank with great pain from coarse-minded slights and familiarities, and from pertinacious and unreasoning ignorance, when that would oppose itself to principles of holiness and truth. When needless severities and privations were likewise laid upon him, he could not help feeling a little ruffled; not exactly with the hardships themselves, but with the apathy or discourtesy of those who imposed them. Often would he fly to an intelligent and sympathising person in his new circle, and give vent to what was occasionally an unbecoming vexation. Such trials *must* be borne, and some Ministers, of course, must bear them. Where they are laid on natures peculiarly liable to feel their bitterness, the merciful Father of spirits has a purpose to accomplish by the dispensation. If the narrow-minded and ignorant, and those who are weak

or sickly in their Christian graces, are to be elevated and sanctified, some one must penetrate among them, and reveal the Gospel by his teaching, and illustrate it by his life. Even where success is small, the testimony has been borne, and Christ honoured. There is no doing good in a sinful and lapsed world, without undergoing suffering ; yea, though it should be the suffering of receiving ingratitude instead of a reward. Our friend did not spare himself in body or soul for others ; and it was a new thing for him to find, that self-sacrifice is sometimes met with indifference and unconcern. These and other circumstances of peculiar trial from persons of another class, and nearer his own age, contributed to cast him fully into the Christian battle.

An aged gentleman and his lady, belonging to the Church of England at Walthamstow, in particular, took great interest in his comfort and welfare ; and with another member of the same family, a person of intelligence, experience, and education, as well as of piety, he had much profitable intercourse and correspondence. His visits here, and at Mr. Carr's, Sewardstone, (now of Brighton,) were tranquillising and refreshing to his own spirit. As Paul was greatly mindful of the tears of Timothy, so they were conscious of a strong attraction towards him, who, with a delicate

frame, was toiling through an extent of forty miles, taking his journeys generally on foot, and adding to the exhaustion from this cause by a very rapid and laborious utterance, with mismanaged enunciation in preaching. A few extracts taken from letters to the friend mentioned above, tinged a little with that peculiar melancholy which was his inheritance through life, as it is that of many other gifted individuals, may be here inserted, to speak for him at this period.

HERTFORD, *March 7th*, 1831.

O HOW I enjoyed the perusal of Cowper's Letters! In reading, leaving out his Calvinistic reprobation, I could almost imagine my identity lost; as two rivers, though springing from different sources, sometimes so mix as to become one. O, if it were not for religion, with its supports, its consolations, and its prospects, I should be, as he was, of all men the most miserable.I cannot but think, however, that it is possible to feel more pain and agony by sympathy, than the sufferer actually endures. I do not say this is a general rule, as the case I have just referred to is an exception; but both the reality and sympathy are bad enough. I hope you will let us have your prayers, that "the fire our graces may refine."

A month later, he writes as follows:—

BISHOP-STORTFORD, *April 6th*, 1831.

I KNOW it is impossible not to feel; and Christianity does not make the heart insensible, a rock of ice. But there is a special Providence; and unkind and unfaithful friends, thwarted and disappointed hopes, cross and

vexatious visitations, are permitted, perhaps appointed, to strengthen and establish our religious principles ; to drive us to put our trust and seek our happiness in Him who, experienced in all the trials and fears and sorrows and temptations of our nature, is " a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother ;" and to cause us more intensely to desire, and more laboriously to seek for, a place of habitation in a better country ; where the mystery of Providence shall be finished ; where we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known ; where the Lord God shall wipe away all tears from all faces ; and whence we may look back upon all the way by which we have been led in the wilderness, sometimes over mountains and sometimes through valleys. Perhaps there is a mystery in the case. Well, let it alone : it will open of itself.

" The bud may have a bitter taste ;
But sweet will be the flower."

As to myself, I am ashamed that such feelings as I have lately fostered should ever have had a place in my breast ; particularly when I think of the fewness and trifling nature of my trials, compared with those of the Man of Sorrows, the first saints, and many Christians of the present day,—who, though they are infinitely more pious and worthy and devoted than I am, have not half the comforts and enjoyments. O, my dear friend, after all ; " the lines are fallen to us in pleasant places, and we have a goodly heritage : " let us, therefore, rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of our salvation ; let us not, by the indulgence of improper and unchristian feelings, cause Him to change the course of His dispensations towards us. It is a fact, in reference to providential arrangements and appointments, that " whatever is, is best." Let us have grace, that our present afflictions may work out for us " a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

What a strange thing it is that I should be appointed to preach at Queen-street chapel, London, on the 1st of May ! I wonder what will be next.

WALTHAM-ABBEY, *May 30th*, 1831.

I AM more convinced than ever, that those who are strangers to refinement of soul are in an equal degree hardened against the pressure of evil ; while, on the other hand, as the poet beautifully expresses it,

“ Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.”

I must think, moreover, that it is of the utmost importance that we should improve by any “ great fight of afflictions ” which may befall us. Trials, particularly great trials, if they do not answer the ends intended, in correcting our errors, in improving our character, in sublimating our souls, in detaching our affections from the world,—generally have a pernicious and deleterious, and sometimes a deadly, influence ; as severe medicine administered to a patient, when ineffectual, does not rest there, but poisons the constitution, aggravates the disease, and not unfrequently hastens dissolution. Let us not think it strange concerning these “ fiery trials,” but rather regard them as permitted in mercy, to answer some purpose which cannot be accomplished in any other way : let them alone ; they will open of themselves ; they are an enigma, the meaning of which

“ Busy man’s inventive brain
Toils to’ anticipate in vain.”

Only let us get more religion, and we shall praise God for all things ; but most for the severe.

J. B.

HERTFORD, *June 11th*, 1831.

THOUGH, as Foster remarks, "every mind has in its interior mansions a solemn retired apartment peculiarly its own, into which none but the Divinity and himself can enter,—in which retired place the passions mingle and fluctuate in unknown agitations," where there are laid up rolls of lamentation and mourning and woe, which no eye can peruse but his own, and the Eyes that see in secret; and though our outward circumstances may be far from what we should choose, or from being congenial with the feelings of our physical or our moral or our intellectual nature; yet there is something in having the recollection, the care, the sympathy, the affection of friendship, which

"Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot."

Since I came home, (I am reminded of the line, "He has no home but heaven,") I have been looking at the paragraph to which you refer me as a sort of panacea; (2 Cor. iv. 17;) and, while I am thankful to you for your thoughtfulness, find my opinion confirmed, which I believe is a pretty general one, that the Greek has a fulness and strength of meaning which our language can neither embody nor express.

J. B.

But a heavier and more palpable sorrow was impending. Mention already has been made of Mrs. Bumby, John's excellent mother, to whom he was attached by a most reasonable and strong affection. The time had come, selected by Infinite Wisdom, when she must depart hence, to be for ever with the Lord. Her call was sudden.

Perhaps the circumstances under which the affecting intelligence reached him are best related in the words of the highly-esteemed individual to whom the preceding communications are addressed.

He spent the intervals of the day (the Sabbath, July 3d) at my father's house; and shortened his own morning's service, that he might join in the sacramental service at Walthamstow church; which he was anxious to do, as he had not commemorated the Lord's death at His table since he had entered the Circuit. He was in a sweet and sacred frame of spirit throughout the day; and some of the circumstances of it were so remarkable, in connexion with what took place but a few hours afterwards, that I may perhaps relate the particulars. In the evening he preached, with great feeling and energy, from 2 Cor. v. 1—4; and, as we returned home across the fields, on an evening of such brilliant beauty as even June does not often afford, the subject on which he had been discoursing seemed to have brought our feelings into a frame with which the splendour and stillness of the scene were in deep unison; and I remember that, more than once, we involuntarily stood still, as out of the fulness of his heart he talked of the things which were unseen and eternal. His mother was also the subject of conversation; and that, too, in connexion with the great and invisible realities which formed the chief topic. O how little did we then think, that the very sun which reflected such golden light upon all surrounding nature, was for the last time setting to her! Was it an emblem of the celestial glory, to which the terrestrial bore no comparison, into which her spirit was about to enter? On the following morning she suddenly departed. And it is somewhat remarkable, that on the

Sabbath evening she had conversed about her dear son ; doubtless with no less interest and feeling than he had manifested respecting her.

The following day, being a spare one, was spent in London, whence he returned to Leyton on the Tuesday, to attend the Quarterly-Meeting. He was again an inmate of my father's house, which he left the next day for Sewardstone, in a state of considerable weakness and relaxation ; and I afterwards learned from him, that he was so much exhausted on his arrival, that the kind family whom he visited (that of John Carr, Esq.) insisted on his going no farther that night. Accordingly, he only returned to Waltham-Abbey in time for the Thursday evening service ; and then, for the first time, learned tidings which overwhelmed him with affliction. The following touching letter was shortly dispatched :—

“ July 9th, 1831.

“ I WRITE a hasty line, to inform you of the melancholy and mournful event of my mother's death, which took place on Monday morning last, and was occasioned by an attack of apoplexy. I received the intelligence on Thursday evening, just as I was going to preach at Waltham-Abbey. Of course, I left forthwith ; and, by journeying night and day, as fast as I could, have arrived at home this morning (Saturday). The funeral obsequies are over, and all things have settled down into sorrow deep and dark, like the waters of an abyss. My heart is broken to shivers, and bleeds and palpitates all over in pain and agony. ‘ Pity me, pity me, O my friend ! for the hand of God hath touched me.’ I have neither time nor power to write more, except to ask your prayers, and a letter as soon as possible.

“ I am

“ Your disconsolate and distracted friend,

“ J. B.”

Again:—

“THIRSK, *July 24th*, 1831.

“So numerous have been the severe and cruel thoughts which have driven their ploughshare over my soul, in connexion with the painful bereavement of which I am the sorrowing subject, that I seem to be a heap of chaos and confusion. Perhaps, if I had prayed more for my mother, she would have been spared. Perhaps I loved the creature more than the Creator. Perhaps my being was too much absorbed in the idea of visiting home. Perhaps the little trials to which I have been exposed during the past year have not, on account of my impatience and fretfulness, accomplished the purposes intended by the Almighty, in the employment of such discipline, on my heart and character; and therefore He has heated the furnace ‘seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated.’ ‘Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord; for in Thy sight shall no flesh living be justified.’ My mother was my best friend. O that I had that which Mrs. Fry so beautifully personifies as patience!

‘A spirit alive to every touch of woe,
And willing to endure it; a spirit sublime,
That feels and fears not, mourns and is content.’

I would do the will of God, if He has any will concerning one who is ‘less than the least of all saints.’ I feel, and frequently say, with old Herbert,—

‘Only since God doth often make
Of lowly matter, for high uses meet,
I throw me at His feet;
There will I lie, until my Maker seek
For some mean stuff whereon to show His skill,—
Then is my time.’

“I am surrounded by friends who do their utmost to

make me comfortable: but I have caught myself, once or twice, going from room to room, seeking my dearest friend; but she is gone to heaven.

“ J. B.”

“ THIRSK, *August 5th*, 1831.

“ THERE are seasons when, as Byron somewhere says, ‘ the heart is so full, that feeling seems almost unfelt; ’ and when that which in a smaller degree would impart pleasure or occasion pain, by excess renders those who are its subjects incapable of the one, and insensible to the other,—unfeeling, unthinking, will-less, desireless, cold and mute and hard and dead as adamant. To such symptoms of mental and moral morbidness, I am far from being a stranger; but the reception of your letter, and the recollection of one part of its contents, have, since the period of its arrival, repeatedly tended to recall me from my usual state of breathing and actuated death; though the operation has been somewhat similar to the process of resuscitation in cases of suspended animation, which is described by those who have gone through the ordeal, as being one of inconceivable agony and anguish.....While I admire the ingenuity, I cannot but discard the logic as unsound and inconclusive, which endeavours to explain away the arrangement and determination of the Almighty’s mind, and the interposition and superintendence of the Almighty’s arm, in connexion with the afflictive circumstances alluded to;referring the origination of the purpose, and the controlment of the execution, to secondary and subordinate causes and agents; for these are no more than the war-weapon in the hand of the soldier, or the amputating-knife in the hand of the surgeon. I am a firm believer in the doctrine embodied and expressed in the following lines :—

‘God nothing does, or suffers to be done,
But thou wouldst do thyself, if thou couldst see
The end of all events as well as He.’

It is criminal, it is a kind of scepticism, to lose sight of God; for though ‘clouds and darkness are round about Him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne.’ Rather we should cherish the feeling, and breathe the prayer, ‘Show me wherefore Thou contendest with me.’

“I do not know, after all, whether I shall have energy of resolution to start for Redcar, though the day is fixed upon,—Monday next. Thirsk, certainly, is nothing to me, with the exception of a piece of turf a few yards square; but, as Cowper said of Olney, ‘here I can be miserable with the most convenience to myself, and the least disturbance to others.’ But I will try to uncoil and unlair myself; for ‘I must be about my Father’s business.’

“J. B.”

As the year had so nearly closed when our friend was called away from his Circuit, he did not return. By the kindness of the gentleman at Walthamstow, he had been taken several times to consult a London Physician, who could do little in his case but enjoin rest: this, however, he could not until now obtain, though the dispensation which procured it to his feeling heart was most afflictive. He remained in the north of Yorkshire during the sittings of Conference, and until he should receive his next appointment. The tone of the preceding correspondence, it will be observed, though devout

and tender, was not perfectly healthy. There are some godly young persons of such a temperament, that their professed longing for heaven, especially at the age when the intellect is just brightening up, and the emotions set astir, takes the form of a sacred sentimentality; and is rather the recoil of a delicate mind from rude conflict and sorrow, than the intelligent and ardent desire of the regenerate spirit to obtain its nearest access to God. John's frequent exclamation, when tried and wearied,—“O, I wish I were in heaven!”—arose, no doubt, from a sentiment of this kind. Not but that he had begun to place his heart and treasure there; and that his chief delight was, after all, in that holiness which is the preparative for that state; for this was manifest in his steady and settled aims. Yet the tendency of which we speak is rather appended to true heavenly-mindedness, than to be regarded as an essential part of it. The Prophet Elijah, though this was not a sentimentality, once said, under a great pressure, “It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers;” but when the still small voice spake to him, he was amazingly strengthened and refreshed; he descended from the mountain to enter upon the scene of conflict and duty, and fill his whole circle with hallowed influence, until he was summoned thence. John needed to be fraught,

not with the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind. This trinal connexion of graces, so beautiful and impressive in its union, is not, like pardon, the *immediate* consequence of faith in Christ crucified: it rather implies and requires previous discipline, testing, and obedience; many gifts of the Spirit, and many uses of the same, in the varied acts and responsibilities of ministerial life. The scholar, however, was in the school of Christ, and said, like one before him, "Speak, Lord; for Thy servant heareth."

At the Conference of 1831, he was appointed to the Halifax Circuit, with the Revs. Abraham E. Farrar and Robert L. Lusher; men with whom he could labour in cordial sympathy and harmony. He was warmly received by his colleagues; and the power and pathos of his first public ministrations awakened the interest and inflamed the zeal of the several congregations. But the state of his health was far from satisfactory; his relaxed frame could not sustain the ardour of his preaching; and though he had every alleviation and help which an affectionate people could supply, yet he became weaker, and was taken, early in October, with alarming expectoration of blood. It was therefore imperative that he should desist. He retired to his father's house at Thirsk, and remained some weeks, cultivating those passive

graces which proved so influential upon his character afterwards. That this was, at first, a time of searching and temptation, cannot for a moment be doubted. His hopes, should even health be restored, of spending life in full devotion to the ministry, seemed all but blighted. He was distressed to find that his internal resources were not more influential to sustain and tranquillise him; and yet God had so thoroughly separated him in feeling and desire from all secular pursuits, that, as it is with all who are truly called, the very idea of having to leave the pastoral work and betake himself to business, came like a cold wave, beneath the overflow of which his very heart seemed to shudder. His leisure and freedom from external excitements were, however, favourable to self-examination and prayer; exercises which were soon followed with the happiest effects. Peace began to fill his heart; and his physical state so far improved, that we find him returning to Halifax about the close of the year. Let us hear him speak for himself in this interval, through the medium of his correspondence.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM L. THORNTON, OF HULL.

THIRSK, *November 15th*, 1831.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER,

THE frequency of your addresses I certainly consider as indubitable and irresistible evidence of the sincerity and genuineness of your regard. Many assume

the name of friendship, when we are in circumstances of prosperity and pleasure, who are as aliens and strangers to us in seasons of sorrow and sadness. But a friend is born for adversity; and in this changeful and perfidious world, to meet with one who is alike attentive, affectionate, and sympathetic in weal and in woe, is refreshing as an oäsis in the desert, and encouraging as grapes from Eshcol, and figs and pomegranates from Canaan.

From the time of my arrival at Halifax, I continued to get weaker and weaker, till about six weeks ago I began to expectorate blood, when I thought it was time to suspend operations; and, consequently, came home, for the purpose of resting a few days. But I found myself much worse than I had anticipated. Mr. Lambert, our domestic professional attendant, gave it as his decided opinion, that the blood proceeded from the lungs, that there was a total relaxation and exhaustion of the system, and that entire repose, both mental and physical, and a regular course of medicine, were indispensably requisite to a permanent restoration. The means employed have been beneficial. In a few weeks the hemoptysis ceased; and I was encouraged by the appearance of the most flattering presages of approaching convalescence. More speedily to accelerate this desirable event, Mr. Lambert recommended an expedition to Croft,—a watering-place of some celebrity in the north; and, having great confidence in his judgment, and a high opinion of the salubrious air and medicinal waters,—which I was to drink, and in which I was to bathe,—I ventured, notwithstanding the lateness of the season; and for some time seemed to improve, both in health and strength. But, alas! I unfortunately took cold, and was obliged, last week, to return home. I have a cough, of which I know not what will be the consequence; perhaps I am marked out, a victim for the king of terrors.

It is impossible for me to embody the feelings and

fears, the thoughts and apprehensions, with which I have been harrowed and harassed, in consequence of my inability to attend to the duties of my office. I shall not attempt it.

“ There’s a language that’s mute,
There’s a silence that speaks,
There’s a something that cannot be told.”

I find it is much easier to work, than to suffer, for God. In labouring, when the motives are pure, and the ends legitimate, there is the testimony of a good conscience, and peace overflows the soul : but in affliction the mind is frequently perplexed, not knowing whether the visitation is in anger or in love ; whether it is to be regarded as a punishment or a correction. Since I left Halifax, such have been the thoughts of my evil heart, and the suggestions of the enemy, that I have frequently been in heaviness ; but I have not cast away my confidence. The best of all is, God is with me. It is my desire and prayer to be made perfect, though it be through suffering. I am learning patience. I know that God is love, that His work is perfect, and His ways are judgment ; and am endeavouring to say,—

“ If Thou me in a desert hide,
And lay Thy servant quite aside,
I patiently submit :
For Thee if I must work no more,
For Thee I’ll suffer, and adore
In silence at Thy feet.”

At the same time, such are my views of the evil of sin, of the value of the soul, of the uncertainty and shortness of time, and of the awfulness and nearness of eternity, that I should like a little longer to serve my generation, by exercising the functions of the office which I have been honoured to sustain, and which I prefer above my

chief joy. And, O! if I get better, if God give me back my health and strength, with greater devotedness and faithfulness than ever they shall be employed and expended in preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. But I must conclude. Mr. Lambert has just called, and says that I am much better. Praise the Lord! My very dear brother, pray for me: "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." If what is ethereal and spiritual in one's nature, by any possibility of contrivance, could occasionally for a season leave the earthly house of this tabernacle, I would soon be seated by your side. "O that in unfettered union spirit could with spirit blend!" then I would tell you a thousand things which cannot be expressed by the "thought-tracing quill." But, as this cannot be, *cum tuâ sit anima mea*. Perhaps you are aware that John Smith, of Sheffield, and Thomas Haynes, of Newcastle, have exchanged the services of the militant church for the solemnities of the church of the first-born. I have also heard of the death of another young divine, whose name I forget. How loudly such dispensations speak! God bless you! Farewell.

I am, as ever,

Your faithful and affectionate brother,

JOHN BUMBY.

TO HIS FORMER CORRESPONDENT.

HALIFAX, *December 15th*, 1831.

I KNOW not what I can say, except that on the 7th my father and sister very reluctantly allowed me to leave home; that on the 9th I arrived at Halifax; that on the 11th I preached in one of the chapels; and that on the 15th, to-day, I am writing to you.

Since writing the above, I have almost come to the resolution of resting till the spring. Not that any new symptoms have appeared, or that the spitting of blood has returned; but I am the subject of such feebleness,

and have such constitutional predispositions, besides the sharpness and coldness of the air on these hills of the West Riding of Yorkshire, that it is thought better that for a little time I should be wrecked on the desolate and dreary shore of worthlessness. But what will be the result, I know not. I leave the matter exclusively in the hands of the Almighty: "where He appoints, I'll go and dwell." With the kindness and sympathy of the Halifax people, I am astonished. What they can have seen in me, or heard from me, to create and call forth such feelings as are manifested, I know not. "Surely it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." The progress and prospects of the work of God here are most satisfactory and cheering. We have a revival. Last Monday evening several professed to find the Lord. The fields are white to the harvest. Now this makes the matter of my ciphership just now more difficult. I should have felt comparatively little, if I had been obliged to lie by amidst the sterility and barrenness of last year; but now that the harvest is waving, and even wasting, in the richness and luxuriance of full maturity, it is inexpressibly painful to stand by, being unable to bind the sheaves, or even to glean the ears,—particularly as such a storm [the cholera] is brewing and blackening in the north as threatens to desolate and destroy the face of the country. How do you feel in reference to the aspect of the times? For my part, I have cast my care upon God, and taken as my talisman the ninety-first Psalm. This is Saturday evening; and as I have to preach to-morrow, I think I had better defer finishing till Monday, that I may see and say how it shall go with me. I want to tell you how I shall be after my work, and to ask your opinion as to the best procedure to adopt; that is, whether it would be better to go home and do nothing, or stay where I am and do a little. O the burden of souls! O the responsibility of the ministerial

office! I have not improved health as I ought to have done. Pray for me, that I may give up my account with joy. Amen.

Monday.—Well, I must now finish. I do not feel worse for my labour yesterday, and am exceedingly anxious to continue in my work. *What shall I do?* I had a letter the other day from a friend in Cornwall, who says I am a dead man if I do not desist, and wishes me to spend the winter at Penzance. I have been reading Croly on the Apocalypse: his views are exceedingly gloomy as to what is to befall us. Thorp's "Destiny of the British Empire," also, is a dark work.

J. B.

Again:—

HALIFAX, *January 14th*, 1832.

VERY soon after the arrival of your last, a particular friend of mine,—the Circuit-Steward,—in the generosity of his heart, devised and adopted the scheme of taking me with him on an expedition to Manchester and Liverpool; from which excursion I only returned the other day.....I felt all the force of your arguments in reference to the expediency of retiring from the work for the winter; but I must say, that I have not yet seen the opening of the providence, or the pointing of the finger, of God in that direction. Since my return to Halifax I have only preached once in the week, which has not very particularly retarded the progress of convalescence; and God has owned the effort with the plentiful effusions of His richest and rarest influences. Besides, I am less anxious, than I should be at home, about my work; for I see how the places are supplied. The people say they are satisfied if they only see me, and the air is quite as good as it is at Thirsk. Now do not call me a self-murderer, or any other such hard name. It is the cardinal, the absorbing, desire of my heart, to bring many sons to glory.

“I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone!”

.....When in Manchester, I spent some time with Mr. and Mrs. B., with much pleasure and profit. Mr. B. is in a most blessed state of mind. His late affliction has evidently been sanctified. He remains in Liverpool. I rather think he intended to go; but said, “he could not regard their unanimous and pressing invitation in any other light than as a direct proof of their determination to *uphold Methodism as it is.*”

HALIFAX, *February 14th*, 1832.

MAY be, the Almighty, by these various afflictions with which we are visited, designs and determines, if possible, to make us eminently holy and useful. God, in the administration of His providence, has a reason for everything He does. O let us get more religion! then, very likely, the severe discipline and afflictive dispensations of which we are the subjects, will cease. But if not,—if, in the inscrutable providence of our Heavenly Father, trials and sufferings be still our portion,—why, food shall come forth out of the eater, and sweetness out of the strong: we shall have more efficient supports, richer comforts, brighter prospects, and be enabled to “rejoice in tribulation also.” I know it is not easy to do so; but “I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.”.....

As to myself, thank God, I continue to improve a little, but have not yet ventured to preach oftener than once a week. You ask something about my “ministry.” I would have you to understand, that it is not anything I say or do, but “the overwhelming power of saving grace.” O, it is easy, it is delightful, to preach when God is with us! I know not where I shall be blown next Conference, but hope to be able to take a Circuit.

J. B.

Though John's efforts throughout the year were partial and interrupted, yet his ministry was made a great blessing. As the year advanced his spirit became more chastened and serious: his natural impetuosity and impatience, though not destroyed, had evidently given way under a sacred counteracting influence; and his entire demeanour in private was such as to prepare the people for hearing him in public with seriousness and respect. Many young persons through his instrumentality were turned to righteousness.

When the time came for the assembling of the Ministers who composed the Stationing Committee of the Conference, it was deemed highly undesirable, in the state of health in which our friend then was, to renew his appointment. Rest *might* restore him, and he be enabled to come from the probationary ordeal, and serve the cause of Christ for years; but to force his declining energies, as Methodism has no provision for mitigating its requirements on Ministers, would be to bring him to an early grave. Accordingly, in July, he received the following communications:—

DEAR BROTHER,

THE Preachers assembled in Conference regret to find, that the present state of your health renders it necessary for you to retire from our itinerant work, at least for one year. They earnestly hope that this painful

necessity will be but of short duration ; and that, by the blessing of God upon the use of proper means, before the lapse of twelve months, you will be prepared, by returning strength, to resume your office as a Methodist Preacher ; in which case it will afford them pleasure again to appoint you to a Circuit.

Signed on behalf of and by order of the Conference,

ROBERT NEWTON, *President.*

EDMUND GRINDROD, *Secretary.*

MY DEAR BROTHER,

I CANNOT but subjoin to the Conference-letter, that your case was considered with great affection and respect. Mr. Farrar pleaded strongly that you should be appointed to another Circuit this year ; but it was judged proper that you should rest for one year, that, by the blessing of God, you might fully recover your health and strength. The cause of your retiring will be distinctly mentioned in the Minutes. If your strength permit, it will not be necessary for you to rest long. With sincere hopes of your speedy and entire recovery,

I am, my dear brother,

Yours very affectionately,

JOHN HANNAH, *Chairman.*

P.S. The result of the conversations upon your case will prove highly honourable to you ; but I exceedingly regret the decision. Receive it, however, as from God ; and rest assured that it was dictated on all sides by great affection to you. Business goes on well.

A. E. FARRAR.

John's judgment approved this decision ; yet at this time his feelings had such powerful control over him, that had he been left to follow

his own course, he would have toiled on,—prompted by pious excitement and unhindered by the people,—until he had utterly sunk. There are times when we absolutely need to be guided by others, *especially* when our feelings are conflicting and diseased. Young Ministers *especially* require a kindly and authoritative guidance by the hand of their elders. The doctrine of ministerial non-subordination may appear plausible in theory, and may square with some popular notions of individual right; but it is unscriptural, and, in a Connexion, impracticable. It was well for John that there were in the Conference *pastores pastorum*; as well as *pastores gregis*; for his life was saved, and his usefulness protracted, by their decision. It proved every way to his advantage, likewise, that the season of seclusion, as connected with self-scrutiny and prayer, should be lengthened out a little longer. How many with him have had to adopt the words of the Psalmist, and say, “It is good for me that I have been afflicted!” (Psalm cxix. 71.)

On the 19th of September he writes thus to a friend:—

As to myself, I am thankful and happy to say, notwithstanding my trials and sorrows, that I continue to improve in health and strength. I begin more clearly to see, and more fully to be convinced, that the dispensation from the excitement and labour of public duty,

under which I am placed, although its aspect is dark and mysterious, although its visitation is severe and painful, is perhaps, after all, the best and wisest measure that could have been adopted for my full and speedy restoration to efficiency in the work of the ministry. At any rate, I wish to acknowledge God in this, as in every other dealing of His providence towards me, that He may direct my path, and lead me by a *right* way to the city of habitation. I have only preached twice since I left Halifax,—the Sunday-school sermons for our Thirsk folk,—when I felt to breathe my native element, and move in my proper sphere. In the ministry all my feelings, and affections, and desires concentrate and harmonise ; and

“ I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone.”

At the preceding Conference, a Preacher had been appointed to take a sphere of labour around Denbigh, Mold, Holywell, &c., in North Wales, with special directions to minister to the spiritual wants of the English residents in that part of the principality. On the arrival of Mr. Wilson, who was so appointed, he found that he could not supply all the places that might be opened ; and there appeared to be so clear a call for additional help, that he wrote to Mr. Bunting and the President of the Conference, requesting them to direct him as to the course he should pursue. These Ministers thought of our friend ; they applied to him, to know the state of his health and strength ; and, receiving a favourable reply, requested him to proceed to

Wales, if he were not unwilling, and assist Mr. Wilson. He proceeded accordingly, and took lodgings with an aged Christian woman at Holywell. The congregations, being but newly gathered and small, did not demand much vocal exertion, as far as preaching was concerned: this was all in his favour; but the walks were long and fatiguing; great exposure to the weather was unavoidable; there were short intervals of rest between the services, and the accommodations were homely. The remuneration, too, as coming chiefly from the Connexional Fund for the home extension of the Gospel, was scanty; and this subjected him to many trials, which a thoughtful person can easily understand,—trials which a coarser or phlegmatic nature would never have felt. Nevertheless, he entered upon this sphere with a cheerfulness of mind which was almost new to him. It was not merely the rebound from depression and seclusion; but it was from the attainment of a measure of that “spirit of power” of which we have already spoken. Affliction, as connected with its hallowed results, had begun to teach him that a Minister’s happiness does not depend upon the smiles and solaces of friendship, or upon a full amount of soothing external comforts, however tenderly he might be alive to their value; but upon the presence and favour of the great Master. There was discipline

found in his Welsh appointment, as in the preceding ones; but here it was singularly sweetened and sanctified discipline.

A few extracts from letters addressed to the friend near London, whom he had seen on his way to Holywell, will show his inward workings at this period.

HOLYWELL, *November 20th, 1832.*

I HAVE just met the little class, consisting of five or six persons, that I formed into a Methodist Society last week, and have had a very comfortable and blessed time. The more I muse on the subject, the more I am "lost in wonder, love, and praise," that, notwithstanding my insignificance and unfaithfulness, I should, in the good and wise providence of God, be placed in such a situation as this. Here are many things which might be objected to by a murmuring and restless mind, it is true; but I will not, I dare not, complain. It is a situation which combines the opportunities of public usefulness and personal improvement, both physical and mental and spiritual. My heart's desire and prayer to God is, that I may be faithful; that my profiting may appear to all; and that, in the day of Christ, I may rejoice that I have not run in vain, nor laboured in vain. So much on Tuesday night.

Wednesday morning.—Since I saw you, I have sometimes called to mind, when I have had no other subject of meditation, the "new idea" which Mr. E. started, "that there is no being in existence strictly of the nature of pure spirit, except God Himself;" and think that, in one sense,—in the sense, no doubt, which he intended,—it is quite correct; namely, that no spiritual essence in the universe, with the exception of the Infinite Spirit, exists independently of some vehicle or clothing. Not

but that spirit and matter are quite distinct; not but that spirit can exist independently of materialism;—but, as far as light is thrown upon the mysterious subject, from the hints and allusions which are made in the sacred Scriptures to the inhabitants and regulations of the invisible world, it would seem that the angels do not exist as spirits merely, but as clothed upon with a certain rarefied and sublimated organisation; and that departed spirits, the souls of those who die in the Lord, are not found naked, but clothed upon with the house which is from heaven. And as to the spiritual body, to which you refer, and of which the Apostle speaks, it may be remarked, that the expression means, that the resurrection-body of the saints will not be spirit,—pure, unmixed, abstract spirit,—but spiritual, free from the dregs and dross of matter, purified, etherealised, immortalised, like the glorified body of Jesus Christ.

But I beg pardon for the occupancy of your time and attention on such subjects, now that you are in the midst of the bustle and hurry of removing, and have things more present and palpable to attend to.....

I hope I shall be comfortable and useful—though it is almost too soon to give an opinion—in my new sphere of existence; but I sometimes feel sad and sorrowful.At the same time, I have access to God; the consolations of the Spirit abound towards me; the prospects of immortality brighten on my soul; and here is every encouraging indication that the time to favour this place is come. O for an outpouring of the Spirit! O for the souls of the people! I see nothing will do for me but coming out of myself. The mind is apt to prey on itself, and the spirits are liable to sink too low: therefore I want to forget myself, and circumstances, and sorrows, in labouring and studying and preaching and praying for God and the people. Do you the same. When you get to C——, get among the people of God as soon as

possible. And O, let us not live unto ourselves, but unto Him that died for us!

J. B.

HOLYWELL, *January 4th*, 1833.

I BLESS God for His continued goodness to His most unworthy servant. My spiritual health, I trust, improves, as well as my bodily health. I have learned more of my own heart, more of God and Christ, since I came into Wales, than I did during the whole space of my lifetime before. Never did I see myself as I do now. O the depravity and deceitfulness of my heart! I am praying and hoping for a new, a clean heart,—“perfect, and right, and pure, and good.” I am waiting and longing to be endued with power from on high, that I may be qualified to promote the honour of my Saviour-God, and do some good to my poor perishing fellow-sinners; and till this work is done, “till this power comes,” as it is remarked by Mr. Fletcher in reference to himself, “I shall labour in vain, and spend my strength for nought.” Help me by your prayers!

I speak from experience when I say, that it is only as we view the things of earth and of time in connexion with the solemnities of the judgment and the realities of eternity, that we can see and feel as we ought in reference to our circumstances and sorrows. Since I have endeavoured to live nearer to God, have prayed more fervently and constantly, and have been more in fellowship with Christ in His sufferings, my trials have appeared to be lighter than nothing, and vanity; and I have wondered, most of all, that God should condescend to use a rod over me. O help me to be more thankful!

The Lord grant unto us the faith which sees God, which obtains promises, which overcometh the world, which has “respect to the recompense of the reward,” that we may rejoice in tribulation also. Whatever others

do, I must live to God; whatever I gain or lose, I am determined to have, if it is attainable, the interior glory, the indwelling God. O let us aim at this, and never be satisfied till we are filled with all the fulness of God!

J. H. B.

HOLYWELL, *February 8th*, 1833.

I WILL only just add, in reference to myself, that God is with me:—

“He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God;
And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesu’s blood.”

I am trying to live above my outward circumstances. Here is much that is gloomy, much that is discouraging; but I am endeavouring to gain a higher region. I want to regard the taking up of the cross, the renunciation of my own will, the deferment of hope, and a thousand other things which are far from being congenial with the feelings of flesh and blood, as blessings and pleasures. Who that knows anything experimentally, that has any personal acquaintance with God and Christ, but would delight to labour or suffer in His cause and for His sake? O for more love, and zeal, and faith, and patience!

HOLYWELL, *April 24th*, 1833.

SINCE writing to you last, I have sometimes been a little poorly; sometimes rather low, sad, and sorrowful. I hardly know why or wherefore, except that I have been so unfaithful and indolent in the ways and things of God; and sometimes, O, I have been so happy, that I could scarcely desire any other heaven. You can have no idea how good the Lord has been to me of late; how He has manifested Himself to my soul; how His secret has been with me, and He has shown me His covenant; how He

has led me about, and instructed me, and kept me as the apple of His eye; how He has fed me with the choicest of the wheat, and honey out of the flinty rock; how He has anointed my head with oil, and made my cup to run over; how He has permitted me to dwell in the "secret of His tabernacle," and privileged me to hide myself in His feathers, and to rest under the shadow of His wings. Even now my heart melts, and my eyes overflow: they are tears of joy and gratitude. I cannot tell you what I feel. God is mine. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. When I think of my insignificance and sinfulness,—an atom of dust, a depraved and wicked atom of dust, who has despised the authority and outraged the government of God, but who, nevertheless, has been pardoned and renewed in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God, and is now privileged to dwell in the house and enjoy the favour and friendship of my heavenly Father, the sovereign Lord of heaven and earth,—I am overwhelmed and confounded. "How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them! They are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with Thee." "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us," &c. O, it is a miracle of mercy that I, of all beings in the creation, should be thus favoured and privileged!—I, who am "less than the least of all saints." I feel that I am the chief of sinners; and yet, Jesu's blood avails for me..... "This, however," as Mr. Fletcher remarks, in one of his heavenly epistles,— "this is speaking too much about self: good and bad self must be equally denied; and He that is the fulness of Him that filleth all in all, must fill my thoughts and desires, my letters and my all."

There is nothing more certain in religion than this,—I speak from long observation and experience,—(you will say it is a truism: it is so,) that whenever Christians do

their part in the work of prayer and watchfulness and self-examination and self-denial, particularly in the work of faith, faith working by love, then God will do His part, in giving peace and joy, in making crooked things straight, and rough places plain, in causing the heavens to drop down dew, in leading us into the paths of righteousness; in making our bones to flourish as an herb, in enabling us to rejoice evermore, and pray without ceasing, &c. It is because we will not [in a certain sense] pay the price, that we are so poor in spiritual good. It is because we do not labour for the meat that endureth to everlasting life, that we have to complain, "My leanness, my leanness." And frequently our troubles are multiplied because we refuse to receive chastisement; we make our faces harder than a rock, we refuse to return. The Lord be thanked that you and I have, in some degree, under the Divine blessing and influence, been induced and enabled to stir up the gift of God that is within us, and work out our salvation. O that we may be steadfast and unmovable, &c. ! O that we may be faithful unto death, that we may receive a full reward !

HOLYWELL, *June 6th*, 1833.

THAT you may know how I do, or, rather, how I have been doing, I send you a short synopsis of my movements for the last few days. On Saturday, the 27th, journeyed ten miles; slept at St. Asaph. On Sunday, walked six miles, preached three times, took cold, had a violent toothache; sent for the doctor, but he durst not venture upon the work of extraction, stating that the offending tooth might break, and still give me as much pain as ever; so, as you may suppose, I dismissed him. Monday, poorly; visited the people, preached. Tuesday, walked twelve miles and preached; still indisposed. Wednesday, being weary with forbearing, went to a druggist, who, without any hesitation, courageously

applied his instrument, and, after a desperate wrench, gave me ease: preached in the evening. Thursday, a little better; rode about fourteen miles, and preached. Friday, about the same, except preaching. Saturday morning received your letter; afterwards went to Mold, distance about nine miles, where I met with Mr. W., and expected to meet with the book-parcel, but was disappointed. Sunday, preached three times, met two classes, rode six miles; walked nine more in a dribbling, insinuating rain, which fell incessantly, and drenched me thoroughly. Yesterday walked six miles, and preached. To-day I have only had the class to meet, and find that rest to a labouring man is sweet. At the same time there is an undefinable gratification, or, I might say, deliciousness of feeling, in being worn out in the service of God; something far better than ease, or honour, or fame, or glory, or thousands of gold and silver, can bestow. And I would

“ My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live.”

God is teaching me by facts and providences, as well as by His word and Spirit; and I wish to be a diligent observer and an apt scholar, that I may understand the loving-kindness of the Lord, and know what is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning me. O, the foot of the cross is a blessed place! to be less than nothing in one's sight, and Christ our all in all. Here the fruits of the Spirit grow in largest, richest clusters.

Your extracts from Hall's sermons so greatly delighted and profited me, that I shall not feel satisfied till I have the opportunity of devouring the whole. On the subject of walking with God, and holding fellowship with the Father of spirits, I have to say, as far as my own poor experience goes, that, though God is around, and above, and beneath us, as the atmosphere in which we live, and

move, and have our being, He only manifests Himself to those who wait for Him more than they that watch for the morning, who walk by faith, who are all eye and all ear; and who, when He condescends to come down in the cloud, and open an intercourse with the soul, entertain Him with holy thoughts and desires; and, while He breathes upon and through them in silent and sanctifying inspirations, breathe back to Him in prayer and praise. O what a state! What blessings, and privileges, and communications, and revelations belong to the man, the Christian, who can say, "Nevertheless, I am continually with Thee. When I awake, I am still with Thee. My soul followeth hard after Thee. Thy right hand upholdeth me." This is paradise restored. Here is celestial fruit on earthly ground. This is heaven begun below. Blessed be God, while I write, the best of all is, God is with me, and all my bones say, "Who is a God like unto our God?" I am the chief of sinners; but Jesus died for me.

"The Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God."

I see the beauty of the Lord, behold the glory as in a glass; and this is my experience: "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none," &c. I hear the voice of the Lord, and this is His language: "Son, thou art ever with Me, and all that I have is thine." Glory be to God! Glory be to God!

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ," &c.

It strikes me, that you are deficient in the "venture of faith." Mr. Fletcher says, "Sink or swim, a believer must learn to cast himself headlong into the boundless sea of Divine truth and love." John Smith says, "It is impossible to believe too much or too soon." Now, it is not what you *were*, or what you *shall* be, but how do

matters stand *at present*? Have you free and open intercourse with heaven? Do you walk in the light? While you read these lines, God is with you. Where is your faith? Open your eyes, and behold Him; open your heart, and receive Him. Entertain Him. Detain Him, and never let Him go. O that your "heart were all a heaven, for ever filled with God!" I am very glad and thankful to learn that the snare is broken and you are escaped. Take care lest you be again taken by the enemies. Now that the soul of God's turtle-dove has fled to His holy mountain, abide there; continue to hide yourself in the clefts of the Rock of Ages; and, by and by, "the rain will be over and gone, the time of the singing of birds will come, and the voice of the turtle will be heard in the land." Not that you are ever to forsake your hiding-place; but being driven there first by necessity, you will afterwards, when the storm is past, abide there from choice; because "this is the hill which God hath desired to dwell in; yea, He will dwell in it for ever."

O what a year has the last been! Upwards of thirty workmen have been dismissed, and yet the temple of the Lord rises higher and higher. What an increase have we had! Mr. N. says, thirteen or fourteen thousand. So true it is, that God buries His workmen, but carries on His work. I am glad you profit by the ministry of ——. I was much pleased with a remark in Mr. B.'s sermon: "Even men who have more understanding than their teachers, always need the public ministry; and, if they are truly wise and humble, are always the first to value it, as calculated to stir them up by putting them in remembrance," &c.

J. H. B.

Shortly after the date of the last extract, he was called to supply for awhile a vacant place

at Liverpool, and afterwards visited his relatives at Thirsk. By that time the Conference had again met; and, as concurrent testimonies seemed to justify the act, he was once more regularly admitted to pastoral labour, and now appointed, in connexion with several elder colleagues, to the important town and Circuit of Birmingham. This change, with its anxieties and responsibilities, stirred up his usual pensiveness; but he was not long in settling to his work, and pursuing it with characteristic ardour. This appears from the first letter written to the same friend after his arrival.

BIRMINGHAM, *August 29th*, 1833.

IT is one of the disadvantages of our present state of existence, that frequently we cannot do the things that we would. My time and attention of late have been so fully occupied with numerous and important engagements, that, occasionally, I have scarcely been able to attend to my devotional exercises. Nevertheless, it is a great mercy, a matter of thankfulness, that, while in the business of personal salvation it is necessary to be always at it, there is a possibility of attending to it and pursuing it in the midst of the greatest bustle and excitement in connexion with the affairs of this life; that, while our hands are here engaged, our hearts may be still with God. O for more of that holy abstractedness of mind, that mighty power of faith, which makes invisible things preponderate over visible things, and raises the future above the present! At the same time, the longer I live, and the more experience I have in the things of God, the more fully am I convinced, that without stated times for self-examination, and prayer, and meditation, and a strict

and conscientious attention to such appointed seasons, it is impossible to maintain anything like fellowship with God, or a healthy and vigorous piety. Here, as in other things, it is a truth, "The diligent hand maketh rich." The Lord help us to walk in all His commandments and ordinances blameless! But this is a digression, or, more properly, a parenthesis or two.

I have been in Birmingham since Saturday night; and allowing, of course, for the awkwardness and embarrassment which one feels in new scenes and among strangers, I am pretty well, and have the prospect of some degree of comfort and usefulness. But O, I often think of the blessedness of our friends departed, who have passed the swelling flood, and have entered upon the possession of the celestial inheritance! Who would not depart and be with Christ, which is far, far better? I know you sympathise with and pray for me. May God bless you for it! Still pray that my faith may not fail, that I may be content with such things as I have, that I may stand in the evil day. O, it is a difficult thing to be a Christian; to war incessantly with the world, the flesh, and the devil, and hold the mystery of faith in a pure conscience; especially it is difficult to be a good and faithful Minister of Christ Jesus! "Who is sufficient for these things?" O that my sufficiency may be of God!

I do not know how I shall stand the work of this Circuit, but hope to have strength according to my day. We have five chapels in the town, several of them very large: the congregations seem to be good, as far as I have seen them: the work is nearly all in the town. The Society for a long time has numbered about two thousand, a few over or under every year. Thank God for two thousand; but I want to see greater things than these. Here is need of a mighty breaking up and a breaking down amongst the people. O what a wicked place is Birmingham! The flood-gates seem to be open,

the fountains of the great deep seem to be broken up; and, I was going to say, one universal deluge covers all. Still there are a few righteous, a few praying souls; because of whom, and in answer to whose prayers, God suffers long and is kind, so that chaos does not come again. O for the spirit of prayer, for faith as a grain of mustard-seed, that we may remove mountains, and prevail with God! I hope we shall have a glorious work. I cannot preach, I cannot live, except sinners are turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God. What is a Minister's work but to save souls? Without this, whatever may be his talents, his learning, his eloquence, his popularity, whatever he is or does, *his work is undone*. I know it is God that saves the soul; but He works by means; and wherever and whenever a man is called to the ministry, and is faithful, (I mean to his God, and to his own soul, as well as to the people among whom he is called to minister,) God will work with him, and signs and wonders will follow. For myself, I know, if I had been more faithful, I should have been more useful. The Lord pardon His servant in this thing, and help me henceforth to be all that I ought to be, and to do all that I ought to do, that I may rejoice in the day of Christ that I have not run in vain nor laboured in vain!

J. H. B.

BIRMINGHAM, *October 15th*, 1833.

IF I could have done according to my will and wish, you would have had a letter long before this time. Truly I am more fully engaged and occupied, if possible, than ever I have been before. I do, indeed, frequently sigh for the seclusion and silence of my late retreat among the Welsh mountains: at the same time, I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content; and find that a contented mind is a continual feast.

As to myself, I feel more earnest desires, more ardent longings, stronger outgoings and outstretchings of soul after the lengths, and breadths, and depths, and heights of the love of God in Christ Jesus.

“ My soul goes out in strong desire
The perfect bliss to prove ;
My longing heart is all on fire
To be dissolved in love ! ”

I feel in myself that I am nothing, less than nothing, worse than nothing ; polluted and sinful dust and ashes. As a Christian, I am but a stunted, ill-thriven plant in the vineyard of the Lord ; but a dwarf in piety, a very novice in the knowledge and experience of the deep things of God : but at the same time my soul shall make her boast in the Lord. In Him I have righteousness and strength ; in Him I have pardon, and purity, and life, and peace, and health, and fulness of joy, and well-springs of blessing, and a young heaven on earthly ground, and glory in the end. Jesus is mine ! “ The Lord is my portion, saith my soul ; therefore will I hope in Him.” But O, I want a larger grasp ! I want a firmer hold ; I want the faith. Blessed be God, I have the principle ; but I wait and pray for that enlargement and maturity, that perfection and omnipotence of faith, by which I shall be enabled to apprehend all that for which I am apprehended of God in Christ Jesus ; by which I shall

“ Comprehend the’ Eternal Mind,
And grasp the Infinite ; ”

by which I shall be

“ Fill’d with all the Deity,
All immersed and lost in God.”

Glory, glory be to God !

“ His love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.”

As to the state of things in Birmingham, we have a gracious movement among the people; the congregations increase; expectation is awakened; the spirit of prayer is given. We have had a few drops, a few rich drops; and there is the sound of abundance of rain. But I am more convinced than ever, that “neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase.” Saving souls is God’s work. Still, He uses means. O that He would condescend to employ me, the unworthiest and most insignificant of His servants! O that He would speak by me, and make me wise to win souls! They are perishing;—souls that were made in the image of God, only a little lower than the angels; souls for whom Christ died, capable of bearing the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; souls immortal as God, and lasting as eternity;—they are perishing, blinded, and darkened, and hardened, and deceived, and spell-bound, and enchained by Satan. With diabolical pleasure he sees the avenues to the pit that is bottomless full and crowded; while God is insulted, His authority despised, His law trampled in the dust, His threatenings defied, and all “in His own world!” Christ is crucified afresh, and put to open shame. The Spirit is resisted and grieved. O what a state of things! It is impossible to look around without shuddering. O that my head were waters, and mine eyes fountains of tears! May God arise, and maintain His own cause!

In this spirit he prosecuted his labour through that year. As might be expected from his ornate rhetoric and impassioned manner, he was a great favourite, especially with the

younger part of the community. Mr. Waterhouse, his Superintendent, was too noble-minded a man to do otherwise than rejoice over the popularity of his junior colleague, and was chiefly concerned to use his own personal influence, which seemed to be that of father and brother combined, in such a way as to render that popularity unhurtful to John, while he availed himself of it, in his office of chief Pastor, as a means of deepening and extending the work of vital religion. This spirit was hardly less exhibited by the other Preachers; so that they were a band of united fellow-labourers, and the year was one of great harmony.

This, too, was the last year of John's probation. The question was now pending, whether he should be admitted into full connexion,—in other words, ordained to the pastorate.

During his abode in Wales, he had been enabled to go through a considerable portion of the higher theological reading which the Conference requires of probationers; and though more arduous and numerous public cares called for his attention, yet here, also, he endeavoured to economise time for the prosecution of that purpose. The Theological Institution was not then set up. A Committee, appointed by the Conference, were engaged that year in arranging a "Plan," as it was termed, "for the improvement of the junior Preachers;" and the

subsequent adoption of their Report led to that efficient and valuable provision which has since been such a blessing to the Connexion. It was his ardent desire after something of this kind which led him to speculate at one time, as we saw, about going to the University of Edinburgh; though that project was providentially frustrated. His exuberant fancy needed, at that time, chastening by logical discipline, his judgment enriching by larger knowledge, and his expository deductions correcting by more accurate biblical scholarship and culture. This had been attained in part; though it would appear that, in the entire course of his ministerial reading, as it may be called, he gave a preference to those works which appealed more directly to the emotional, than to the reasoning or understanding, faculty. These last were not neglected; but, as his was rather an awakening and spirit-stirring than a teaching ministry, he ever sought for appropriate oil to feed the flame which so many rejoiced to see and apply to, in order to kindle their own. Every man in his own order. And yet, though that is the most successful and powerful appeal which is founded on previous teaching,—a conjunction exhibited, for instance, in the sermons of the Rev. Joseph Benson, and the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke,—no form of ministry, however thoughtful it may be, and elevated in its thoughtful-

ness, can be tender, impressive, or attractive, if devotional reading, such as that which stirs the affections, be neglected. John anticipated, too, those solemn questions which are proposed to every probationer, respecting his own spiritual state before God, his habitual realisation of the Divine favour through the Spirit's testimony to our adoption, his power over sin, and his purpose to observe those ministerial rules laid down by Mr. Wesley, which, being formed by the most translucent and simple-minded piety, can only be consistently observed by its permanence in the heart and life. These questions would be most appalling to an insincere or flippant aspirant to the office of a Wesleyan Minister, as indeed they are sufficiently so to many, who are of a character the reverse of this,—most earnest, most conscientious. Yet the spirit of the New-Testament charge, in reference to the bishopric of souls, is such, that the solemnity of these inquiries could not be lowered to suit a low state of grace. A Wesleyan Minister, therefore, passing through this ordeal, must either become a public blessing and benefit, or, proving unfaithful, “forsaking” us through loving this present evil world, must sink into the guiltiest and most sinful of men: a momentous alternative, it will be said! It is so, but a most necessary one; for all alternatives affecting the state of Christianity

and the souls of men, are momentous. Such interests cannot be tampered and played with, as men play with the intrigues of a secular party, or the evanescent theories of shifting popular opinion.—The imposition of hands in ordination, had not, up to this time, been adopted. The subject had been introduced some years previously into the Conference, and many highly intelligent members of that body desired to adopt this primitive and scriptural rite. Great respect was due to those aged Ministers who had been accustomed to regard it as an innovation, and an innovation it might have been deemed, so long as the Methodist Societies were theoretically held to be included in the pale of the Church of England. But now, as separate communion was unavoidably established, and as it was palpable to all men that the Preachers were placed by Divine Providence in an unencumbered pastoral position ; no reason remained why the solemn separation of candidates to the office laid on them by the calling and law of Christ, which calling, and their own fitness to fulfil it, had been tested in their course of trial, should not be marked in the impressive manner observed by the church in all ages. It was felt by most, even now, that to come nearer to holy Scripture was not to depart from John Wesley : especially as he, by his own practice and example, had sanc-

tioned the act, in ordaining, by imposition of hands, Preachers to serve in Scotland and elsewhere ; that is, where no previously-constituted church could claim them as members of its distinct communion. Two years afterwards, at the close of a serious and most brotherly debate, the practice was fully adopted. At the same time, the form of setting apart candidates, or, as it was called, admitting them into full connexion, had all the essentials of ordination ; for it involved strict examination, appealing to the people in reference to their blamelessness and having a good report, obtaining their testimony and the expression of their purposes, and committing them to the Head of the church in earnest prayer.

When the time, therefore, arrived, John proceeded in the fear of God to London, where the Conference of 1834 was held. He passed his final examination with honour. There were misgivings still as to his health, but they were overruled ; and having “ professed a good profession before many witnesses,” he was affectionately received, with others like-minded, into the full charge and care of immortal souls.

The intelligent reader cannot fail to perceive, that the whole time of his probation was a season of growth, as a Christian, in grace, besides being a course of disciplinary preparation for more influential and onerous labour. He who at Waltham-Abbey shrank from exter-

nal discomforts, and occasional collision with rude and unfeeling minds, now began to learn to endure hardness : he who longed then to flee to heaven, and be at rest, through a morbid and tender sentimentality, or recoil from the shock of battle, now paused to reflect, with deep Christian faith and feeling, on the holiness of that better world ;—that nothing that defileth can enter there ; and that it is best to cherish life, health, and energy, in order to win more victories for Christ, and so, following Him, to bring many sons unto glory : he who would then vent himself in expressions of vexation and disgust at whatever was violently opposed to his will or taste, now began to possess his soul in patience, and stay himself on God, in order to be ready for all surprises. He was pensive still, and still earnest, faithful, and confiding, as well as eagerly desirous of the requital of friendship. But he was more holy, he had more of the mind that was in Christ. Nor does the improving process terminate here. “ They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength ; they shall mount up with wings as eagles ; they shall run, and not be weary ; they shall walk, and not faint.”

CHAPTER III.

HOME MINISTRY.

OUR friend, whom we shall henceforth call Mr. Bumby, was now summoned to sustain the full burden of ministerial responsibility. Some persons may think that he was as much a true Minister of Christ before, as he was after, his ordination; and so far as the designation of the all-wise God was concerned, he may have been such. But the call of God, in order to be distinguished from fanatical presumption, or the working of an ambitious fancy, must be tested or proved, according to that direction of the Apostle Paul which is both implied and asserted in several places of his Epistles to Timothy: (1 Tim. iii. 1—10; vi. 3; 2 Tim. ii. 21 :) and as such probation implies the possibility of mistake on the part of those who at first have had to judge, and of error and self-deception in the candidate himself, who may, indeed, by slow degrees, have fallen away from grace, even the grace of the call,—it is not for nothing that in historical Scripture ordination by ministerial act, in the presence of a consenting congregation, is taken to be the acknowledgment, both on the part of Pastors and

people, that the will of the Head of the church, in reference to the applicant, is truly recognised ; that His law so far has been obeyed, and the elect person is now, *ipso facto*, separated from worldly concerns, to fulfil his one great business of carrying on the work of Christ ; watching and feeding as a shepherd, and contending as a soldier.

With these views the Conference, being responsible for carrying out amongst the Societies the order observed by Christ's church from the beginning, has restricted its authority for administering the Sacraments to separated Elders ; an arrangement which, with sacred instinct, the people have always sustained and approved, without withdrawing any portion of their love and confidence from those whose different offices did not include this function, so closely connected as it is and must be, in some of its aspects, with pastoral rule and oversight, and the admission of persons to catholic communion.

In this new exercise of administration, although the Liturgical forms of the Church of England are used amongst us with slight verbal alterations, the yearning heart of John Bumby found new vent for its prayerful and benignant longings, inasmuch as he was perfectly free (as are all other Ministers) to pour forth, in addition, to the people around, the extemporaneous

expression of his own inspirations. He was gladly received by the Birmingham Societies as one of their fully-acknowledged Ministers. It was known on all hands, at the same time, that he was exceedingly delicate ; but, with all this delicacy, his power in the pulpit was evidently on the increase. His impaired health did not merely arise from a morbid state of the chest and respiratory system, but from general debility, produced by an impassioned and long-continued praying and preaching, re-acting upon a most peculiar and sensitive organization. He was not at this time, or afterwards while in Birmingham, remarkable for practising very detailed house-row visitation : to a great extent, the people conceded to him a freedom from this usually-required labour, partly on account of his limited strength, and partly on account of his influence and success in the pulpit. A less influential Preacher, or a stronger man, would not have been so generally excused. His visits, therefore, to a considerable degree, were confined to those persons with whom he had the strongest union of soul, and such sick and dying individuals as he might be summoned to attend. The mere bodily exercise of visiting a number of families, and exchanging with them pleasant acknowledgments and socialities, involves but little toil to the frame ; oftener it exhilarates : but the pastoral duty of kindly

questioning, removing difficulties, resolving scruples, convincing of errors, setting right wrong opinions, offering sympathy and engaging in prayer, many times a day,—all this involves an expenditure of thought and feeling, even to exhaustion, that the invalid shrinks from with a most reasonable fear. The congregations could not spare their young Preacher from the pulpit and the class-room, and therefore were content that he should not appear so often elsewhere. So affectionate were the Birmingham people, and especially his own particular friends, towards him, that his private intercourse with families tended rather to the solace and refreshment of his own mind, liable as he was, notwithstanding his manifest growth in grace, to be chafed by temptation, and depressed in spirit by occasional discouragements in his work. He seemed to have come away from the Conference, and joined his colleagues, with deeper convictions than ever of the momentous character of the Preacher's office.

In looking around, he seemed to see that men in general, in this Christian country so called, had a much greater knowledge of the Gospel, and of revealed truth in general, than they allowed to be operative upon their heart and life; that they would read Christian books, and yield a cold assent to their sentiments and

reasonings, and then go and plunge with eager avidity into a sphere of unbroken carnal-mindedness, as much as if the current of their thoughts had never been interrupted; that mere abstract truth, however Divine and holy, might be entertained by any of them for a few moments, as a subject of elevated contemplation, and then dismissed without an emotion, or so much as the breath of an inward prayer; that, in fact, the public mind needed rather arousing, alarming, vivifying, than illuminating; and a vital agency was required, all instinct with spirit itself, to thrill through the spirits of others, and make them all eye and all ear towards God. And so, when he turned his attention to the results which were produced by the ministry of some of his brethren, he saw that plain and ordinary truths, which were delivered with earnestness and compassion, under the influence of the Holy Ghost, came with lightning-like force upon minds which had been long accustomed to them, and startled those minds into penitence and prayer; just as though they had been new and glorious revelations from heaven. Had our Preacher been now living, he would have been told, by modern theorists, that the truth needs continually presenting in new dogmatic forms and aspects, in order to secure its life; for otherwise it becomes effete or worn out. But he had not so learned Christ: he

had seen the truth in all its forms made perfectly quiet and dead ; and he knew that, without the Holy Ghost living in and prompting the speaker, it was only like a serene moonlight, cold, clear, and waning away night by night. Accordingly, he guarded and held to our established expository deductions from the sacred volume with jealous care, imbuing them with life by living in the Spirit, and breathing after His richer influence. No matter what the secret feelings of enmity were in men's minds, God had not laid on him the responsibility of providing against all these, any farther than he might do so by exposing them ; but rather of delivering the Gospel word, and looking for its efficacy in its results. He began, with this view especially, to read much, and pray much ; and though this was done in secret, the Lord rewarded him openly. His preaching was more characterized by power. With laudable and manly sense, he discarded mere tinsel and prettiness. There was still enough of metaphorical allusion and illustration, to make his sermons fascinating to the younger part of his congregations ; but as they were chiefly drawn from holy Scripture, and were enunciated with deep feeling, they all tended to the accumulation of strength. Affliction, too, had driven, and retirement drawn, him to search into those rich mines of holy thought which abound in the

devotional Scriptures, and the works of our practical Divines; and thus he became more abundantly fraught with that matter which, satiated by the unction of the Holy One, is the ready instrument of awakening conviction for sin, or more ardent desires after the fulness of a reconciled God. Half an hour's discussion in his own way, on a great Gospel theme, would prepare his own heart for dictating, and his hearers (though unconsciously to themselves) for receiving, a most cogent and impassioned appeal, often most hallowed in its tone, and occasionally electrical in its startling force. Many who had a name to live and were dead, were aroused to see their empty formality and danger, and to come to Christ for life; and many open sinners were thoroughly awakened and converted,—brought from the bondage of sin and Satan, into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

Still, true as these sentiments of his were, they are only part of the whole truth. Events have transpired in sufficient number since then, to prove that, in order to accomplish all the purposes of the New-Testament salvation, a teaching as well as quickening ministry is needed, especially among Wesleyan congregations. The terms of admission into our united Societies are remarkably easy. Any reasonable evidence a person may give of “a desire to flee

from the wrath to come," is deemed a sufficient qualification for being taken under a Leader's oversight, and made the special object of exhortation and prayer; and as the main anxiety respecting him generally is, that he should be delivered from guilt, and made happy by pardoning mercy,—though too often the attainment of this is neglected,—so, when this is accomplished, numbers rest as though all were accomplished; whereas there are no adequate views of the wide range, the profound reach, the universal obligation, of Christian holiness, viewed as the imparted image or mind of Christ, or as acquiescence in and conformity to HIS LAW; and therefore, when trying times arise, and popular theories are mooted, which flatter selfish prejudices, and impugn every form of wise authority, there is nothing to stay the minds of even well-meaning people against the influence of current Antinomianism; a tendency which, so long as murder, or adultery, or robbery is not committed, can revel amid the sins of the spirit without a pang, and apparently without a conviction,—can bring the awful verities of the glorious Gospel into a flippant dialogue, and point them as weapons of party strife. To guard against evils like these, O how much is a teaching and (in the best sense of the word) a learned ministry needed! Apollos must follow Paul, and the children of

Cephas may learn from both ; and in order that men and women may have the mind of Christ, it is of the highest importance that a gifted pastorate should set forth Christ in His Person, His life, and ministry, as well as in His redeeming offices and His atonement. Priests and Papists are afraid that the Bible should be read and taught too much ; evangelical Pastors, that it should be read and taught too little. Holy and truthful men fear nothing which the Bible can be proved to teach.

From what has been said above, no one will be surprised to learn that the interval between Mr. Bumby's Sabbaths, or other days of public labour, should often have to be filled up with little visits of restorative retirement. His exhaustion on a Sabbath evening was very great ; as, in addition to the exertion of preaching, he would often spend an hour at the prayer-meeting in the vestry, and pray in special intercession for persons seeking spiritual blessings, several times in the course of that hour ; and, as he would persist in the observance of certain severe, though well-meant, austerities, especially as regards beverage, notwithstanding the remonstrances of several of his kind friends, that exhaustion was with great difficulty relieved. His occasional calls to preach anniversary sermons, and attend public Meetings elsewhere, were often, however, so managed as to stand

blended with a little open-air recreation ; and in this way, and with the constant ministrations of kindness on the part of a generous people, he was enabled to labour on, and see fruit of his labour.

A peculiar friendship was formed about, or a little before, this time, between our friend and Mr. and Mrs. Hyde of Birmingham. Many circumstances contributed to its formation ; but the chief were, a powerful attraction towards him as experienced on their part, prompting them to many acts of generous and delicate kindness ; and a responsive interest and gratitude on his. The following extracts are from letters addressed to them in his occasional intervals of absence from his Circuit :—

THIRSK, *March 25th*, 1835.

FOR the friendship with which you have honoured me, and the interest you have taken in my welfare, I shall not cease to feel my obligations “while life, or thought, or being last.”.....I often think of your care and kindness, and would make some return ; but I have nothing, I can do nothing. May our God Almighty, all-sufficient, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift ; to whom belong the silver and the gold, the treasures of the everlasting mountains and of the perpetual hills ; and who has promised that a cup of cold water, given to the least of His disciples, shall not lose its reward ; may our faithful unchangeable Friend, who doeth whatsoever it pleaseth Him, recompense you a thousand-fold in kind : especially may He enrich you with His peace, sanctify and comfort you by His Spirit,

defend you by His providence, support you by His power, help you in the time of need, direct you in the time of perplexity, deliver you in the time of temptation, save you in the time of trouble, answer your prayer, and accomplish your desires ; that you may "rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in everything give thanks;" that you may be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might; that you may bring forth fruit in old age, and have a life of mercies crowned with a triumphant end! Forgive this simple effusion; when the heart is full, it [overflows]; and God grant you may never want such a friend as you have been to me,—the poorest and meanest of the followers of the Galilean King.

The above is a good specimen of his frequent style in the pulpit, which, when sustained by strong feeling, was often greatly effective, and for the best purposes. Indeed, a cold heart would never dictate such a strain.

THIRSK, *March 31st*, 1835.

I NEED not tell you how anxious I am to return to you, and how much I am with you in spirit, though absent in body. But I want to be well, to be strong to labour. I pray, however, that patience may have its perfect work, and that the designs of God in this dispensation may be fully accomplished in my experience and history. O, how secure and happy I feel myself to be in the hands of my wise and gracious heavenly Father! If I live, it will be to do His will upon earth; if I die, it will be to do His will in heaven. "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain."

LONDON, *April 29th*, 1835.

I HAVE seen Mr. Oakes this morning at the District-Meeting, and he gives a most delightful account of the

services connected with your Missionary Anniversary. After all that our enemies say against us, "God is in the midst of us," and we will not fear what man can do unto us. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" I have nothing particular to tell you in the way of news, except that the Missionary Committee wish me to go out to America for three or four years. I feel somewhat at a loss. Of course, I shall not determine in a hurry on so important a matter. We will talk about it when I see you.

TO MRS. HYDE, ON A VISIT FROM HOME.

BIRMINGHAM, *September 24th*, 1835.

THANK God for an interest in His Son, and a place in His family! O that we may walk worthy of our high vocation, and be blameless and harmless in the midst of this wicked and perverse generation! I am full of work. "No moment lingers unemployed." This is no new thing: I expect it while I stay here. This is the time of labour, [after] is the time of rest. But I feel myself to be such a feeble thing of nought, I seem to do nothing to purpose. O, if I had a thousand tongues, a thousand hearts, a thousand lives, they should all be employed in the service of God and the salvation of sinners. My dear friend, God has done so much for me, and bestowed so much upon me, that I can scarcely move under the weight of obligation which I feel..... O, how the time passes! really, weeks and days steal away like an enchanted vision.

"The arrow is flown; the moment is gone;
The millennial year

Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here."

And how easy a change it would be to die! The spiritual world is not "a land very far off." There are no mighty barriers between: it is here encompassing us on every side, and pressing upon us from every point.

In a moment the spirit might step into its regions, and mix with its inhabitants. O, what invisible eyes are looking upon us! O, what noiseless steps are falling around us! May God help us to walk by faith, to live to purpose, and every moment to have our accounts fit for the audit-day, that, whensoever we depart hence, we may depart in peace! You see I have nearly filled up the sheet.....We shall be glad to see you home again. Your house is not like itself. I hope your visit will be of service to you both as to the body and soul; and that I shall never forget to pray for you, as being your most obliged and affectionate friend.

THIRSK, *October 12th*, 1835.

As sentimental essays on personal feelings and exercises are uninteresting and tedious to all except the individuals concerned themselves, I shall proceed at once to furnish some particulars of my movements since I left Birmingham. On Tuesday morning I arrived safely at Sheffield: at noon went on to Halifax, found Mr. Duncan very poorly, Mrs. D. recovering. There is every possibility of their being comfortable and happy. On Wednesday set out for Hull, where I arrived late in the evening; but, alas! Mr. Fish was out rambling at some Missionary Meetings: of course I felt disappointed. Mrs. Fish is very well, and seems quite at home amongst the friends. Mr. Fish takes very much with the people, and is likely to be very useful. On Thursday evening I arrived at Leeds. The following day was the opening of the new chapel there, which is the largest in the Connexion,—a most beautiful place, certainly. Mr. Newton preached in the morning, and Dr. Dixon in the afternoon. O, what a place is Leeds for Methodism! I never saw anything like it. The congregations were large, and the influence that attended the word most delightful. On Friday evening I came to Thirsk. My friends are all well, and glad to see me. Yesterday I

preached morning and evening, and attended the love-feast in the afternoon. It was a blessed day, and I believe much good was done.....To-morrow I have to preach two school-sermons for our Northallerton friends; and on Thursday I set off for London. You see my journey is one of bustle and variety; but my health is improved, and I feel more than ever determined that my remnant of days shall be spent to the glory of God my Redeemer.

We add also the following to a friend visiting in the country at a date somewhat subsequent:—

I AM very much pleased to find from your letter, (for which, by the way, accept my best thanks,) that you are going on to perfection, that you are on stretch for the fulness of the great salvation. And what a fulness! "He," whose we are and whom we serve, "is able to do for us exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." How strange it is that Christians possess, enjoy, and love so little!.....May the Lord grant, my dear friend, that you may dwell in the high places of Christianity!.....Remember the promise, "I am thy God." Mr. T., whom I have seen sometimes this week, tells me that you are actively engaged in doing good. How true it is, if we have the inclination, we seldom want the opportunity of being about our Father's business! I rejoice in the work in which you are engaged: you are doing good on the largest scale. Other generations may rise up and call you blessed.....But I think you must remember the primary object of your visit into the country, and gather as much health and strength as you can.I find it necessary, as a Christian, to seek after purity and simplicity of intention. A mixture of motive is so apt to actuate us,—partly self and partly God,—that a single eye is no easy attainment.....And O, the import-

ance of living by faith on the Son of God!—It is Saturday, I have a great deal to do, and therefore you must excuse me saying more. I wish to remind you that I very much need your prayers.

I am, my dear friend,

Yours, &c.

And again to the same:—

It is worth while being ill for the supports and consolations which are peculiar to affliction, which you can only have when the corporeal frame most shakes and sinks. Then outward and visible things fade and fail. O, into what close contact have I been brought with God, and with spiritual and invisible things! The Lord grant that these views, impressions, and realisations may continue! And O, the preciousness of Christ and His blood! O, what should I do without the atonement and intercession of Christ?.....I hope Mr. T. holds fast the beginning of his confidence: if he does so, it will soon grow into the full assurance of faith. Tell him I have sometimes been blessed lately while thinking of this verse:—

“Retreat beneath His wings,
And in His love confide;
This more exalts the King of kings,
Than all your works beside.”

Give my love to your two sons and tell them to watch and pray, &c.

In order to explain the allusion in the extract dated April 29th, it is necessary to observe that the year 1835 was a period of great distraction in many parts of the Wesleyan Connexion. At the preceding Conference of

1834 the Report of the Committee for considering a "Plan for the Improvement of the Junior Preachers," was brought up and adopted. Dr. Warren, who disapproved of *the details*, all at once placed himself in a position of determined hostility against his brethren on the entire subject ; and, after Conference, published and circulated a pamphlet amongst the Societies, with a view to stir up prejudice and enmity against the most influential Ministers of the Connexion, and excite the Societies to rebel against its constituted order. For this offence he was summoned before a Special Meeting of the Manchester District-Committee. The authority of this tribunal he set at nought and denied, and left the presence of his brethren, who, according to their lawful usages, were empowered to hear and deal with the case. The District-Meeting, for such contumacy, could do no other than suspend him from his functions as a Minister in the Wesleyan chapels, until the ensuing Conference. Dr. Warren, without waiting for the assembling of this Conference, commenced a suit in Her Majesty's High Court of Chancery, with a view to assert his right of access to the pulpits as usual, notwithstanding the ministerial sentence just mentioned. The civil decision, as affirmed both by the Vice-Chancellor and the Lord Chancellor, was against him : it confirmed the validity of

Mr. Wesley's Deed of Declaration ; secured 'to the Preachers appointed by the Conference the inalienable occupation of the pulpits ; recognised the pastoral supervision and authority of the Conference, as the supreme tribunal, exercised, when needful, through the medium of its District-Committees ; and afforded the ample security of British law to the general economy of Wesleyan Methodism. But Dr. Warren in the mean time had co-operated in the formation of what was called a Central Association, consisting of persons who had been excited to agitation by his efforts ; and this body sought to overawe the sound and attached portion of the Connexion, and coerce the spiritual administration, by the gathering of violent and schismatic meetings, and demanding changes in the constitution which would have totally altered its character and ruined its energy. The aid even of the ungodly was accepted, and one venerated and blameless man, still living, was stoned, as others have been in more recent instances, in the public streets. At the Conference of 1835, by indulgence, Dr. Warren was fully heard in appeal, though all *right* of appeal was denied to him ; but no correspondence was held with the Delegates of the Association referred to. The result of the deliberations was, that the Conference resolved to uphold the constitution unimpaired, from a sense of the obligation

imposed by a high trust ; from a conviction that they were thereby asserting and defending New-Testament principles ; and from the assurance that they were throwing the shield of their protection, against agitation and wrong, around tens of thousands of godly people in the British Isles and throughout the world, to whom Methodism as it is and had been was most dear. In all this the Conference was sustained by the largest Committee of influential lay persons, from all parts of the Connexion, which was ever gathered together. But Dr. Warren himself, whose enmity unhappily remained unabated, was expelled from the Connexion ; and, for some months after, continued to head the schism and agitate the Societies, until the storm which he had raised became rude and repulsive toward himself, when he retired from the Association, and some time afterwards obtained ordination in the Church of England. It can be no matter of surprise that at this time, when slander was rife, and circulated by means of corrupt and lying publications, many who were simple and uninformed should be led astray, and many others staggered. Little did the movers in these lamentable factions understand the characters of the men they were calumniating ; and though they paraded their professed desire for the spiritual privileges of the people as being

the cause and reason of their violence, it was abundantly evident, from subsequent events, that the Conference by its firmness did really preserve those privileges from peril. It required no small fortitude on the part of the excellent Presidents of those two eventful years,—the Rev. Joseph Taylor and the Rev. Richard Reece,—and the able men who acted with them in council, to maintain their position with uncompromising fidelity and yet with Christian meekness; but their luminous and comprehensive principles, held with a pure, good conscience, and administered with unshaken trust in God, sustained them. The ministerial brethren, and the Societies in general, were assured and animated by the firm and Christian bearing of these chief Pastors; confidence was restored, and, though thousands had seceded in the strife, prosperity rapidly returned to the Societies, and, by the end of the year ensuing, notwithstanding the secessions, an increase of above two thousand members, even in Great Britain, was realised. In Birmingham, especially, the labours of the brethren had been greatly owned of God, inso-much that at the very Conference of 1835, where these solemn matters had to be adjusted, the Circuit was divided into two, under the respective heads of the Cherry-street and Belmont-row chapels. Mr. Bumby remained in

connexion with the former, together with his seniors, the Rev. William Naylor and the Rev. John Slater; and so entered upon another year of encouraging harmony and success. He greatly venerated the fathers and guides of the Connexion, and he had just reason for doing so; nor was he less attached to the administrative and disciplinary system of the body as a whole. With him there was no secret gnawing at the reputation of eminent brethren, no carping about details, or making the worst of disputable matters; and thus his heart was kept free from the corroding influence of petty passions, and, as far as his relations to his church were concerned with his peace, he had *perfect* peace. With open and almost *brusque* frankness he maintained the principles and details of John Wesley's Methodism; and this honesty, so transparent, called forth in most instances as honest a response. With faithful Leaders and Local Preachers he co-operated in warm-hearted and sincere friendship, without assuming any supercilious air on his part, or doing anything to produce reserve on theirs. As to the temptations by which Wesleyan-Methodist Ministers, because of their close association together, are so frequently assailed; over these he had great power. There is reason to believe that he had now begun to look upon a superior in the ministry, that is, a superior in attain-

ments and influence, with real pleasure and delight.

So encouraging had been the prosperity of the work in Birmingham, that the influential members of the congregations greatly desired that the ensuing Conference should be held there. Their desire was granted: the Ministers for the first time assembled together in that town on the last Wednesday of July, in the year 1836; and were treated with the most affectionate and generous hospitality.

Dr. Bunting was chosen, by the brethren, that year, and for the third time, as President; and thereby not only was a due honour accorded to eminent wisdom and ability, but affirmation was given of those great leading principles lately controverted, of which Dr. Bunting in his public life had been the unvarying representative. In harmony with the same procedure, likewise, a Committee of Birmingham gentlemen invited the Conference, and the leading members of the Wesleyan families there, to a public breakfast at the great Town-Hall. The occasion was one of high interest, and of the interchange of hallowed sentiment and confidential friendship. When Dr. Melson, who took a leading part in this sacred festivity, came to address the President personally, he became much affected; he alluded to the Doctor's invaluable labours and services, to the threatening

storms of the preceding year, to the calm which was happily following; and paying a just tribute to the character and worth of several of the President's contemporaneous associates, he concluded an eloquent speech by presenting to him and the Secretary, the Rev. Robert Newton, each a little elegant token of admiration and Christian regard. The venerable Mr. Reece, in his speech in the Conference on retiring from his Presidency, had alluded to our Lord's appearance on the Sea of Galilee, as related in John vi., where the disciples, in their labouring vessel, were borne through the darkness and storm to a port of safety; and by this he illustrated the deliverance of the Connexion, by the same almighty Saviour, from the dangers that threatened it. Dr. Melson reproduced the figure in an altered and somewhat classical form. With Mr. Reece, the deliverer was "the Pilot of the Galilean lake;" with Dr. Melson, "the Master of the elements." However, the subject and imagery both were matters of grateful reference and sacred joy throughout the sittings of that Conference. In that year, too, it was, that ordination of probationers by imposition of hands, and according to Mr. Wesley's form, was first adopted; and the deepened impression which was thereby given to the service, seemed to predict the most salutary effects, in connexion with the same solemnity in

future. At this Conference, Mr. Bumby was appointed, with the Rev. Messrs. J. Rigg and T. H. Squance, to the Birmingham East Circuit ; and as he had laboured in the entire field previous to its division, this arrangement scarcely had the effect of separating him from any friends : it merely diverted his ministerial labours to the other set of chapels. The services of the entire occasion gave a new impulse to his ministerial zeal ; and when all the Preachers had left for their own Circuits, and everything fell into its ordinary form, he gave himself afresh to the great work of his life with increased and quenchless ardour. In the course of his entire period of labour in Birmingham, he had, in order to conserve the fruit of his own ministry, gathered a number of awakened persons, chiefly young, into regular Society-classes. At one time he had no less than three of these. He watched over them week by week with anxious fidelity and care ; mourning over any who seemed to be laggard in the heavenly race ; directing to the cross of Christ those who, as yet, were destitute of saving faith ; and rejoicing unutterably over others who, like himself, were now enabled to run in the way of God's commandments, with an enlarged heart. Thus, while some young Ministers were seeking their solace in part from the acquired reputation of being intellectual Preachers,—a solace which utterly

fails to aliment and sustain the inner man ; oftener in turns enfeebles by its opiate lull and alarms by its opposition to conscience,—our friend was giving himself up to save souls from death ; and was delighting in the reward which, next to the favour and peace of God, consisted in obtaining the affections of those whose salvation he had been the instrumental cause of procuring. This assuredly must be the most elevated joy of good men on earth ; and if human faculties were as vital and ardent as those of angels in heaven, it would vie with any joy that they can call theirs. It is the highest form of mercy ; and, according to Christ's word, makes its human subject to be “blessed,” for it casts him into mercy's immeasurable sea.

As rescuing precious immortals from sin and wrath is the means of opening a little heaven in the bosom of each one thus rescued, so it proves often a reflux heaven, flowing back into the bosom of the faithful witness, making it unutterably large for holy benignity and humble joy. As a lost soul, who has been the means of alluring others by the press, or by direct personal influence, to their eternal doom, shall find,—as each mass of ruined mind comes rolling into eternity on, over, and around him in fearful successions, through the impulsive causes he has left behind,—how awfully capable of augmentation, and in what deepening depths, per-

dition may lie ; so a redeemed spirit, which has turned many to righteousness, shall find his own ocean of joy rise higher and higher the more there are who, from the circle of his own ministry, shall come to plunge in its depths. O how faithful men may, in some sort, enter into the secret of their Master, and through Him (with reverence be it spoken) see of the travail of their soul and be satisfied ! Mr. Bumby's preaching, too, had become more compact and cogent, as to its thoughtfulness. In proportion to the maturing of his understanding, was his appreciation of the solid and the simple in theology ; he now loved sound and comprehensive exposition better, and so had become a better expositor ; and there is reason to think, that his general reading was more of a strengthening character than in his earlier years, involving less of mere Christian sentiment, and more of patient and close scriptural reasoning. Though never possessing a high order of genius in theology, he generally accumulated, previously to his entering the pulpit, a treasure of sacred thought, acquired by meditation and expository study ; and this, when offered to God, burning with holy fire, doubtless became his, as it is any Minister's, most appropriate and accepted sacrifice. But still his great power was his power of application and appeal. A person who was not liable to be strongly affected without cause,

has been heard to say, that on listening to him on a Sabbath evening, in Cherry-street chapel, the accumulative effect upon himself (the hearer) was such, that he hardly knew whether to leave such a source of overpowering emotion by retiring, or give vent to it at once by lifting up his voice to shout or to weep. It is said respecting the great John Chrysostom, that when he preached at Antioch, the audience testified their delight at his eloquence by clapping of hands and other gestures of acclamation. But the congregations of our friend were in a different mood from the frivolous Antiochians : when John Bumby was burying himself in the sacred passion of his appeal, no one was so little thought of as himself ; and yet his hearers were rapt in silence or suffused with tears. From this time our friend truly aimed high. His labours were great ; but his austerities remained unabated, and were very injurious. Mr. Naylor and Dr. Melson had often remonstrated with him respecting them, but in vain. It was matter of conscience with him, and so, he inferred, of duty ; and therefore they were obliged to leave him to his own course. With regard to excessive labour in prayer-meetings and the like, far be it from us all to say, that a Minister's conduct should be limited and controlled by a cold, worldly prudence. There are times when men, who yearn over sinners, should be

allowed to be beside themselves for their cause, as St. Paul was ; times when health and everything should be sacrificed, in order to save them. But the most ardent and jealous of Mr. Bumby's friends would hardly say that *these* were such times, or that this lavish expenditure of physical strength was *now* necessary. It was done to Christ, however, though mistakenly. Those whose natures are made, by Divine grace, into flame, will not be content unless they burn, should they even burn away. He was still very frequently laid aside for a fortnight together, and had to resort, at such times, to a restorative journey, with very light, or with an entire freedom from all, engagements ; and while absent on these occasions, his letters to his special friends breathed the same spirituality, and poured forth the same gratitude, as before. In the month of May, 1837, the writer was called to sustain a bereavement similar to that which summoned Mr. Bumby, in 1831, from Waltham-Abbey to his father's house. I had occasion to pass through Birmingham in my way to my former home, where the last mournful offices for a beloved parent had to be performed ; and shrinking from publicity while awaiting the morning coach, I spent a quiet evening, or part of one, with Mr. Bumby at Mr. Hyde's. With the exception of my opportunities at the Conference season of 1836, I had

not seen him since the time of his brief sojourn in Hull. He was much paler, and greatly attenuated : his whole appearance gave evidence of the effects of wasting labour. His former restless and eager gestures were subdued into a calm but yet living and speaking demeanour. His countenance beamed with an expression of wondrous peace ; that is, peace more than ordinary, an expression which could no more be confounded with apathy than with anger ; while his eye was inexpressibly benignant, yet in such a way as still to disclose a natural lurking tinge of melancholy. He received me with his usual frank and transparent kindness ; and on learning the cause of my sorrow and depression, his brotherly sympathy was at once both excited and thoroughly expressed. Shortly before this, the Rev. John (now Dr.) Harris had preached a beautiful and impressive sermon in behalf of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in London, from Isaiah xliii. 10 : “ Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord.” The sermon made a powerful impression at the time, and was afterwards published. It stirred many youthful hearts in the Wesleyan Connexion ; and was the means of inciting several ministerial candidates to devote themselves to the Missionary work. Our friend sought to draw me into conversation ; and as the subject of preaching to him was ever dear, its exercise being the busi-

ness and joy of his life, he alluded to this sermon, and to the inexpressible value to the church of God of the ordinance of a faithful publication of the Gospel ; calling forth my own responsive sentiments on the same theme. Speaking of Dr. Harris, and the unction with which he was favoured on the occasion referred to, he said, “ Ah ! this kind of thing is not so much the whirlwind, earthquake, and fire, as the still small voice which comes after.” He was always fond of Scripture imagery ; and there was a good deal more to the same effect. On my rising to depart, he proposed prayer. We kneeled down, and he poured forth his heart with great simplicity and feeling for us all ; that we might have readier access to the Cross ; that our faith in the atoning blood might be more constant and influential in procuring life through Christ’s name ;— that our comforts might be drawn from our filial access to, and communion with, the Father ; that God’s discipline of us might make us more spiritually minded ; that our affections might ever be set on things above ; and, for me in particular, that the Lord might be far more and better to me than parent or friend, or any other object of interest and love ; and that He would overrule the present stroke, to promote my faith as a Christian, and my usefulness as a Minister. The prayer was closed at length, in the spirit of

cheerful solemnity, with the usual apostolic formula. He was evidently an object of anxious interest to his friends. We parted in peace, and I saw his face no more.

In the course of this year, and particularly towards its close, it was hinted amongst the circles of Wesleyan friends in Birmingham, that Mr. Bumby had serious thoughts of offering himself for some department of the foreign Missionary work. It is quite true that a purpose or desire of this nature had been now for a short time back secretly working in his mind. It will be seen, by reference to his preceding correspondence, that a proposal had been made to him by the Missionary Committee to go out for two or three years to aid the work in the British possessions of North America; believing, as those gentlemen did, that the sea-voyage and frequent travelling would greatly tend to strengthen and establish his health: and the more this scheme is considered, the more it commends itself for its wisdom and kindness. As at that time, however, he seemed to be so firmly established in his attachment to the home pastoral work, the Committee did not earnestly press their request, and nothing more was heard of the matter in this form. Still the Missionary field was not forgotten; and just now there was much sacred excitement in the Connexion on the subject. The Society was

extending its operations, and realising great successes, especially amongst pagan tribes. Wise and senior brethren were wanted in several instances to go out and take the general superintendence of Mission churches where the labourers were comparatively inexperienced, and had but few means of access to each other: and to meet this want, in part, Mr. Waterhouse, our friend's former Superintendent, was already designated, in intention, at least, for Van-Diemen's Land, with a view that he should watch over the Australian Missions in general. Mr. Bumby greatly loved and esteemed Mr. Waterhouse; and it was found, by little and little, that he had begun to speculate upon the possibility of going out with him.

At this point we must pause, to look on Mr. Bumby's position. He was now at the height of his popularity, and had a greater share of it than usually falls to the lot of young Ministers. To all classes in the community he was an object of respect and affection. His special charge was increasing, his preaching successful; and even persons of other Christian denominations would often come and listen with profit and pleasure to the eloquent and zealous addresses which, in the fulness of his heart, he poured forth, especially on Sabbath-days. All studied to provide for any want of which he might be conscious, all endeavoured to afford

him sympathy under those cares and trials which even the most popular cannot avoid : his ministerial brethren gave him their generous confidence,—a confidence which he had justly won, and had ever held most dear. The soothing amenities of the quiet Christian circle had, up to this time, been almost necessary to the permanence of his energy : and yet now he proposes, all at once, and without parleying, to break away from every silken tie, and plunge at once into the rigorous hardship of a Mission among savage tribes ! where the spirit can have little or no rebound, and where sympathetic aids can only come from associates in trial and labour. Was it that he feared his popularity might be secretly endangering his spiritual safety, making the favour and affection of his fellow-creatures too necessary to his peace, and, at the same time, injuring them as well, leading them by insidious degrees to attach too much importance to him, and too little to his Master ? Did he deem that there was a snare of hurtful prosperity implicating him and his circle, and that, therefore, it was his duty to burst it at a bound ? or was it an undefined and inward constraint, of which no account can be given, except that the Holy Spirit sometimes produces it in the minds of good men, apart from and beyond their ministerial call, and by means of it often leads them to special places of labour ?

To these questions no accurate reply can be given, as the principal witness is now with God. However it was, self-pleasing or self-interest could have no share in producing the bias or influencing the ultimate determination. The shrinking and sensitive youth, who, seven years before, had impatiently wished he might be taken to rest, to get rid of toil and care, was now actually contemplating a burden a hundred-fold heavier, and that, too, under circumstances far more repulsive to the flesh. Divine grace had done much in the interval. A half-morbid, half-sentimental love of heaven had given place to a healthy and intense love of Christ. He had learned to come to the holiest place through the blood of Jesus, and ask and receive that his joy might be full. As the accepted child of a reconciled Father, and having boldness of access through Christ, even amid all his infirmities, failures, and negligences, he had often come to ask for a Father's gift, the sanctifying Spirit; nor had he asked in vain. The answer had not only brought him peace, and love, and power over sin, but had raised and strengthened every faculty,—understanding, conscience, will, affections; had infused patience and fortitude, and left Christ the Lord and Master of the whole.

To say that Mr. Bumby's relatives were at first opposed to his scheme, will excite no surprise; but his ministerial friends and colleagues

were of opinion that a foreign station, and especially one among uncivilised tribes, was not the sphere for him in which to exercise his ministerial call; and the Missionary Committee were inclined to a similar judgment. He was likewise a single man, though, as such, he had always conducted himself, especially in the presence of young persons of the other sex, with more than ordinary propriety and prudence. In this particular his conduct was exemplary to all young Ministers. He had never taken steps towards a matrimonial connexion; and, with his deep conscientiousness and fear of involving others in trouble, perhaps deemed that his health was never in a state to warrant his doing so. His sister Mary kept his house. All parties at the same time duly estimated his disinterestedness and devotion in offering himself for foreign labour, and felt that it would be wrong in them to stand in the way of a powerful conviction of duty.

He now entered upon a correspondence with the Mission-House on the subject; and the following letters to Mr. and Mrs. Hyde, his beloved friends, will show its progress and results :—

YORKSHIRE, *January*, 1838.

MY VERY DEAR FRIENDS,

.....IN reference to the matter which now so much occupies our attention, I mean the Missionary enterprise, to which I think I am called, I only wish to

do the will of God, and live for eternity.....Still, however, live or die, my mind is made up to follow the teachings of the Spirit, and the openings of my heavenly Father's providence. Where He appoints, there I will go and dwell. Your kindness is written upon my heart as with the pen of iron and the point of a diamond; and whatever changes may take place, and wherever my lot may be cast, you will continue to live in my affections and prayers. True friends can never part: our prayer is one, our hope is one, and we are one in heart; neither time nor place can really divide us.

I am, my dear friends in our blessed Lord Jesus,

Yours, &c.

LONDON, *March 29th*, 1838.

You must not be angry with me, but it is now finally fixed that I go to New-Zealand, in company with Mr. Waterhouse, in August or September next. I assure you this step has not been taken without great searchings of heart, and most sincere prayers to God for His guidance and blessing. Nothing could induce me to leave the land of my birth, and the land of my friends, but a deep sense of duty, and an impression which I have frequently had upon my mind, that to refuse to do so would be to endanger the salvation of my soul. I am sometimes all but overwhelmed at the prospect of the arduous and responsible work which I have undertaken; but He who has been with me as my Father and my Friend all my life long, and particularly since I became a Christian and a Minister, will not now forsake me.....

Never did I need your affectionate sympathies, and fervent, believing prayers, as I do now. This must be the test of your love, that you pray unceasingly to God for me. O, if I can be instrumental in recovering a few souls from death in the islands of the sea, who shall be my joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord

Jesus, what an ample recompense shall I have for any sacrifices and privations which may await me in the course which Providence has marked out! Thank God, I feel particularly supported and comforted in connexion with the engagement I have made. It is the will of God, and all will be well. Commending you to God, and praying that you may have abundance of consolation, and inherit all things,

I am, in great affection,

Yours faithfully and for ever, &c.

The Conference of 1838 was held in the city of Bristol. The Rev. Thomas Jackson, at that time Editor of the Wesleyan publications, was chosen as President; and by his luminous wisdom, dignified bearing, and fervent zeal, he gave a character to the sittings of the assembly which will not easily be forgotten by those who were present. The examination of the candidates in the presence of their fathers and brethren, and their subsequent ordination to the ministry in public, were ordinances that were conducted with uncommon solemnity and power. The prayers that were offered on the last occasion by Mr. Samuel Jackson and Mr. John Anderson, were memorable for the enlargement of heart with which they were poured forth, and the glorious unction which seemed to be the pledge of the answer. Mr. Anderson's spiritual state, in particular, seemed at that time to fulfil the beautiful predictive language of the opening of Psalm xci. : "He that dwelleth

in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty ;” for, in every place and company, he seemed to possess great heavenliness of perception and demeanour, and never went through a public exercise without powerfully arresting the attention and affecting the hearts of his hearers. This baptism of fire, which melted his naturally fervid constitution into love, abode upon him to the close of his career, which took place not very long after.

The charge to the newly-ordained young Ministers was delivered by the Rev. Edmund Grindrod, the ex-President, and founded on Zech. iii. 6, 7 : “ And the Angel of the Lord protested unto Joshua, saying, Thus saith the Lord of hosts ; If thou wilt walk in My ways, and if thou wilt keep My charge, then thou shalt also judge My house, and shalt also keep My courts, and I will give thee places to walk among these that stand by.” The Preacher, taking advantage of the typical veil which was cast upon the prophetic vision, so directing the thoughts to its deeper Christian meaning, found no difficulty in transferring the whole force of the charge to the Ministers of Christ ; and then, with his well-known chaste and lucid diction, and his comprehensive range of theological thought, he enforced the cultivation of an ardent and serious piety, a blameless and holy

walk ; and offered to the faithful shepherd, on the authority of the text, the reward first of influence for good in the church below, and then the society of holy angels in the presence of God for ever and ever.

Such were the delightful and edifying services of this annual gathering. Mr. Bumby attended them, and participated in the blessing they afforded with peculiar emotion. He deemed it *might be* the last time he should ever mix in the society of his fathers and brethren on earth. Mr. Waterhouse knew that *it was* his own final interview ; for he had no purpose of returning. Many serious and affectionate greetings took place between both of them and their immediate friends ; for although Pastors in their circumstances pass through much which chafes and often chills their affections, yet, after all, there is a bond of hearty and manly love uniting those who have laboured and suffered together, which grows stronger until death, and which even the coldness of the world tends rather to strengthen than destroy. As the business of the Conference drew towards a close, they were especially commended to the faithful remembrance and prayers of the brethren assembled. At the call of the President, Mr. Waterhouse arose, and said, “I feel I make a great sacrifice in thus leaving my brethren and my country, for I go for life ;

but since I made the offer, I have been in a delightful state of peace. I only regret that I have not more to give to God and His church; that I am not better qualified for the great work. Still I have some experience: I am not a young man, and this may be of some advantage." Mr. Waterhouse went on to say, that he felt very much at parting with brethren whom he had met at so many Conferences; that he should always remember them, and trusted that they also would remember him. He said, they knew him, and his principles of Wesleyan conservatism; and he believed they could trust him in a far country to carry out the principles which he had endeavoured to act upon at home. He earnestly begged for their prayers, that, as they had reposed a great trust in him, he might have grace to be faithful. He would endeavour to do the work of God for which they sent him, and fully confide in them for encouragement and support.

Mr. Bumby endeavoured to address the Conference, but did it with great difficulty. He said, he reiterated what his esteemed friend had said. He was the servant of the Lord, and of His church. He was fully persuaded of his call to the ministry: that was his path of duty. As to fulfilling it in the Mission work, his way was clear, not only from inward conviction, but concurrence of providential circum-

stances. He yielded to no one in love for his fathers and brethren. As a young man, he had all his heart could wish ; but he felt he must devote himself to the work of God in a foreign land. He knew what he was about. He did not expect to escape privation, perils, and hardships : he trusted he could say, "None of these things move me." He concluded by very solemnly, and with unaffected but powerful feeling, repeating the lines,—

"Thine I live, thrice happy I,
Happier still if Thine I die."

The President then said, that they could not but acknowledge that the spirit of their beloved brethren was indeed from God. They felt at parting with such men ; but they parted with them for the sake of the cause which was more dear to them than life itself. These excellent men would be blessings to nations yet unborn. "They will be far from us ; but we shall be one in affection and one in heart," continued Mr. Jackson ; "and not many years will elapse before we shall all be one before the throne of God." He then took leave of them by shaking hands with them in the presence and on behalf of the Conference. Perhaps more powerful emotion was never felt in any Conference. The Preachers seemed to be for the time unmanned, and wept audibly.

Mr. Bumby then returned to the circle of his friends at Birmingham, and made arrangements, amid the regrets of all the people, for concluding a most successful and honoured pastorate.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW-ZEALAND,—HIS DESTINATION.

NEW-ZEALAND, the scene of labour to which our attention must now be directed, consists of two principal islands, and a small one to the south, called Stewart's Island: they lie between $34^{\circ} 30'$ and $47^{\circ} 20'$ S. lat. The total area has been estimated at 62,160 square miles, or 39,782,400 acres. The northern island is called by the natives *Ea-heino Mawè*, "The Child of Mawè;" and the southern island, *T'avai-poenamoo*, "The Land of Green Stone," from the green talc-stone found there, of which the inhabitants made their battle-axes, hatchets, and chisels, before they became possessed of iron. The northern island has the finest soil, and is marked by natural features of the grandest description. A high mountain-chain runs through the principal extent of both islands, which to the north rises to the height of 12,000 or 14,000 feet above the sea-level,

covered with perpetual snow, and presenting on a large scale all the phenomena of Alpine scenery. In these regions are the sources of numerous streams, which flow into the most fertile and enchanting valleys, watering with their tributaries the productive tracts that lie in their course. The huge glaciers of the summit, gleaming in faint blue and white; the rapid floods which pour from them in stream and cataract, the lofty woods which mantle the mountain-sides, the undulating lands around their base covered with richest vegetation; the bold cliffs and promontories which breast the billows of the great Southern Ocean; the beautiful bays and harbours, skirted with villages, and spotted on the waters with native canoes; all together form a noble and glorious scene, which the eye cannot rest upon without rapt admiration. The soil in the valleys and plains, with proper cultivation, is calculated to yield grain in abundance: indeed, spontaneously and plentifully, it produces roots adapted for human food, particularly that of a species of fern, which, with more or less profusion, covers the whole country.

Maize, yams, and *kuméras*, or sweet potatoes, have been raised in great quantities by the most imperfect native culture; a very strong flax also, serving for cordage, fishing-lines, and clothing. The timber-trees, especially the firs,

which are of a species peculiar to the country, rise to a magnificent height, and are admirably suited for the hulls and masts of shipping. There are indications, too, of mineral wealth; and in every point of view the physical resources of the country are confessedly great, and capable of nourishing an enterprising and noble race.

When we come, however, to contemplate the human being for whom this fair earthly dwelling was prepared, a sorrowful scene presents itself. The natives are a different race from those of New-Holland, and are supposed to be rather of the Papuan or New-Guinea type, tall, well formed, with large black eyes, with quick and lively intelligence; but at the time the Wesleyan Mission was commenced amongst them, their moral as well as physical degradation was extreme. The upper or chieftain classes were turbulent, jealous, and delighting in war; while the enslaved portion of the tribes was sunk in all the despair and wretchedness which ill-treatment and superstition were likely to maintain. The native dress was little more than a mat, or, in more recent times, when traffic with the settlers began, a blanket; the body was often smeared over with red ochre mixed with whale-oil, and the face and chest elaborately tattooed: the habits of all were most uncleanly and repelling; and when

these people were excited by warlike or revengeful passions, their ferocity was terrible in the extreme. Their huts were very poor; their *pahs*, or “fortified villages,” were simply collections of these huts surrounded by a rude timber fence, which was ornamented with various superstitious images and devices. The tribes were independent of each other, and claimed each their peculiar territory; but there were so many causes of jealousy, crimination, and recrimination among them, that they were almost perpetually in a state of conflict; and the horrors of mere war were augmented by the fearful and worse horrors of cannibalism. Hundreds of slain have been cut up, cooked, and eaten, upon the plain on which they fell, by the exulting victors; and those who were taken prisoners and made slaves have been reserved to a liability at least of sharing the same fate whenever the caprice or the *sacra fames* of the tyrant Chief might afterwards dictate. The destruction of infant children by the mothers was very common, especially where the care of them was likely to be burdensome; and from this cause, joined to the causes mentioned above, a fine race of people was rather decreasing than increasing in the earth, perishing under the weight and retribution of its own crimes. Their religion, if it might be called such, was a kind of polythe-

ism. Their *atuas*, or “gods,” were either imaginary powers of evil, to be propitiated by acts of sacrificial cruelty, or the spirits of departed Chiefs, whose quarrels had to be avenged, and whose daring courage and prowess had to be imitated: any person or thing separated and consigned to their protection was *tapu*, or “sacred:” but charity, goodness, love, and hope were unknown; and no such high conception was formed as that of the all-infinite, wise, just, and good Jehovah.

The Rev. Samuel Marsden, of the Church of England, who was Chaplain in the colony of New South Wales, had the honour given him of being permitted to introduce the Gospel among these lost beings, and founded a Mission in the Bay of Islands in the year 1814.

In the year 1819, the Wesleyan Missionary Society had a young man stationed at New South Wales, Mr. Samuel Leigh; and, having suffered in his health, he was recommended by Mr. Marsden to visit New-Zealand, with a view to his restoration. He complied with the recommendation: he saw the country; held converse with the Missionaries, who had been introduced by Mr. Marsden; witnessed many awful scenes, especially the roasting of a boy; and was so affected with the appearance of things altogether, as to cherish an ardent desire to commence a Wesleyan Mission in the country. The

excellent Church brethren who had preceded, supported and encouraged him in his project. He returned home to England, obtained the sanction and authority of the executive Committee, and in 1821 once more left home, with Mrs. Leigh, for New-Zealand, by way of Sydney, to found a station which should be sufficiently remote from the settlements of the Church Missionary Society, to prevent his interfering with their operations.

A little before this, a powerful and leading New-Zealand Chief, Shungee, had visited England, and been introduced to His Majesty King George IV. On returning to his country, likewise by Sydney, he met in the colony with several of his countrymen, and told them the intelligence which he had gained,—namely, that Mr. and Mrs. Leigh were appointed to reside among them, and that other Missionaries were to follow in course of time. All parties seemed pleased, and agreed that the new comers should reside at Mercury-Bay, near the river Thames. But this design was prevented by the outbreak of a war, the rumour of which Mr. Leigh had heard before he left the colony; and therefore he and his excellent wife took up their residence, for a while, at the Church Missionary settlement.

The facts were, that when Shungee arrived at home, he was informed that one of his relations had been slain by some of the Mercury-

Bay people, who also were among his more distant kindred. The report was true ; and as nothing then could satisfy a New-Zealand Chief but retributive vengeance, he declared war against the tribe. The Chief of Mercury-Bay earnestly desired reconciliation ; but Shungee would listen to no terms. He had recently left the fair scenes of social elevation and of Christian peace in England ; but the example of civilisation, or a simple view of its effects, failed to civilise him : all the pride and ferocity of the savage returned, as he scoured over his native plains, marshalling his fighting-men ; and, after he had collected three thousand of them, he commenced his march from the more northern parts, which were then under his protection, and went at once into the shock of battle. The unfortunate adverse Chief fell by a shot from Shungee. The victor, half maddened by excitement, cut off the head of his prostrate victim, caught the streaming blood in his hands, and drank it with the utmost eagerness. Shungee and his party slew upwards of a thousand men ; and three hundred of these they roasted and ate before they left the field of battle. The forsaken ovens, or holes dug in the earth, and the ghastly remains which were spread over the entire tract of the struggle, after all was quiet, told an eloquent tale as to the terrible orgies which had been celebrated

there,—a scene over which the old murderer, Satan, might gloat, and hardly be able to wish for more. The hapless women and children of the adverse party were taken by the conquerors to their villages as slaves, where the poor creatures wept and bemoaned their captivity and losses, and cut themselves, but without the least prospect of relief; and even twenty of these were killed and eaten after the war was over, and Shungee and his party had returned to the Bay of Islands in triumph.

All this had been transpiring while the messengers of the Prince of Peace were preparing to enter upon their arduous enterprise. Mr. Leigh introduced himself to the formidable warrior, who expressed his willingness to receive a Missionary, as also did other Chiefs; but as Shungee uttered further threats in reference to the Mercury-Bay people and villages adjacent, all thoughts of commencing there were at an end. Mr. and Mrs. Leigh therefore remained at the Church settlement, until they were joined by Messrs. N. Turner and White, who were sent out to assist them; in the mean time improving all their opportunities of acquiring the language, and instructing such natives and their children as they could find on the beach and elsewhere, in the great primary truths of the Gospel. Mr. Leigh's simplicity, courage, and hardihood eminently fitted him for the

work to which he was called ; but mere natural resources would utterly have failed in such scenes : he had faith in his Divine Master, and in His gracious declaration, “Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world ;” and this was his strength and stay when human fortitude and endurance would have sunk utterly. He dared their pointed muskets, stood undaunted while clubs were sometimes whirled around his head, and while spears were thrust close by his side, and felt that he only lived from hour to hour, as sustained by the invisible power of the Lord of hosts. They were amazed at the stranger ; and though they were little disposed to attend to his message, they felt in some degree the power that his presence had over them. He mingled with the people in their villages and huts ; bartered with them for animal food, having been four months without any ; conversed with them in the most familiar manner ; and endeavoured to win their confidence, as well as sound the depth of their superstitions. Their principal idea of sickness and pain was, that it was the *atua* of New-Zealand eating them : thus showing how their own crime of cannibalism reflected itself back upon their tortured imagination, and gave a colour to their dark polytheism.

At length Mr. Leigh was joined by the brethren Turner and White, and the whole Mission-

party proceeded to Wangaroa, on the north-east coast, and north of the Bay of Islands, with a view to the establishment of a Mission there; and they were received with apparent kindness by the Chief George. This George was a very notorious person. In the year 1809 he had cut off the crew and passengers of the "Boyd," a fine ship of five hundred tons' burden; on which occasion, at least seventy, or perhaps ninety, individuals were cruelly murdered and feasted upon by the bloodthirsty savages, and the ship was burnt down to the water's edge. From this time George had a lurking fear of Europeans, though for selfish purposes he wished to have traffic with them, even to the extent of encouraging, in some degree, their settlement in the country. But the vague idea of a possible retribution overtaking him, (retribution for injury being almost the only recognised law in New-Zealand,) made him distrustful, overbearing, and violent; and the Missionaries, while endeavouring to erect their temporary dwelling by the aid of hired native labour, were subjected to endless trouble and annoyance by this man. He came and drove the natives away, used ill language to Mr. Turner, threatened to level the house to the ground, and said it was his; but all this turbulence was to obtain some gift or gratuity. Afterwards, three spades were forcibly taken away by some of his people; and others

came in canoes with fencing-timber for sale, which Mr. Turner bought of them, making payment in various articles of hardware, though almost bewildered by their violence and vociferation. Another of the Chiefs brought a pig, for which he had previously received payment; but he demanded to be paid again. Mr. Turner did not yield at first; but after a while gave him an iron pot which he coveted, when he then claimed another article also: this was refused, and he fell into a perilous passion, dashed the pot to pieces, followed Mr. Turner (who was leaving him) with all the rage of a fiend, pointed his musket (for many of them had obtained fire-arms) twice to shoot him, but was restrained by an invisible hand. However, he pushed Mr. Turner very roughly about, until Mr. Hobbs and the Assistant-Missionary came up. He charged them all with the design of making the New-Zealanders slaves; and said, the only thing they gave them was *karakia*, "prayers," upon which he poured the greatest contempt: he did not want to hear about Christ; he wanted muskets, powder, tomahawks, tobacco, and the like. He then went back to the house, and threatened to kill Mrs. Turner and the servant; saying, he would serve the whole Mission-family as his people had served the crew of the "Boyd." The maid screamed with terror; but Mrs. Turner pre-

served her composure ; and when the excited savage had taken several articles from the Mission-store, she took them back from him with calm resolution, and felt her mind to be kept in peace through being humbly stayed on God. After a little while the storm ceased ; but such scenes often occurred during the first months of residence at Wangaroa.

One morning the Missionaries heard that the heads of an adjacent tribe had killed one of their slaves, and were preparing to eat the body. Mr. Turner immediately went down to the place, and found the Chiefs sitting around the fire, and apparently glad to see him. After the usual salute, he went towards the fire, and found, to his horror, a human being laid at length, and roasting between two logs. He told them, that his heart was very sore at such a sight ; and, as guilt and shame were evidently depicted upon their countenances, he made use of the opportunity of awfully rebuking this enormity, and warning them of the just judgments of Almighty God.

The natives, who disliked toil, could not be induced, even in their most friendly moods, to build a school-house ; and therefore our brethren were content, for a while, in their fine climate, to collect the people and their children in the open air, and there teach them letters, Catechisms, prayers, and hymns : nor were their

efforts fruitless ; for many New-Zealanders have dated their first impressions from these primitive exercises. Towards the end of 1824, the Mission-premises were pretty well completed : they stood upon a jutting point of land, on the south side of a beautiful vale, through which ran a fine serpentine river of fresh water, before emptying itself, six miles beyond, into a safe and commodious harbour. The vale was bounded by hills and mountains of almost every size and form, generally covered with excellent pines, many of which were from sixty to one hundred feet to the lowest branch, and from three to six feet in diameter. The soil of the valley-plain, too, was exceedingly rich. The Missionaries, having purchased the land, had built themselves a good wooden house, with brick chimney,—the bricks having been made on the premises, and the lime obtained by calcining cockle-shells. They cleared about three acres of ground, enclosed it with a log fence, sowed it with wheat and barley, and likewise set out a good garden with vegetables and fruit-trees : all these were for the use of the Mission-families. Besides this, the Missionaries had with their own hands, at two of the principal villages, raised buildings to the honour and service of God, and for the purposes of His worship : these places were not very elegant ; but, after all, were amongst the best structures then in the land.

By this time, too, the natives began to listen with attention ; the children were getting on well with their reading in their own language ; and Mrs. Turner's girls began to make progress in needle-work. The little settlement was visited by Messrs. Bennet and Tyerman, the Deputation then engaged in visiting the stations of the London Missionary Society ; and the brethren were greatly cheered by their intercourse with these truly Christian persons. Indeed, our Missionaries had been instrumental in quelling an outbreak of jealousy on the part of the natives, in their ship, while she was lying off the shore, and thereby, no doubt, saving their lives.* Prospects of usefulness

* This occurred in Wangaroa-Bay, where the "Mercury" was seized and plundered. The account given by the Deputation is as follows :—"This morning our little vessel was surrounded with canoes, containing several hundreds of the natives of both sexes, who presently climbed up, and crowded it so much, that we were obliged to put a bar across the quarter-deck, and *tapu* it from intrusion. The commerce in various articles on both sides went on pretty well for some time, till one provoking circumstance after another occurred, which had nearly led to the seizure of the ship, and loss of our lives. In the confusion, occasioned by so great a throng within so narrow a space, the natives began to exercise their pilfering tricks ; opportunities for which are seldom permitted to slip away unimproved. Suddenly the cook cried out, 'They have stolen this thing !' but scarcely had he named the thing, (some kitchen article,) when he called out again, 'They have stolen the beef out of the

seemed to be opening out in a very pleasing manner, when, all at once, a dark cloud gather-

pot !' and then a third time, 'They have stolen my cooking-pans !' Presently another voice bawled out from the fore-castle, 'Captain, they have broken open your trunk, and carried away your clothes !' Up to this time, we had been in friendly intercourse with the Chiefs, rubbing noses, and purchasing their personal ornaments and other curiosities, suspecting no mischief ; but now, in the course of a few minutes, without our perceiving the immediate reason, the whole scene was changed. We found afterwards, that the Captain, (Dibbs,) on hearing of the audacious thefts above-mentioned, had become angry ; and while he was endeavouring, rather boisterously, to clear the deck of some of the intruders, one of them, a Chief, on being jostled by him, fell over the ship's side into the sea, between his own canoe and the vessel. This was seized instantaneously as the pretext for commencing hostilities. The women and children, in the course of a few seconds, had all disappeared, leaping overboard into their canoes, and taking with them the *kakaous* (or 'mantles') of the warriors. The latter, thus stripped for action, remained on deck, of which before we were aware they had taken complete possession, and forthwith made us their prisoners. Tremendous were the howlings and screechings of the barbarians, while they stamped and brandished their weapons, consisting chiefly of clubs and spears. One Chief, with his *cookies*, ('slaves,') had surrounded the Captain, holding their spears at his breast and sides, on the larboard quarter of the vessel. Mr. Tyerman, under guard of another band, stood on the starboard ; and Mr. Bennet on the same side, but aft, towards the stern. Mr. Threlkeld and his little boy, not seven years old, were near Mr. Bennet, not under direct manual grasp of the savages. The Chief,

ed around these laborious and self-denying servants of Christ, which seemed, for a while,

who with his gang had been trafficking with Mr. Bennet, now brought his huge tattooed visage near to Mr. Bennet's, screaming, in tones the most odious and horrifying, *Tangata New-Zealandi, tangata kakino? Tangata New-Zealandi tangata kakino?* This he repeated as rapidly as lips, tongue, and throat could utter the words; which mean, 'Man of New-Zealand, is he bad man? Man of New-Zealand a bad man?' Happily Mr. Bennet understood the question, the New-Zealand dialect much resembling the Tahitian; wherefore, though convinced that inevitable death was at hand, he answered, with as much composure as could be assumed, *Kaore kakino; tangata New-Zealandi tangata kapai.* 'Not bad; the New-Zealander is a good man.' And so often as the other, with indescribable ferocity of aspect and sharpness of accent, asked the same question, (which might be a hundred times,) the same answer was returned. 'But,' inquired Mr. Bennet, 'why is all this uproar? Why cannot we still rub noses, and buy, and sell, and barter as before?' At this moment a stout slave, belonging to this Chief, stepped behind Mr. Bennet, and pinioned both his arms close to his sides. No effort was made to resist or elude the gigantic grasp; Mr. Bennet knowing that such would only accelerate the threatened destruction. Still, therefore, he maintained his calmness; and asked the Chief the price of a neck-ornament which the latter wore. Immediately another slave raised a large tree-felling axe (which with others had been brought to be sharpened by the ship's carpenter) over the head of the prisoner. This ruffian looked with demon-like eagerness and impatience towards his master for the signal to strike. And here, it may be observed, that our good countrymen can have no idea of

to be impenetrable gloom. A fresh series of native outbreaks took place, which ended in

the almost preternatural fury which savages can throw into their distorted countenances, and infuse into their deafening and appalling voices, when they are possessed by the legion fiend of rage, cupidity, and revenge." After describing the methods adopted by Mr. Bennet to conciliate the natives, the narrative proceeds: "Just then, one of the *cookies* behind plucked off Mr. Bennet's seal-skin travelling-cap. This did not give him particular alarm: on the contrary, expecting every moment to feel the stroke of the axe, it slightly occurred to him, that the blow, falling upon his naked head, would more likely prove effective, and need no repetition; at the same time, in earnest inward prayer, commending his spirit to the mercy of God, in whose presence, he doubted not, that he should very soon appear,—the thought of deliverance having no conscious place in his mind during this extremity. While Mr. Bennet stood thus pinioned and in jeopardy, the axe gleaming over his head, and catching his eye whenever he looked a little askance, he marked before him his friend and companion, Mr. Tyerman, under custody of another Chief and his *cookies*. These wretches were, from time to time, handling his arms, his sides, and his thighs; while, from the paleness of his countenance, though he remained perfectly tranquil, it was evident he was not unaware of the meaning of such familiarities,—namely, that they were judging, with cannibal instinct, how well he would cut up at the feast which they anticipated. The Captain, hemmed in with spears, continued a close, but evidently very indignant, captive, near the larboard bow; while Mr. Threlkeld and his son moved backward and forward a few steps, on Mr. Bennet's left hand. In the course of the scene, the carpenter, who had been in these parts before, and knew

the total destruction of the Mission premises and property ; and the suspension, for a while, of the Mission itself.

the people, came aft, till he got quite close to Mr. Threlkeld ; when, looking earnestly towards Mr. Bennet, he said, ‘ Sir, we shall all be murdered and eaten up in a few minutes.’ Mr. Bennet replied, ‘ Carpenter, I believe that we shall all certainly be in eternity by that time ; but we are in the hands of God.’ The carpenter then crept out of his view ; but Mr. Threlkeld’s little boy, having heard with affright what he had so emphatically predicted, grasped his father’s hand, and cried out, sobbing bitterly, ‘ Father, father, when—when they have killed us, will it—will it hurt us when they eat us ?’ The carpenter had some apprehension of the same kind as the poor child’s, and apparently felt a greater horror of being devoured than of dying ; for presently Mr. Bennet, who kept his eye, as much as possible, turned from the impending axe, lest the sight of it should affect his countenance, happening to glance aloft, spied the carpenter athwart the larboard yard-arm, waiting the issue with a stern determination, which indicated that, come what might, he had chosen his lot. On being asked by Mr. Bennet afterwards, why he had been so foolish as to go aloft, as though there were a better chance of escaping the expected massacre there than below, he frankly answered, ‘ I knew that I must soon die ; but I was resolved that the savages should not eat me ; and as soon as I saw them cut you down with the axe, I would have dropped down into the sea, and only have been drowned : for I had weights about me which would have sunk me at once.’” From this perilous situation they were at length extricated, by the arrival of the Wesleyan Missionary in a boat, accompanied by the Chief George, who, fifteen years before, had cut off the

It must be observed, that about this time an English ship, the "Mercury," had been taken and plundered by the natives of the Bay of Islands; and although it was afterwards rescued and conducted out to sea by two of the Missionaries, yet there was an apprehension of further retribution from other English vessels, and, in consequence, a proportionate jealousy of the influence of the English religious teachers residing in the country. The Chief, George, too, was now dangerously ill, and likely to die. The father of this Chief had been killed in the fearful affair of the "Boyd;" and it was reported, that George had requested the natives of Hokianga, in case of his death, to come and strip the Wangaroa (Wesleyan) Missionaries of everything they possessed, if not to kill them, as *utu*, or "payment," for the death of his father, for which he said he had never received satisfaction.

The death of a Chief is the day of reckoning, when all the quarrels of his life have to be avenged. These sources of uneasiness made the more wicked natives very overbearing and annoying. They broke over the Mission-fence,

crew of the "Boyd," the wreck of which vessel was distinctly visible to the party now expecting a similar fate. George immediately cleared the deck of the hostile natives; and, at the Missionary's request, consented to remain on board, to prevent another attack.

and committed petty depredations on the property ; and, on being reasoned with, proceeded to acts of violence against Mr. Turner and his assistants, assaulting them with spears, and the like, and would have killed them, no doubt, had not their lives been safe in the hands of their Divine Master. But the very hairs of their head were all numbered.

The Missionaries of the Church of England, hearing of these troubles, evinced the liveliest sympathy with their Wesleyan brethren ; and, with true Christian love, the Rev. Messrs. Williams and Kemp came over, and urged that, at least, Mrs. Turner and the little ones should be removed to one of their settlements for a season. They were removed, accordingly, overland to Mr. Kemp's, at Kerikeri, where they received every kindness and attention ; but nothing could induce Mr. Turner and his fellow-labourers to forsake their post. For a time their circumstances were most critical : they endured hardness as good soldiers, and repaid evil with good ; till at length the old Chief George sank under his malady and died. The people upon whom had devolved the task of exacting satisfaction for the death of his father, according to his last will, assembled to deliberate, and for that purpose approached the Mission-premises ; but after they had spent some time in mutual conference, they agreed to

accept the blood of a bird as a sufficient compensation. One of the party then jumped over the Mission-premises, bore off a duck, killed it, and so far all was over in respect of this matter. Mrs. Turner and the children returned to Wangaroa, and it was hoped all would be well: but very soon far worse troubles arose.

The redoubtable Shungee, who had recently been driven to desperation by some peculiar domestic circumstances, was suddenly prompted to invade the valley of Wangaroa. The natives who resided in the valley, named by the Missionaries Wesleydale, amounted to nearly two hundred, and were called the Nga-te-huru tribe: they were headed by several Chiefs, of whom the principal was Te Puhi. At a distance of five miles dwelt another tribe, called the Nga-te-po, which contained six or seven hundred souls. To these two tribes the Missionaries directed their labours. Having made some proficiency in the language, they regularly employed the Sabbath, and as much of their time on other days of the week as could be spared from other occupations, in communicating to them Christian instruction. A school was also now established, which was attended daily by about twenty native youths. Eight of these had learned to read and write in their vernacular tongue; and on their minds, as well as on the minds of many of the adult population,

Divine truths had been assiduously inculcated, and in some cases received with much apparent interest.

It was on the 4th of January, 1827, while the Mission family were engaged in domestic worship, that they received intelligence of the approach of Shungee, and that he had actually arrived in the harbour. For several days subsequently all was alarm and confusion. Canoes began to drop down the river, bearing the natives to the various scenes of conflict. Te Puhi, his brother, some other principal men, and their slaves, fled to Hokianga, about forty miles distant; while bloody skirmishes took place in the neighbourhood around, and the Missionaries hardly knew how to act for the best. They were, however, utterly defenceless; and, as the bonds of even native authority were now loosed, became exposed to the insults of any marauding party that might happen to pass by. On the 9th Mr. Stack, the Assistant, was dispatched with a letter to the Church brethren at Kerikeri, requesting counsel and aid. Early on the morning of the 10th, a party of natives were descried by the servant approaching the Mission-House. The Missionaries had hardly time to put on their clothes, when twenty savages, armed with muskets, spears, hatchets, and the like, entered the Mission-ground, and were proceeding towards the house. It was demanded

of them what they wanted. Oro, the Chief, said, "We are come to make a fight: your Chief has fled, your people have left the place, you will be stripped of all your property before noon; therefore instantly be gone." At the same time he gave orders to the rest to commence the work of spoliation. They fired several guns as a signal, and others came and joined them. The work of destruction and robbery having proceeded with merciless fury, Mr. Turner began to prepare for quitting the place, though he lingered to the last extremity from his heavy reluctance to leave a spot upon which he had bestowed so much labour and care. The native youths who had been under the instruction of the Missionaries were much alarmed, and urged a speedy departure, begging that they might be allowed to accompany the family. At six o'clock in the morning, then, when all hope of remaining in safety was extinct, the sorrowful and affrighted household began to move; saving scarcely anything from the wreck but the clothes they wore, and a change or two for the children. The company, apart from the native young people, consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Turner, their three children, (the youngest of whom was an infant five weeks old,) Luke Wade the Assistant, and his wife, Mr. Hobbs, and Miss Davis, a young lady from the Church settlement of Paihia, who had

come to spend a few weeks on a visit. It was a hard sight for the husband and father to see Mrs. Turner, a sensitive European female, with her companion, Miss Davis, fleeing in terror through the scrub and fern: it was drenched with heavy dew, in consequence of which they were wet through with the exercise, and obliged, too, to ford the river, and, with the aid of the Mission lads, to bear the children along with them. But extraordinary help was given for an extraordinary crisis. Behind were blood-thirsty savages, who were only restrained from murder by their selfish fears; and all around were hovering hostile parties, who, from various motives, were quite ready to extinguish in this time of excitement the Mission-household; but, looking to God for help and deliverance, the fugitives directed their steps towards Kerikeri, the nearest Church settlement. As they went on, they were met by one of their own principal men, and also a very friendly old Chief, Ware-Nui, from the Bay of Islands. To the latter Mr. Turner made his appeal for help and protection; to which he immediately responded, and all the group moved on under his guidance. Yet treachery was so common in this season of universal fear and suspicion, that our brethren and their companions knew that help could alone come from the Lord which made both heaven and earth. Twice more they crossed

the river ; and, on turning a sharp bend of the channel, all at once they came upon a formidable party of fighting natives from the Hokianga,—orderly, compact, and ready for action, variously armed, but chiefly with bayonets and muskets. They were headed by several Chiefs, the principal of whom was Patuone, long known to be most friendly to Europeans. Still this sudden meeting produced excitement. The Chief caught a glance of the Missionaries, and loudly called upon his people to stop : they stopped immediately, as though under the most perfect discipline. Some few, indeed, carried away by their ardour, pushed forward, and others ran in the water to get past him ; but he was up with them in a moment, and, interposing with his extended spear, compelled them back. He invited Mr. Turner and the rest to sit down, came with several principal companions, and rubbed noses with the fugitives in token of friendship and good-will. Ware-Nui explained the position and intentions of the Christian party ; and then, the Chiefs having conversed a little together, Patuone and his leading companions, together with Ware-Nui, placed themselves by the side of them, and commanded the armed band to move forward on the other side of the river ; they, the Chiefs, keeping guard till all had gone by. Thus another peril was passed. Then the travellers

plunged into the woods. They soon met Mr. Stack returning with Mr. Clarke of the Church Mission, and eight or ten of his Mission youths. The boys were dispatched to Kerikeri for chairs on which to carry the exhausted females the remainder of their journey. Soon after they were met by a party from Paihia, consisting of the Rev. H. Williams, Messrs. Davis, Richey, and a dozen natives. St. Paul, at Appii Forum and the Three Taverns, could hardly have more fervently thanked God and gladly taken courage than the Wesleyan Missionaries here. From these excellent persons, and at Kerikeri, where they soon arrived, they received every kindness which sympathy and Christian brotherhood could suggest. The Church Missionaries had themselves encountered similar perils, if not here, yet elsewhere. As, for instance, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan at Otawhao had the severed and bloody limbs of slain victims thrust before their faces; and Mr. and Mrs. Chapman had sometimes to retire into the bush to hide themselves from savage jealousy and fury. After refreshment, Mr. Turner and friends removed on Thursday, January 17th, to the Paihia settlement, where they remained until the Captain of the ship "Rosanna," hearing of the disasters of the Mission-party, most kindly offered them a passage to Sydney; and thus they removed to the colony, and for a

while the Mission was actually suspended. While our brethren and their companions, however, were being sheltered at Paihia, the Hokianga party, whom they had met on the 10th, proceeded to Wangaroa, came into conflict with the plunderers at the Mission-house, who belonged to Shungee's people, drove them away with savage fury, and seized upon the remainder of the booty themselves; burned the house and barn, with the wheat-crop in straw, to ashes; killed the cattle, goats, and poultry, and left the heads, feet, and other remains, strewn upon the ground; and, worst of all, the body of Mrs. Turner's infant child, which had died and had been buried there, they dug up for the purpose of obtaining the blanket or wrapper in which they supposed the tender babe had been wrapped, and left the cherished remains of this little one in Christ to moulder on the surface amid the other monuments of this awful and desolating outbreak.

As for the terrible Shungee, his days were now well-nigh numbered. Accompanied by his principal wife Kiri, who, though now blind, sustained him even in war by her counsels, energy, and judgment, he went to this conflict with a strong determination. But in its progress his wife sickened; and, being abandoned in her sickness, she died and suffered the fate of Jezebel of old; while a fatal shot from the

hostile tribe, as he stood forth with his men, one day, entered at his neck, broke the collar-bone, passed obliquely through the right breast, and passed out below the shoulder-blade, close to the spine. He fell, shattered and helpless ; but such was the physical strength and vitality of this extraordinary man, that the wound seemed partially to heal, and he survived for a whole year after. In March, 1828, however, he was visited by Patuone, who always regarded him with great interest. Patuone and his companions were very much affected at seeing the old warrior so emaciated : they all, as is usual, wept together in their peculiar form of *tangi*, and informed him they feared he would soon die ; in reply to which, he said, No, for that he had never been in better spirits. But they were induced to stay ; and he became increasingly ill, insomuch that he himself soon acknowledged his end was near. “I shall die now shortly,” he said ; “but not to-day.” This man had been favoured to hear the truths of the glorious Gospel both in England and from the lips of the Missionaries ; and it is hard to conceive but a ray of alluring light from the Holy Spirit must, at some time, and more than once, have fallen upon his dark and stormy soul,—perhaps, alas ! only to have been quenched and excluded by guilty passion and rebel will. The day of grace, in respect of an

uncivilised Pagan, is ordered by the same sovereign wisdom and righteousness, as is the day of grace in the case of a religiously-trained Englishman; but still these questions, as to who are saved or lost, must be left to the resolution of the final and just Judge. It was affecting to think how near he had been to life; and yet, to all human judgment, New-Zealand's greatest warrior seemed to be cowering in nature's last strife, before the gloomy traditions of his country. The ruling passion was strong to the last. He called for his gunpowder; and when it was brought to him, he said to his children, *Ka ora koutou*, "You will be well." His *morys*, (or "battle-axes,") muskets, and the coat-of-mail he received from George IV., he bequeathed, on the 5th of March, to his sons. He spent his last moments on the morning of the 6th in exhorting his followers to be valiant, and repel any force, however great, which might come against them; telling them, that this was all the *utu* (or "satisfaction") that he desired. After he had uttered the words, several times, *Kia toa, kia toa*, "Be courageous, be courageous," he breathed his last.

At this dread moment the friends of the deceased, in the *pah* at Pinia, trembled for themselves: for they had reason to apprehend that the Hokianga natives would fall upon

them, and send them as companions of their dead Chief to the shades of night : but Patuone hushed their fears ; and, therefore, the usual barbaric funeral honours of haranguing, crying, cutting, dancing, firing muskets, were accorded on the occasion ; and the death of this redoubtable man, whose authority was implicated in so many settlements and arrangements, and who in some sort protected the Church Missions, passed away without any evil consequences to the work of God or to the natives, greatly to the wonder of the whole country. Hostile tribes, indeed, exulted, shouted, and sang, and said, *Kna idi a Honghi ! Kna idi a Honghi !* “Shungee is put up ! Shungee is put up !” but this was all. God had the hearts of all men in His hand.

But Patuone, who interposed on the behalf of Mr. Turner’s family, and shielded them from native violence as they fled from Wesleydale, Wangaroa, seems never to have been easy at the removal of the Wesleyan Missionaries. The disaster evidently gave him the greatest concern. Towards the latter end of the year 1827, therefore, and considerably before Shungee’s death, he earnestly invited them to return ; and they, who had not entertained the thought of finally abandoning the country, very willingly accepted the invitation. So soon, indeed, as January, 1828, we find the residence and occu-

pations once more commenced, not at Wanga-roa, but at Mangungu, on the river Hokianga, being in Patuone's district. This locality was chosen in friendly and Christian counsel with the Church brethren, and purchased and paid for to the satisfaction of the natives. The natives were at a little distance from it,—a circumstance at that time rather desirable than otherwise. The soil was suitable for the production of such articles as were needed; and in respect of facilities for transit and commerce, a vessel of five hundred tons might lie opposite, and within a hundred yards of the premises.

The work of brick-making, squaring and adapting timber, and all the other operations of building, had to be commenced afresh; and, notwithstanding the sloth and moodiness of the natives, the energy of Mr. Hobbs, and of his assistant Wade, soon caused the new Mission-house to arise at Mangungu: an object, it may be easily believed, of great interest to all the Chiefs of Hokianga. What was of far greater importance, evangelical and teaching labour was recommenced with equal energy. Wicked natives on the coast still frequently committed depredations on the vessels that touched at New-Zealand; and the disputes arising from these circumstances, as also from misunderstandings between the natives and the

settlers, both at the Bay of Islands and on the Western coast, made it often necessary that the Missionaries, as being intelligent Europeans, should be called in to mediate and procure peace between the parties. This made their position to be one of great difficulty and peril; though the wisdom, firmness, and truth with which they were enabled to act, gave them, by slow degrees, great influence, especially with the Chiefs. But their toil in endeavouring to awaken the dark and sinful New-Zealanders to a sense of their condition, and bring them to Christ by true repentance, was attended with fearful discouragement. Mr. Stack had been speaking, one Sabbath morning, from Luke xvi. 19—31, the parable of the rich man and Lazarus, to a group of his own ungodly countrymen; when, on returning, he found two Chiefs lounging in a ship-yard near, and endeavoured, in their language, to make them acquainted with the truths he had just been uttering in English. One of them, Te-tao-mui, looked significantly, and said, “New-Zealand men are like that, are they not?” meaning like the rich man in the parable. The Preacher assented, and said, “White men, also, are to be found in great numbers who answer to the same description of character.” He then sneered, and said, “Ha, ha!” as much as to say, “Why, then, single us New-Zealanders out as being the wicked?”

They then demanded to know, how their instructors obtained their knowledge of the world of spirits ; and laughed at the idea of a hell, which no man ever pretended he had seen. They said, " You Missionaries are a set of old women. When a spirit comes from the Horeke or Mangungu, and tells us that he has seen the things of which you speak, then we will believe him ; but all the accounts we have received, as yet, are directly opposite to yours. What food do they eat in that world ? How do they see ? How do they hear ? What is their employment ? If a brave man dies, how will he be able to exercise his bravery ? If there are no places to besiege, must he become pacific ? O, you are a set of old women : you do nothing but place yourselves within your own dwelling. Are there no guns there ? no people to fight with ? " Mr. Stack then spoke of the final judgment ; but their levity continued. " I'll come over to you to-morrow," said one, " and you shall judge me : this man shall be condemned because he has a wry mouth." Three months after, one of these poor dark triflers was numbered with the dead ; and when one of the brethren went to see the corpse, he found it placed in a sitting posture, wrapped in a blanket : the head was dressed with feathers, and soaked in oil. On his knee rested a powder-horn, and close by were his guns and a

native weapon; and, alas! by his side was seated, dead, and dressed like himself, his youngest wife, who, in a paroxysm of grief at the death of her husband, had, the night before, hung herself. The whole scene was the embodiment of despair; especially affecting and awful to those who knew that life and immortality were brought to light through the Gospel; and who were risking health, safety, and all things, in order that they might bring the natives into the fellowship of this glorious mystery.

It was to the natives a time of crying, cutting, and pompous speech-making, as usual; and the brethren did not lose the opportunity of preaching the Gospel to the assembled groups. But, as yet, the word made no perceptible or deep impression; and matters remained in this state for some time longer.

So far we have had to describe this Mission as one of sorrow and discouragement. Mr. Leigh had been removed to the colony in 1825; but the other labourers had been diligent and faithful. Ten years of hard toil and danger had been passed through, and much money expended by the Wesleyan Missionary Society on this arduous field; and yet, up to the middle of the year 1830, there seemed to be nothing, of a visible kind, either to repay the exertions of the past, or excite hope for the future. But

the faith of the Missionaries in their Gospel and its adorable Author was unshaken: they were resolved to persevere; and, in their communications with the Executive Committee at home, they urged the necessity of carrying on all their operations with undiminished vigour, and of having a reinforcement of married Missionaries sent to their aid.

Now we come to a turn of affairs. The Gospel-day began to dawn, and the glorious light has been brightening ever since. During the years just mentioned, the natives had narrowly watched our brethren, keenly scrutinised their temper and conduct, and had become at length convinced that they were real friends, who only sought to do them good. They now began to hear instruction with great attention, and to renounce their country's superstitions. In December, 1830, there were thirty-four natives at the Mission-house,—twenty-eight males, and six females: they were daily instructed in reading and writing, catechised three evenings in the week, and addressed at still greater length in the services of the Sabbath. A year after, one of the brethren writes thus:—

MANGUNGU, *December 26th*, 1831.

THERE is now upon this extensive river a general willingness among the people to hear of the things that belong to their peace; and upon several of its branches they desire to be regularly visited and instructed in the

things of God. For several months past I have frequently been reproached by the natives for my want of attention to their spiritual necessities, many of whom have actually employed the language of St. Paul, in the tenth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, "How shall we hear without a Preacher?" And, about six weeks since, two Chiefs came in their canoes several miles on a Sunday morning; and, after Divine service with our settlement natives, they requested that I would go with them, stating, that they had for many months past ceased to work on the Sabbath-day, and were disappointed and grieved that we did not go and preach to them. I could not refuse, although at the sacrifice of our service at home. I accompanied them, and found a large native house full of people, who listened with all seriousness to the doctrines of the Cross. I made arrangements to visit them once a fortnight; but have been unavoidably prevented for want of a helper in the work.I am able to inform you of a very gratifying circumstance; namely, the formation of a little class, consisting of five members: four of them are young men, one of whom is married. They are not satisfied with meeting once a week: hence we meet on Tuesday and Saturday evenings. On these occasions they generally speak with a great degree of simplicity and freedom; and in prayer some of them are truly powerful. They are beginning to be very useful. In case of my unavoidable absence, one of the young men takes the school, and also conducts public worship.

Several of our boys can read and write; and he who takes charge of the school in my absence has mastered the three first rules of arithmetic. It is now a very common thing to receive letters on any subject on which they may wish to communicate with us. It has frequently afforded me amusement and pleasure in travelling, to meet with sentences written on the smooth,

beaten path, or on the sandy beach, with the point of a stick. The young men who meet in class are also much concerned for the salvation of others, and seldom lose an opportunity of speaking for their Divine Master.

When, some time after, Mr. Hobbs writes, it is to this effect :—

HOKIANGA, *July 25th*, 1835.

You will, I doubt not, be pleased to hear, that during the last twelve months our prospects of usefulness and success have been increasingly encouraging. I named in my letters, dated July of last year, the very pleasing circumstance of a general solicitude on the part of the natives for instruction. I rejoice to be able to state, that this concern has been increasing and extending ever since. We ventured to have a public examination of our schools last Christmas; and although our intention was only announced four days before, about four hundred people assembled on the occasion from out-stations, without any invitation whatever. We gave them a feast from our own produce, consisting of pork, potatoes, and flour. In examining the classes, we found that about one hundred knew the Catechisms so as to answer, with few exceptions, all the questions without mistake. About fifty could write and read a little; and nine or ten could read the New Testament without having occasion to spell a word.

Amongst the individuals who submitted to catechetical examination we found persons of all descriptions,—Chiefs, both old and young, old women and girls, and slaves of both sexes. The meeting had an encouraging effect on our own minds, and excited a pleasing emulation, and a deeper interest, in the minds of the people to acquire and excel in learning. The natives in those places where we have schools and congregations strictly observe the Sabbath: everything is done on the Saturday

which can be done, to avoid anything which has the appearance of work, as cutting their fire-wood, and scraping their potatoes for the Lord's day; and even those who are not yet disposed to bow to the sceptre of Christ, and take up their cross and follow Him, will, notwithstanding, sit still on the Sabbath, and refrain from work. Yea, in a late war on this river, where I was required to interfere as mediator, the two contending parties paid so much respect to the Lord's day, as to defer coming in contact until the following morning.

Family prayer is another pleasing feature in the present aspect of things. It is a general usage in those native villages professing to have received Christianity, to ring a bell, (or rather, suspend a hoe, and beat it with a stone or piece of iron, as a substitute for a bell,) morning and evening, for family prayer in the several dwellings; at which most, if not all, attend. The best reader usually conducts the service, by singing a hymn, reading a portion of the Scriptures, and engaging in extemporaneous prayer. During the last three months, we have had a considerable increase to the number of those who meet in class. Our number varies from ten to twenty, in consequence of the distance which some have to come, and a variety of other circumstances. Amongst those who meet are several females: some of them, I hope, are sincere and earnest seekers of salvation; one especially, the widow of Moki (Moses). Among those who meet in class, I consider eight as candidates for Christian baptism. We have married two couples; and hope that, in a short time, several of the young Chiefs will be married in the Christian mode.

I now proceed to give a short account of the conversion and baptism of one of my domestics, a favourite slave of an old respectable Chief on this river. Kotia came to live with me about six months after my arrival at Mangungu. As he was older than most of our

domestics, and, consequently, more confirmed in his native habits of thinking and living, he was anything but a favourite with us: indeed, so much did Mrs. White dislike him, that it seemed necessary for our comfort, so to arrange our household affairs, as not to allow him to come into the yard. It pleased God, however, whose ways and thoughts are not as ours, one Sabbath morning, to incline his heart to accompany me to Uta-kura, one of our out-stations. Whilst plodding through swamps and mud half-leg deep, I gave him an account of the history of Joseph, with which he was remarkably struck; and afterwards he told me, that in contrasting the sincerity and purity of Joseph's conduct with the duplicity, dishonesty, and licentiousness of the New-Zealanders, and especially with his own principles and conduct, his heart was smitten; and, from that time, he became a sincere inquirer after the truth as it is in Jesus. For more than two years his conduct was truly exemplary. From the stiff-necked, dishonest, deceitful, impertinent New-Zealand slave, he became humble, teachable, obliging, and trustworthy, and a sincere follower of the Lord Jesus Christ; and but for his diffidence and fear of afterwards dishonouring his Christian profession, he might have been baptized eighteen months ago. His mind, however, was fully made up towards the latter end of the last year. Hence, with entire satisfaction, and a high degree of pleasure, I administered that ordinance on the morning of the last Sunday in the old year. By his own choice, he was called George Morley, having heard me speak of Mr. Morley as one of our respected and beloved fathers in the Gospel, and one of the most zealous friends of Missions. The number which attended on the occasion was more than usual; and a deep interest seemed to be felt by all present. Mori (that is, Morley) has been for some time a subject of much affliction, and at present he is very ill; but I hope God will hear our

prayers, and restore him. Should it, however, be otherwise, I have no doubt of his eternal happiness. His confidence is strong and steadfast in the atonement of Christ, and his consolation great; but O, how much we should feel our loss! Having passed from death unto life himself, he has ever evinced an ardent zeal for the glory of God in the salvation of others; and to promote this, he has frequently spent the greater part of the night in conversation with strangers who have come to the settlement for the purpose of trading. He has also been very useful in the school on the station, as an Exhorter and Prayer-Leader: his services have been very acceptable; and, lately, I have felt no scruple in confiding the class to him, in cases of my unavoidable absence.....

Mori has had the care and charge of our store for more than twelve months; and although he has had strong temptations from his old friends, and especially from his old Chief and his family, I have not had cause to suspect him for improperly disposing of even a fish-hook. Very frequently, when I have been at home, but too busy to attend, he has traded for the settlement; and on several occasions the parties who have brought things for sale, have appealed from him to me, declaring that they could not deal with him, he was so strict. The fact was, in those cases the people could not impose upon him; whereas, in trading with me, they knew that it was possible to overreach and deceive. His love of private prayer and the word of God has, for a long time, been very conspicuous. He has not been distinguished for his aptitude in learning; but his unwearied perseverance has quite made up for the absence of that talent, so that he can read with ease all that is at present translated of the Scriptures into his own language; and O, how my heart has been delighted and affected in hearing him pray, and in his appropriate quotations of the words of Scripture,

while addressing the Most High through a crucified Redeemer! After what has just been stated respecting Mori, it will be no matter of surprise to be informed, that since the happy change took place in his mind and character, he has been one of the greatest comforts in our domestic circle; and I am sure Mrs. White has felt much more pleasure in ministering to him in sickness, and conversing with him respecting experimental religion, than we ever had occasion to be displeased with him, or offended with his peculiarly uncouth and offensive spirit and carriage, before his conversion to God.

Another communication from Mangungu reports such cheering particulars as these:—May 26th, 1834. That on the preceding Sabbath, the native chapel was crowded to excess, and great numbers had to sit outside, all panting for the word of life: such the desire to get there in the evening, that they almost trampled on each other in making their way: that some of them had come in canoes from places forty miles distant, and manifest anxiety for salvation appeared to possess a great proportion of this interesting multitude: that their earnest singing, prayers, attention to their classes, and other ordinances of religion, left no doubt on the mind as to their sincerity; and that in reverential behaviour in the house of God, they were a pattern even to Europeans: that almost every Saturday some eminent stranger would arrive, in order to be ready for worship on the Sabbath, and would then profess his attach-

ment to Christianity: and that, wherever the Missionaries went on errands of mercy to the surrounding villages, the natives generally were all ready to receive them, and it was manifest on every hand, that a great and glorious work was breaking forth in New-Zealand.—July 27th. That fourteen couples were united the day before in matrimony, and eighty-one admitted into the Christian church by baptism.—February 5th, 1835. That there were on the beach fifty-three canoes from the various stations, which had brought about one thousand persons; not to obtain pork, potatoes, and flour, for they brought their own provisions with them. Public service and sermon first, from Matt. ii. 6; and then public examinations in scriptural reading and catechism: evidently a day of holy and happy excitement, and high encouragement. Several Chiefs and other natives had declared in favour of Christianity. Tawai and Miti, the former one of the most celebrated and successful warriors in the land, these, with some old grey-headed cannibals, were sitting, like the man in the Gospel out of whom the foul spirit had been cast, at the feet of Jesus, anxious to learn, and ready to do, the will of God. The Missionaries *had cut a road through a dense forest from behind the Hokianga settlement, for six miles*, that they might be able to visit these Chiefs on horseback.

Timothy Orton, baptized when Mr. Orton (a colonial Missionary) was over here, a burning and a shining light, a most useful Class-Leader and Native Teacher in the schools, married to an amiable and pious young female, cousin to his master, John Wesley; for Timothy had been a slave. Noah, a great Chief, a pattern of sincerity, simplicity, and uprightness, and docile as a little child. Moses, the younger brother of the Moses before mentioned, who died, a delicate but lovely youth, truly devoted to God. Morley, about the same age as Moses, possesses a sound mind and healthy body; pious; writes a beautiful hand, and occasionally addresses the people; is learning the trade of a carpenter, but it would appear as if the Head of the church were preparing him for something nobler. John Wesley, a very pious and promising Chief, a Class-Leader; but apparently appointed to die. Daniel, a man of similar attainments and character, and likewise marked for an early grave. Richard Watson, the son of a Chief of considerable influence, who, some time before, had made profession of religion, but apostatised and became an enemy, and attempted to induce his people to abandon the truth; but to a man they turned from him, and he left them to join another tribe at the Thames. Watson is about sixteen years of age, possesses a fine person, reads and writes well, and is one

of the Exhorters : so simply graceful in manner, so clear in statement of Christian doctrine, so solemn and pointed in appeal to the hearts and understandings of the people, as to remind the Missionary of the great and holy man whose name he bears. Simon Peter, once a relentless warrior, oft accompanying the brethren in difficult journeys, especially to Waikato, perilling his life among hostile and unreconciled tribes, that he might bring them the messengers of salvation. These are mere etchings of the lovely moral scene which was now beginning to arise upon the Christian beholder's eye.

Several alterations had now taken place in the Mission establishment. Mr. Hobbs had been removed by the Committee for a while to the Friendly Islands, to strengthen the work there. But Mr. Whiteley and Mr. Wallis, with their wives, had been sent out to New-Zealand to join in occupying those gracious openings which now seemed so numerous and promising ; and these were joined, in 1836, by the Society's valued Missionary, Mr. N. Turner, who returned then from Van-Diemen's Land to the scene of his former labours and sufferings. In 1836 and 1837, Mr. and Mrs. Woon, and Mr. and Mrs. Buller, too, were respectively appointed ;—all animated with hallowed zeal, and admirably adapted for the sphere which was assigned to them. A printing-press was established, under

the management chiefly of Mr. Woon ; and an impulse was thus given to this department of Christian teaching by the preparation and circulation of books, which told powerfully upon the interests of the Mission. It is right, however, that here Mr. Turner should speak for himself : accordingly, this letter is subjoined :—

HOKIANGA, *August 30th*, 1837.

LAST Lord's day, August 27th, was the most encouraging day I have spent in New-Zealand. It was the day on which we had previously fixed for baptizing a considerable number of adults, many of whom had long been candidates for that sacred ordinance. It was a day to which we had been looking forward with considerable interest for some time. The weather being favourable on Friday and Saturday, nearly the whole of our people from our out-stations arrived at Mangungu. The number of adults could not have been less than seven hundred. On Friday evening we had a very solemn and interesting meeting : all the candidates who had arrived were catechised, and an exhortation was addressed to them. On Saturday evening the chapel was very full ; when the candidates and people in general were addressed relative to the approaching solemnity. Afterwards, twenty-one couples were married. On Sunday, the native prayer-meeting, at seven A.M., was attended by full three hundred persons, when several natives prayed in a devout and most appropriate manner. It was a soul-reviving sight, to see so many of the cannibal inhabitants of New-Zealand so early at the house of prayer, praying for the blessing of God to rest upon themselves and others, especially upon their guides and instructors in the way to heaven. At nine we met the candidates,

when I again catechised and addressed them, solemnly charging any of them who might be living in secret sin, or who were not sincere before God, that they would not, on any account, come to be baptized, although they had been approved by us. All appeared deeply and seriously impressed. A little before eleven the candidates were first admitted into the chapel; and so arranged that there might not be any confusion in the congregation at the time of administering the sacrament of baptism. The bell was then rung, and the chapel soon crowded to excess, very many not being able to find admittance; but the day was very favourable for their sitting outside. The first hymn, commencing with,

*Wakarongo kite kupu
Noho mai ne Kawari,*

“Hark, [O people], to the word,
Sounding here from Calvary,”

was delightfully sung: every one appeared to join with heart and voice. Part of the morning [Liturgical] service was then read, in which all appeared solemnly to join. The responses from so many hundred voices were really affecting. While singing the second hymn, called “Canaan,” the expression of almost every countenance seemed to say, “Thither my steps shall tend.” I then read, in native, the third chapter of St. Matthew’s Gospel, fixing on the eleventh verse as my text: “I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance,” &c.; and seldom have I felt greater freedom of speech in the native tongue. I particularly dwelt on the importance and necessity of the baptism of the Holy Spirit, in order to their true discipleship here, and their admission into the kingdom of heaven hereafter. Almost all present appeared to be riveted to their seats, and a gracious solemnity prevailed. There was considerable feeling

manifested, especially at the close of the sermon, when the candidates were requested to rise; and several Chiefs, addressed by name, were called to behold their people, their children, about to be dedicated to *Ihowa te Atui nui; te Kingi o te Rangi, te Kingi o te Ao*: "Jehovah, the great God, the King of heaven, and the King of earth." The questions having been proposed to the candidates, there were formally admitted into the Christian church one hundred and twenty-nine individuals, by their being baptized in the name of the sacred Triune-Jehovah. They were of all ages, from the youth of twelve years old, to the man "venerable with hoary hairs." They were also of every grade in New-Zealand society, from the home-born slave, or captive taken in war, to the Chiefs of first rank. The greatest order and decorum prevailed, such as I never expected to witness amongst the once untutored, degraded, cannibal New-Zealanders. "What hath God wrought!" To Him be everlasting praise! Many more would have been baptized, but we have been exceedingly urgent that our Native Teachers should not, on any account, propose to us one candidate whose daily walk and conduct did not give them satisfactory proof of his sincerity; and nothing connected with this general baptism has given us greater pleasure than the scrupulous care manifested by those Teachers who assist us in the general oversight of the people, that no improper person should be baptized. In consequence of this vigilance, many remain yet as candidates. Mr. Buller gave us a good sermon in English in the afternoon; and Mr. Woon preached to a crowded audience of natives in the evening, urging them, from St. Paul's words, to present their bodies and souls a living sacrifice to God; after which we baptized twenty-six children, and married four couples. We concluded this laborious, but happy, day in partaking of the Lord's Supper.

At this time Native Teachers were extensively employed, so far as their gifts and graces qualified them to be so, in initiating Missionary operations in the interior, and along the west coast. They were visited pastorally by the brethren at the head-stations of Mangungu, Newark, and Kaipara, as often as possible; and were thus more fully instructed in the way of the Lord. No less than five deputations came to Mangungu and Kaipara from the south, to request the appointment and residence of Missionaries; bearing tidings that the natives had already built themselves several chapels, and had begun regularly to assemble and worship God, according to their best knowledge.

Mr. Wallis, in consequence, set out for Wangaroa and Kawia, accompanied by several well-instructed natives, in order to make a better provision for the spiritual wants of the people at those places; intending, afterwards, to proceed as far towards the south as Taranaki, where there was at that time a most favourable opening. The Hokianga was now, indeed, in process of being evangelized; no less than sixteen chapels* had been raised by the

* 1. Mangungu chapel. 2. Hunnuhuhuna. 3. Hotoia. 4. Okaka. 5. Tarawawa. 6. Totara. 7. Manawakaieia. 8. Waima. 9. Mangataipa. 10. Rotopipiwai. 11. Freshwater-Grove. 12. Newark. 13. Otana. 14. Whangape. 15. Waraohia. 16. Kaihu.

assistance of the Chiefs, and the congregations were everywhere increasing: but as the brethren were thirsting for more extended conquests, and more particularly as a Popish Mission was sought to be formed hard by the Wesleyan settlements, with a view to still further operations by the Romanists, Mr. Turner, as well, took his evangelistic tour, and visited such portions of the east coast, in the northern part, as the Church brethren had not occupied, and especially Wangaroa, from which place, years before, he had been so violently expelled. The narrative shall be given in his own words:—

Friday, November 17th, 1837.—Mr. Whiteley and I set off this morning to visit Horuru (Hodoodoo) and other places on the eastern coast, where, by the blessing of God upon the efforts of our Native Teachers, a good work has been commenced among the people, several of whom have frequently come to worship at Mangungu, though nearly fifty miles distant from us. By seven P.M. we arrived at the foot of Mount-Taniwa, where we encamped for the night. Here we found a shed or covert, under which natives travelling this way before us had rested their weary limbs; and glad was I to do the same: for, having ascended hill after hill, my frame was grown weary, and required repose. Our native lads soon improved our temporary lodging, by putting on additional branches of the *nikau*, (a species of palm that grows in abundance on these hills,) to break off the wind, which was now blowing fresh; and, having a good fire on the open side of our shed, we were tolerably comfortable.

After a cup of tea, and prayer with our natives, we wrapped us in our blankets, and laid down to rest. Although our bed was by no means downy, I slept soundly until four A.M., when the day began to dawn. By five we had recommenced our journey, and in half an hour were on the summit of Mount-Taniwa; having gone a little out of our way on purpose to see the surrounding country. Here one of the finest scenes burst upon our view that I ever beheld; the whole country of hills and dales and plains, across to the eastern coast, and the swelling ocean in the distance round the north cape of the island, stretching along both the eastern and western coasts. The harbours of Wangaroa on the eastern, and Hokianga on the western, coast, appeared within a few miles distant. Our view towards the interior was much obstructed by the fogs that had not yet cleared away. Mount-Taniwa is a remarkable sugar-loaf cone, standing on the summit of a range of lofty hills, commanding a most extensive view in every direction. After feasting our eyes for half an hour, we descended on the other side, our road being in that direction.

Having travelled hard over hill and dale, and crossed a considerable stream near twenty times in its serpentine course, by eleven A.M. we arrived at the first native settlement in the Horuru valley. We found the people, from thirty to forty in number, including children, busy in their plantations; but soon collected them together under some shady bushes, where we had a regular service with them. Mr. Whiteley addressed them, and all were very attentive. They dwell in a sequestered, but lovely, spot; now rendered more lovely by the light of truth having begun to dawn upon its benighted inhabitants. Here resides an interesting young man of the name of Matthew, whom I baptized full twelve months ago at Mangungu. He acts as Teacher and Pastor among his people; and it was very pleasing to us to find, that

even those whose hairs had grown grey in Heathenism were receiving Christian instruction from the lips of this babe in Christ. We furnished him with books for a school, and urged him to attend to this in a regular way as far as he could, with a view to both old and young, but to the young especially, which he promised to do. Having rested two hours, and obtained some refreshment, we travelled up this fertile valley (which bears evident marks of having some years ago had a numerous population) until we arrived at the village of a Chief of considerable rank, lately baptized by the name of Hohipa Otane, (Joseph Orton,) after our excellent Missionary at Hobart-Town. We had intended to have a service here, and then to proceed further before we slept; but by this time I was well tired, not having walked so many miles in one day for many years. Having obtained some refreshment, we spent about two hours in looking around this beautiful place, and conversing with the people. The scenery of the place is beautiful, and the soil very rich. One thing especially I could not but remark; namely, the abundance of land they had in cultivation, far surpassing anything I had before seen in New-Zealand for the same number of inhabitants. A little before sun-down we collected about seventy people together, who listened very attentively while I spoke to them concerning the Ethiopian Eunuch, to whom Philip preached Jesus with saving effect. To this place several of our Native Teachers from Mangamuka have regularly come for some months past, and a very pleasing work has commenced among the people. Several have begun to meet in class, and we believe are sincerely inquiring the way to heaven, with their faces thitherward. The inhabitants of this valley are exceedingly desirous of having a Missionary to dwell among them; and were they but a more numerous people, their claims I would strongly urge upon the Committee: but, alas! the deso-

lating wars of former years have left but a thin population in this extensive and fruitful valley. Remembering, as I distinctly did, that this was the very spot on which Missionary Leigh had *first* intended to have erected our standard in New-Zealand, I could not but wish to have it enrolled in the list of stations occupied by the Wesleyan Society. In some respects it is a most eligible place, and commands several other native settlements where the people have begun to forsake their former superstitions, and worship the Lord Jesus Christ.

Sunday, 19th, Horuru.—At five A.M. the people were again called together by the striking of an old musket-barrel with a stone, which serves instead of a bell. I commenced the service with singing and prayer; and Mr. Whiteley preached them a good sermon on the New Birth, to which all listened with marked attention, and most, I hope, with real profit. Service being over here, we set off for Kohu-Maru, which place we hoped to have reached in two hours; but it took us near four, with hard travelling: and the rain, falling heavily most of the way, made some of the hills very difficult to climb. Although wet and weary, our hearts were gladdened by the sound of their rustic bell, which saluted our ears, calling the people together to worship the living God, when we arrived within a short distance of their settlement. They were perfectly ignorant of our coming, and gladly deferred their service until we had changed our clothes, and taken some refreshment. Mr. Whiteley read prayers, and I preached to them with good freedom on the Conversion of St. Paul. About forty persons were present, in whose breasts a desire after spiritual things has been begotten through the endeavours of our Native Assistants. The rain continuing prevented our proceeding further; and we therefore had another service with them in the evening, when Mr. Whiteley addressed them at some length on truths the most important to their

everlasting welfare. Here I could not but stand astonished at the change wrought amongst the people, purely through the exertions of their own countrymen. A number of ungodly Europeans are living in their immediate neighbourhood, whose conduct has been well calculated to strengthen their natural opposition to the truths of the Gospel; yet the truth and grace of God are gaining the conquest over them.

Monday, 20th.—Having spent a very troublesome night, from the number of insects with which our habitation was infested, and held another service with the natives, who were again called together by the sound of their bell, (a West-India hoe, suspended by a cord, and struck with a stone,) at six A.M. we took our departure from this interesting little settlement, and by eleven arrived at Mr. M'Lever's, about three miles from the harbour of Wangaroa. By this person I was immediately recognised and addressed by name, he having frequently sat under my ministry while stationed at Hobart-Town. Having rested ourselves for an hour, and taken some refreshment, we accepted of his kind offer to take us up in his boat to visit our old Mission-premises: and in less than three hours I found myself upon the very spot where I had spent many a pleasing and anxious hour; and from which, after three years and six months' hard labour and toil, we were driven on the 10th of January, 1827, with the loss of everything but life. On revisiting this, to me, all but consecrated spot, I scarcely know how to describe my feelings: former scenes, in rapid succession, rushed upon my memory, until I was almost overpowered. The labour and toil of three years and six months, the difficulties we had encountered, and finally our flight, with many attendant circumstances, all passed in painful review before me. The natural beauty of the place had suffered no diminution; but in other respects it wore an air of melancholy gloom. Where our

once-lovely cottage, school-house, &c., stood,—an ornament to the valley, and a delight to those by whose industry they had been reared amidst the wilds of Heathenism,—not a vestige remained, save some brick-bats where the chimneys stood. The site where each building stood I could distinctly trace. The spot where two of my children were born, and one entombed, were likewise visible to me. The remains of the latter were exhumed by the hands of the ruthless savages after we had fled, in the hope of obtaining a blanket or some other garment in which they supposed the corpse was wrapped. His happy spirit, however, remained undisturbed in the bosom of its God, while the mortal remains were thus rudely disinterred. The labour of my own hands in the garden was also still visible, in the abundance of strawberries, raspberries, roses, peaches, &c., which we found growing luxuriantly on the spot. Of the former we plucked and partook, and brought some with us home. I could not but mourn over the desolate appearance of the valley. Where populous villages formerly stood, not a single house can now be seen. Those parts of the valley formerly in a high state of cultivation, are now completely grown over with brushwood; and we only met with two solitary individuals in the place, out of all those who, eleven years ago, were the objects of our solicitude and care. Their lands have passed into other hands, and themselves into a world of spirits. But comparatively few of those who then inhabited this lovely spot are now in the land of the living; and, alas! many of them have left the world under circumstances such as mark the retributive providence of God. The land is still acknowledged as the property of the Wesleyan Missionary Society; and were the natives sufficiently numerous, I would recommend its reoccupancy by our Society; but, alas! they are now few and feeble. We called upon two Europeans resident in the valley, by whom I was

formerly known. Much of the land, we were informed, is now possessed by our own countrymen, to whom it had been sold by the conquerors of the place. After spending three hours in beholding the desolation of the once lovely Wesleydale, with melancholy reflections we bade it adieu, and returned to Mr. M'Lever's, where we spent the night.

Tuesday, 21st.—The rain, which had fallen very heavily during the night, prevented our proceeding homewards until near noon; and we had not travelled far, before we were compelled to halt until the waters of the Otangawa had so subsided as to allow us to cross. Our path lay through a country which has almost ceased to be traversed by man, and was consequently overgrown with bushes and fern, which greatly impeded our progress. Night overtook us in the midst of a dense forest, in which we had lost our path; and were therefore obliged to encamp, where our prospects for the night were very gloomy. The ground was completely saturated with wet, the trees and bushes were dripping with rain, and we ourselves were completely drenched with the same: we had no hut in which to shelter until we had erected one, nor bed on which to rest our weary limbs. All hands turned to in earnest; and in less than an hour we had constructed our temporary abode, collected wet fern for our bed, &c. Our lads, however, at length succeeded in obtaining fire by their usual mode in times of difficulty; that is, by rubbing two sticks together: and by this we were cheered, dried our wet clothes, boiled our tea-kettle, and were rendered tolerably comfortable for the night. Here, amidst the gloom of the forest, we sang praises to the Most High, read His word, and commended ourselves to His guardian care, and then laid our bodies down to rest. By His blessing, I enjoyed a good night's repose; and at five A.M. arose refreshed, without having sustained any injury from the wet and damp around.

Wednesday, 22d.—At six we recommenced our journey, but lost an hour in searching for the path out of which we had strayed last night. A few miles from our encampment, on the summit of a hill, we found lying by the wayside one of the large guns belonging to the “Boyd,” which was taken by the natives of Wangaroa many years ago, when Captain Thompson and nearly all on board were cruelly murdered and eaten. Some years ago, the natives of one part of Hokianga conceived the plan of appropriating this gun, supposing it would be a great defence to their *pa* in the time of war; and they literally dragged it over hill and dale, and water-streams, for many miles, until they arrived on the summit of this hill, where it is said their food and courage failed; and there we found it lying, a monument of their folly. At four P.M. we arrived in safety at Mangamuka, where we had left our boat, the sight of which gladdened our hearts; for we had become very weary with our journey. One stream, flowing down the mountains into the Mangamuka valley, we had crossed full sixty times, which I had been curious enough to number. By eight we arrived safe and well, though very tired, at Mangungu; and I felt renewed cause of thanksgiving to my heavenly Father for His kind protecting care over me and mine.

It will afford the Committee pleasure to learn, that we are labouring together in love; and that the God of peace and love continues to smile upon our efforts, and crown our endeavours with His blessing. All is peace around us, and our prospects of usefulness in this Mission are brighter than at any former period since its commencement. Mr. Wallis has gone on a visit to Wangaroa, Kawia, and perhaps Taranaki also, much further to the south. O that we had but half a dozen men, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, to enter these opening doors, and lead these benighted tribes of the south to “the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of

the world !” We are also greatly in want of slates and pencils, also black-lead pencils, and writing-paper ; the demand for these is now increasingly great among the natives. O how wonderful the change amongst this people since I first came among them in 1823 ! To God alone be the praise ! O pray for us, that, through the instrumentality of ourselves and fellow-labourers, New-Zealand may soon become a praise in the earth !

Passing for a while from Mr. Turner in his happy though onerous toil, we find that Mr. Wallis had been at Kaipara in 1836 ; that, on his arrival, he found a man had been condemned to be killed and devoured for criminal conduct with a member of the Chief’s family, and that he was too late to prevent the execution of the sentence ; that another was soon after appointed to the same fate, but was spared through Mr. Wallis’s intercessions. He fixed upon a position on the fine river Wairoa, or Long-Water, one hundred and fifty miles from the mouth, which was navigable for vessels of considerable burden all this way. Within a year there were fifty regular communicants on this new station, and a very considerable number of natives under instruction.

Mr. Wallis had likewise visited Wangaroa and Kawia, on the west coast, in 1835, and made a strong impression there. After a while, several powerful tribes came forward and laid down their weapons, cast off their superstitions, and proclaimed their readiness to receive

Christian instruction : at once they yielded to the wishes of the Missionary and his fellow-labourers, and became docile as little children. This was not from any good opinion entertained by them of European settlers in general, but from a view of the simple and benevolent object of the Mission ; and hence they were wont to say, that as the Missionary did not come to get their pigs, and corn, potatoes, flax, or timber, he must be a good man, and a fit and proper person to direct them. Our brethren were affected to tears while witnessing the interest and absorbed concern with which they listened to the word of life, as read and preached to them in their own tongue. The atonement of Christ for the transgressions of guilty men, was a subject that found its echo in their understanding and their heart ; for it appealed to their moral condition, and provided in one great gift of mercy for all their spiritual wants. They had understood and acted on the doctrine of satisfaction in their judicial conflicts and quarrels ; and thus the Jehovah of nature and the Jehovah of the Gospel were recognised as the same Being, notwithstanding the darkness and crime which had obscured this tradition of the original law. Wangaroa and Kawia, for a while, were given up, by a friendly arrangement with the Church Missionary Society, to the brethren of the

eastern settlements; but, as they could only make them occasional visits, and, therefore, could not take them under pastoral care, the natives were importunate for established ordinances. It was subsequently agreed that they should be permanently occupied by the first visitors and evangelists; and the Wesleyans were taking steps accordingly, and looking for another reinforcement from England. Thus, even so far in the south, the word of the Lord ran and was glorified; the translation of the New Testament was proceeding, in the hands of the Church Missionaries; the congregations were enlarging; hundreds of natives, Sabbath by Sabbath, were uniting to sing, with affecting earnestness, the wonders of redeeming mercy; and the spiritual field was white unto the harvest.

In 1838 Mr. Turner suffered much from domestic affliction, especially in the long-continued illness of his beloved wife. In the August of that year, however, another serious and distressing disaster befell the Mission-settlement in Mangungu. Mr. Turner had retired to rest as usual on the Saturday night, the 18th, after leaving a log on the fire of the room which they usually kept by day, in order that he might, if needful, be able to provide for the wants of his invalid partner. His thoughts were calm and composed, and full of Sabbath

anticipations. About two o'clock he was awakened by a roaring noise, like that of fire. He instantly arose, and went to the room which he had left some hours before, and found it full of smoke and scorching flame. He attempted to enter, but could not, for fear of suffocation; and was driven back, moreover, by the fire. He got through a back-window, and roused the settlement; but before any successful effort could be made to get water, the fire had penetrated the roof, which being made of pine, all hope of saving the house was over. The Mission-bell was rung, and the natives were soon on the spot, and laboured hard to secure whatever could be saved from the devouring element. The afflicted Mrs. Turner had to escape in her night-dress; and in her endeavours to save the children, who were in an adjoining room, sustained a great physical shock, and especially by falling down in the hurry, and suffering a severe bruise. One of the little ones barely escaped. A native lad threw a blanket over Mrs. Turner, as she was sinking with fear and weakness, and carried her to Mr. Hobbs's rush-house; for Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs had now returned to their former scene of labour. But even this house was in danger, as large flakes of fire were every moment falling upon the roof. Mrs. Turner and the children had to be removed, therefore, to Mr. Woon's; and Mr. Hobbs's house could

only be saved from destruction by spreading wet blankets on the roof till all danger was over. The sympathy of the natives was extreme. Had it been any other evening than that of Saturday, few of them would have been at hand, and little help would have been rendered; but many had arrived in their canoes,—fifty strangers, indeed, for the first time,—in order to join in the Sabbath worship. The family wearing-apparel, to a great extent, and Mr. Turner's Mission-journals, and many of his valuable books, were all consumed, together with the furniture and stores; bringing a loss on the Mission, altogether, of about £800. But a temporary accommodation was found for Mr. Turner's family, for a while, through the kindness of his colleagues; and this laborious and faithful servant of Christ still held on his way. And even his suffering companion bore everything with meekness and fortitude; until, through the energy of the brethren, aided by the liberality of the friends of the Mission, the house was rebuilt, safer and more commodious than before.

This brings the narrative of the Mission to the period at which Messrs. Waterhouse and Bumby embarked to join the band of faithful labourers in this interesting field.

The reader will have assumed, all the way through, that, in the course of the years of

labour and anxiety we have been describing, numbers of Europeans landed and settled upon the New-Zealand islands. At first, indeed, none dared to do this but persons of the most desperate and reckless character, who held life very cheaply; such as runaway convicts from the colony, and wicked and intractable sailors, who had been put on shore by the Captains of trading-vessels. Many of these were sacrificed; but, in proportion as the Missions became influential and effective, the natives were disposed to admit the settlement amongst them of trading adventurers, who, by bartering British manufactured articles for articles of land-produce,—namely, timber, flax, and the like,—carried on a little incipient commerce, which promised eventually to be beneficial to the aboriginal tribes in general. These adventurers were generally found clustered around the shores of the principal harbours; but the greatest proportion of them was located in the vicinity of the Bay of Islands, where whalers, and vessels of all burdens, most frequently anchored. This part of the population was awfully corrupt; and by means of their spirit-shops, and introduction of ardent liquors amongst the New-Zealand people,—by their contempt of all moral restraint in the absence of settled law,—their introduction of thoughtless native females to ungodly ships' crews,—and their fomenting of the jealousies

among native Chiefs, and stirring them up to intestine war,—they produced a misery which was only inferior to that which sprang out of the native Heathenism, and was one of the most formidable difficulties which the Missionaries had to contend with.

The Chiefs had now, for some years past, been perceiving that there was no end to their own misunderstandings and disputes; that, on the theory of the separate independence of their tribes, war was likely to proceed interminably; and that, in such a state of weakness, they might be liable to the aggression of any powerful and civilised nation which might be disposed to possess their territory: they began vaguely to desire the creation of some new authority, or at least the advantage of a protection which their native usages could never yield. This feeling, on their part, harmonising as it did with the spirit of commercial enterprise at our own home, (which is always mingled, more or less, with cupidity,) there was fostered in England, during the period we are describing, a desire to colonise New-Zealand; thus opening an outlet for the surplus and unemployed population of the mother-country, and conveying (so the projectors contended) the blessings of civilisation to a fine, but degraded, race. This scheme was viewed by the executive Committees, both of the Wesleyan and

Church of England Missionary Societies, with anxiety and disapprobation, especially on such accounts as these :—

1. The introduction of a larger number of immoral yet nominally Christian English, would present a startling and visible contrast to that pure Gospel morality which was taught and exemplified by the Missionaries, and was now taking such hold on the native mind.

2. The opportunities of obtaining a little present gain presented to the natives, in their being invited to barter their land, would lead them away from useful occupations, and draw them into all the perturbations, strifes, and keen calculations of a new form of commerce, greatly to the damage of their Christianity and moral integrity.

3. Two different influences would be brought, all at once, to bear upon these children of a paganised though beauteous wilderness,—that of the civil power, which appeals to men's fears; and that of the spiritual Gospel, which seeks to move them by motives of hope and love: and these influences, in such a case, would come into collision, and confound the native mind.

4. That, considering the superior perspicacity and power of the civilised colonist and settler, and that his notions were all formed on those principles of law which regulate civilised com-

munities, it would be impossible so to carry on extended transactions by barter or sale, as to prevent the native from being put in a position of disadvantage through his ignorance, and thereby involved in perplexities which would wear the aspect of injustice and wrong towards himself; and so the seeds of future controversy would be sown, which might end in the actual oppression, and perhaps extermination, of the race.

The matter was brought before the British Parliament, and in the course of the month of May, 1838, the Rev. John (now Dr.) Beecham and Dandison Coates, Esq., Secretaries, one of our own, the other of the Church, Missionary Society, gave evidence in support of the above and many collateral views, before a select Committee of the House of Lords; and this had the effect of defeating the sweeping measure projected by the "New-Zealand Association," which assuredly would have issued in all those oppressive consequences which the Committees at home and the Missionaries abroad so painfully apprehended. The fond hope of the Christian friends of the New-Zealander, amongst whom none was more conspicuous or more able than the Rev. Dr. Beecham, was, that if the Missions were prosecuted vigorously, not only would the land be rescued from its moral wretchedness, but its own social institutions

would be raised in a friendly relation to our own country; and so it would become like another Christian Tonga, under the sheltering flag of Britain.

The "New-Zealand Land Company," however, some time afterwards, began to organise itself; and as colonisation seemed inevitable, the Missionary Societies could only throw themselves into the movement of events, and do all in their power to bring a Christian influence to bear upon and control them. Besides this, the Romish Propaganda had turned a wishful eye to this territory; a French Bishop and several Priests had already landed, and established themselves on the Hokianga, and were beginning to allure the unconverted people from their native to the Papal superstitions.

Every circumstance called loudly for an increase and reinforcement, especially of the Wesleyan Missionaries. The Committee, therefore, determined to send Messrs. J. H. Bumby, Samuel Ironside, Charles Creed, and John Warren; together with Mr. Waterhouse, as General Superintendent of the Australian Missions; and Mr. Eggleston to Van-Diemen's Land.

It may be as well here to observe, though it is by anticipation, that Dr. Beecham had other and subsequent communications with the Legislature on the subject, especially by giving

evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons in the session of 1840,* which had a powerful effect upon the deliberations and decisions of the Colonial Office; likewise, that the “New-Zealand Land Company” was actually formed in 1838, and their agent appointed to negotiate with the natives for land; then, in 1839, Captain Hobson was sent out by the Government in order to obtain, by honourable treaty, the cession of the sovereignty of New-Zealand to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, with a view to the settlement of a regular government.

A number of accompanying circumstances might here be noted, which are regarded by the politician and philanthropist with the deepest interest; but there is no room in this Memoir to record and discuss them, for they would require volumes. The object of this little book is different—more strictly spiritual and Christian; and it is now high time that we recur to Mr. Bumby, and the former thread of our narrative.

* See “Watchman” newspaper for June that year.

CHAPTER V.

DEPARTURE AND VOYAGE.

Our friend's parting preparations were soon made, for his purpose was fixed; and though the separating process was painful, it was gone through with great decision. One important particular in those arrangements was, that his beloved sister Mary should accompany him. He attended a valedictory service at Queen-street chapel, London, September 14th, 1838, when his own address was specially touching and powerful. He deprecated that his country should fall, and regarded Christianity as her stay. He referred to the advance of the kingdom of Christ, spoke of a day of gloom intervening, but dwelt on the certain and final victory; and then quoted the following lines on England, with his usual pathos and effect:—

“ I love thee when I see thee stand,
The hope of every other land;
A sea-mark on the tide of time,
Rearing to heaven thy brow sublime;
Whence beams of Gospel splendour shed
A sacred halo round thy head.
I love thee when I hear thy voice
Bids a despairing world rejoice,
And loud from shore to shore proclaim
In every tongue Messiah's name;

That name at which, from sea to sea,
All nations yet shall bow the knee.
I love thee;—next to heaven above,
Land of my fathers, thee I love;
And, rail thy slanderers as they will,
With all thy faults, I love thee still.”

The rest of his remarks were in full accordance with the spirit of this strain. Soon after, it was proposed to hold a similar meeting at Newtown chapel, in his own Circuit, in order that the Societies might have an opportunity of presenting him with some token of affectionate respect. On that occasion, Dr. Melson, after an appropriate prefatory address, directed the attention of the audience to a number of highly valuable works in History, Science, Biography, and Criticism; briefly commenting, with his usual ability, on their respective merits, as they passed in review: then, presenting them with several other offerings to Mr. Bumby, in the name of the Birmingham Societies, he thus concluded:—“We rejoice that you will be blessed with such a companion in your travels as your noble friend and ours, the Rev. John Waterhouse: like Paul and Barnabas of old, separated unto the work whereunto God hath called you, go, fraught with the hallowed and hallowing influences of your high vocation; and may the Gentiles hear you and be glad, and the word of the Lord be glorified.”

Mr. Bumby said, in reply,—

I am so overpowered by my feelings, and oppressed by the emotions of my heart, that I should prefer retiring to some corner to weep, rather than standing thus before you ; yet I do not at all regret the step which I have taken. But it is the parting from friends, from old and tried and dear friends ! O, it is all but enough to break one's heart ! I consider that the Missionary work, I mean the foreign work, is the greatest and most honourable with which the affections of man can be connected. O, I would rather be a Missionary than possess the riches or wear the honours of the world. I believe that our beloved country has been raised to her present elevation, and preserved in her lofty position ; that our blessings have been given us, our riches bestowed upon us, our possessions granted to us, and commanding influence placed within our hands, in order that we might be a Missionary nation, and spread spiritual Christianity through the world. And while we do this, I feel assured God will not fail to throw around us the shield of His protection. He will not fail to bless us, and make us a blessing. I believe I am called to the work of the Christian ministry ; and while I bewail and regret my unprofitableness and unfaithfulness, such have been the circumstances in which I have been placed as the indications of the providence of God, and such the emotions of which I have been the subject as the promptings of the Spirit of God, that I could not with a good conscience remain silent. If my fathers and brethren, when I offered myself for this work, had thought that I was not qualified, then the responsibility would have rested with them ; my conscience would have been disburdened, and I should have stood clear in the sight of God, and at the judgment-day. I will not yield to any in love for my country ; I am not insensible to the undeserved and

extraordinary kindness of my friends ; I deeply feel what it is to go away from them ; I have counted the cost ; to go away will be to tear asunder all those sympathies which bind heart to heart, and mind to mind ; I have thought about the storms of the elements, and the perils of the seas, to which I may be subject ; and of the privations, inconveniences, and dangers of residence in a foreign land, and intercourse with a barbarous people. " But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God." I accept this expression of your affection with feelings of the liveliest gratitude : I feel myself to be altogether unworthy of such surpassing kindness. The only return I can make, is to love and pray for you. I commend you collectively and individually unto God. Your names are engraven on my heart, and nothing shall obliterate the impression. Farewell ! I again commend you to God. Farewell !

On the 20th of September, 1838, about noon, the Mission-party, accompanied by several Ministers and friends, went on board the ship "James," at Gravesend, bound for Hobart-Town, and partook of a social repast, which was kindly provided by Mr. Lidgett, the owner. Afterwards, the Rev. Dr. Bunting, the senior Missionary Secretary, conducted a devotional service of singing and prayer, the power and unction of which melted all hearts into tenderness and awe. When the friends who accompanied them were retiring to the shore, the Missionaries with their wives and Mr. Water-

house's children were called into the cabin, to meet the Secretaries, and receive their final benediction. It was an hour never to be forgotten. Dr. Bunting remarked, so far as he could by struggling with labouring emotion, that there were two persons in the Missionary band in whom he felt most deeply interested. Then he referred, in a very affecting manner, to Mr. Waterhouse and our friend; observing, with regard to the latter, that he had known him under rather peculiar circumstances, and all the way through had loved him very much; and that wherever Mr. Bumby went, his best affections and prayers should follow. The venerable Doctor, who had often borne the contumely of unreasonable and turbulent men against himself with unshaken firmness, was much moved at the parting moment. He fell upon the neck of his son in the Gospel, wept as he embraced him, and solemnly commended him to the good keeping of our Lord Jesus Christ, in whose service they both delighted to offer up their all. After the usual bustle was over, they were soon fairly out of the river; and now we leave our voyager to give a sketch or two of details with his own pen.

September 21st.—Last night, after social worship, in which all the cabin-passengers joined, we retired to rest for the first time on board, under circumstances the most auspicious; but did not sleep much, owing to the feelings

of our hearts. It is impossible but that the heart should be sick. However, we are the Lord's; and He has a right to do what He will with His own.

Sunday evening, 23d.—Wind strong and contrary. Obligated to put in at Portsmouth. Last night the waves were so rough and boisterous, that the vessel was literally tossed by the elements. As might be expected, this morning found us in great confusion. All on board, with the exception of officers and sailors, were ill, more or less. It has been very unlike the Sabbath, away from the sanctuaries and ministries of grace; but we lift up our hearts to Him who rides upon the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

24th.—Several landed at Cowes to breakfast. Wind has changed in our favour: so we shall soon be off.

25th.—Passed the Lizard-Point. The wide ocean now our home for the next five months.

27th.—Favoured with friendly breezes, we are skirting the Bay of Biscay, without having any of those gales and squalls which we had feared and foreboded. Hitherto the Lord hath helped us.

28th.—The ocean to-day of a deep dark-blue colour, indicating unfathomable depth, has presented a surface unruffled by a single breeze. Have made but little way. Still the quiet is favourable to the spirits of our companions suffering from sea-sickness.

Sunday, 30th.—Divine service on deck, at which all the sailors and passengers attended, with the exception of a few sick ladies. Mr. Waterhouse preached an appropriate sermon from, "Casting your care upon Him," &c. (1 Peter v. 7.) It was most interesting to worship God under the broad expanse of the sky, and in the midst of the ocean. I hope the bread cast upon the waters will be found after many days.

October 1st.—The oldest and most experienced seamen on board never knew the winds and weather so

favourable. It is impossible not to acknowledge the hand of God upon us for good.

2d.—Evening sky variously tinted,—a sublime and beautiful spectacle. Mission-party in good health and spirits.

3d.—The week for holding Missionary prayer-meetings in our native land. Never did I feel it such a privilege to be remembered by those who have power, as since I became a voyager on the great deep.

4th.—Weather warmer: thermometer at 75° Fahrenheit. A canary belonging to one of the passengers escaped from its confinement, and perished in the waters.

Sunday, 7th.—Service on deck, at which I officiated; but a storm of rain coming on, we were obliged to adjourn into the cabin, where I finished my sermon. It is far more pleasant to worship God in the assemblies of Zion, than amid the storms of the ocean; but the same Lord is rich in mercy unto all that call upon Him.

9th.—This evening the water around the ship spangled with evanescent scintillations. Sister much better of her sea-sickness.

10th.—Gliding sweetly through the never-broken waves, at the rate of one hundred and forty or fifty miles per day.

11th.—Breakfast at eight, lunch at eleven, dinner at half-past two, tea at six,—is the history of a day. Captain a plain man, good-tempered, sincerely pious. Chief Mate the son of a Methodist in Cornwall,—lively, amiable, and obliging. Second Mate the son of a Clergyman in Yorkshire,—likely to rise in his profession. Steward a man of colour, and the cook an experienced sailor; both quite equal to the situations which they occupy, and most accommodating to the passengers; but they have vastly too much upon their hands.

12th.—Sky bespangled with innumerable stars: scene enchanting: everything to be thankful for.

Sunday, 14th.—Mr. Eggleston preached on deck to-day, from Rom. xii. 1, a good and very appropriate sermon.

15th.—In the trade-winds, and getting finely along. Best of all, God is with us, and His presence makes our paradise.

16th.—Off Cape-de-Verde Islands. Weather excessively hot. The water on board is becoming disagreeable both to the smell and taste.

17th.—Several vessels at a distance. A dolphin chasing some flying-fish. Friends left behind very dear to my heart. I loved them when with them, and having the opportunities of intercourse and converse; but they seem to be much more interwoven with my affections, now that the waters of the ocean roll between us. I can see their faces and hear their voice no more: my only relief and solace are to “enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus,” and mention their names, and plead their cause with the Hearer and Answerer of prayer.

19th.—Setting sun last evening magnificently splendid. Clouds heaped on clouds, of all colours, shades, and shapes. After dark, lightnings played behind them, and occasional flashes spread out into various parts of the heavens.

20th.—A few showers of rain: every drop precious. Basins, bottles, &c., eagerly put in requisition: never drank with more relish. A squall, too: swift in its approach, terrible in its aspect, it swept along like a giant rejoicing to run a race. Had we not been prepared, its stormy greeting might have been too much for us; but we were preserved by God’s good hand.

Sunday, 21st.—Mr. Warren preached from, “But know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for Himself.” (Psalm iv. 3.)

25th.—Five weeks have elapsed since, amidst circumstances the most touching and affecting, we left the land of our birth. None but God knows what have been the

exercises of my mind and heart during the interval. It is a mercy, wanderer as I am on the vast ocean, away from all I love best, to be able to recognise God as my Father, and Christ as my Saviour, and the Holy Spirit as my Comforter. If I know my heart, I only wish to live to and glorify God, serve my generation, and save souls from death.

26th.—Thinking of the honour God has conferred upon me, in counting me faithful, putting me in the ministry, and especially in calling me to preach to the Gentiles in the islands of the sea the unsearchable riches of Christ, I have been affected to tears, and had my heart drawn out in prayer that I may indeed be faithful, that I may give up my account with joy, and not with grief. Increasingly do I feel the importance of eminent personal piety in order to extensive ministerial usefulness.

Sunday, 28th.—Have been in company with six or eight vessels. Torrents of rain. Service in cabin; and, consequently, no sailors there.

Thursday, November 1st.—A shark caught this morning; part was cooked for breakfast: I just tasted, and found nothing exceptionable; but could not divest myself of the disagreeable idea that the creature might have fed on human flesh. We have had torrents of rain; which, together with the sad countenances and complaining speeches of many of the passengers, in consequence of the wet finding its way into their berths and beds, have rendered the day somewhat uncomfortable. The Captain has been almost at his wits' end to keep the peace.

23d.—To-day between twenty and thirty of the passengers were ill with eating salt-fish at breakfast: through some means it had become bad. I was ill for ten hours. Poor Mary was in a sad way, as I was insensible. The following day, thank God, I was better.

Sunday, 25th.—Mr. Eggleston preached a good ser-

mon from Heb. iii. 2. To me it was a day of sadness, but also one of profit.

Monday, 26th.—Great mental exercise and spiritual conflict.

Tuesday, 27th.—Last evening a surpassingly fine sunset. A magnificent rainbow-arch spanned the heavens; the moon appeared in silvery brightness, while the western firmament glowed with [cloud-land] sketches, [as though] vast forests, fair lawns, hoary fortresses, and ruined towers, mixing and moving in fantastic dance. O what must be the throne which is “like a jasper and a sardine stone, and round about” which there is “a rainbow, in sight like unto an emerald?” To-day one of the ship’s apprentices fell overboard, when the vessel was going at the rate of seven miles an hour; but, being a good swimmer, and the boat being let down immediately, he was soon picked up, and brought safely on board.

Wednesday, 28th.—At noon to-day the sun vertical: no shadow to be observed. Fresh breeze, with a few cooling showers.

Thursday, 29th.—Passed out of the tropic of Capricorn into the Southern Atlantic. The weather remarkably fine. Daylight from five A.M. to seven P.M. The moon shining brightly and clearly, the night is nearly as light and pleasant as the day. Strange to us who have been accustomed to the short, dark days of November in England, to have the light and warmth of mid-summer.

Saturday, December 1st.—Since coming into these seas, the appearance of things has very much altered. The horizon is more remote; a wider expanse of ocean is observable; and the sun-sets are even still finer.

Sunday, 2d.—Never, since coming to sea, have I been so much affected as to-day, during the celebration of the Lord’s Supper. Recollections and feelings connected

with my personal history and experience, views of my Redeemer, and thoughts of my friends in different places and under different circumstances, all but overwhelmed me.

Monday, 3d.—It is the settled purpose of my soul, trusting to be empowered from on high, to live a life of self-denial and indefatigable labour in the cause of my Divine Master, whose service is perfect freedom.

Tuesday, 4th.—Last night unable to sleep: went on deck, and prayed for my friends in England. For the first time, saw the constellation known by the name of the Southern Cross, and was reminded of the atonement of Calvary. O for more of the Spirit of Jesus!

Wednesday, 5th.—Last night saw the Magellan Clouds, which are like the Milky Way.

Monday, 10th.—Several fine albatrosses caught.

Friday, 14th.—My eyes would be blind not to see, and my heart stone not to feel, the goodness of God towards me as to my health. I have not been seriously indisposed, with the exception of the illness through the bad salt-fish, since leaving home. I have stood the voyage as well as any on board.

Saturday, 15th.—Our last sheep has been killed to-day, which it is supposed will supply us with fresh meat till we get to the Cape, when we hope to get a further supply of live-stock.

Sunday, 16th.—To-day a water-spout a little way from the ship. In the evening a fiery meteor shot athwart the heavens. Mr. Ironside preached from Heb. ii. 10: "For it became Him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the Captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings."

Monday, 17th.—We are about sixty miles from the Cape of Good Hope: many are looking out for land.

Tuesday, 18th.—About twelve o'clock, Table-Mountain

was discovered. I bless God for the strong consolation I enjoy as a believer in Christ. I know not what my Master may intend for me, in the way of labour and suffering, in the islands of the sea ; but this I know,—that He is graciously carrying on His work in my soul. Never did I feel more resolutely determined to live to God.

Thursday, 20th.—On Tuesday evening, about eleven o'clock, we safely anchored in Table-Bay. The following morning, after breakfast, we were heartily welcomed, and most hospitably entertained, by Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson. Early in the morning we again expect to put to sea.

Saturday, 22d.—Left the Cape of Good Hope. On the preceding evening, when it was blowing very hard, a boat was seen trying to make up to our vessel, apparently in distress. It contained a party from the "Platina," who, on account of the boisterous state of the winds and waves, could not make their ship. With becoming humanity, all hands were immediately employed, assisting the terrified fugitives on board, two of whom were women. Of course, we provided them with accommodation for the night, and most probably saved them from a watery grave. It was most delightful to help the strangers in distress, and deeply affecting to witness their gratitude and thankfulness.

On Christmas-day I thought of my much-loved and valued friends in England. Distance, instead of diminishing, has increased my affection.

26th.—A boat came on board from the "Clematis," American whaler, conveying the Captain of that vessel, who stated, that his ship had been twelve months at sea ; his chronometer was broken ; several of his men were decrepit with scurvy ; and, being in trouble, he requested a few vegetables. Our Captain immediately ordered him some potatoes and pumpkins ; the passengers made him up a basket of fruit. He took the latitude and longitude,

and quickly departed, gratified and thankful. I felt the truth of Hannah More's remark, that

“All worldly joys are less
Than that one joy of doing kindnesses ;”

and was particularly pleased with the generosity of our men, who plentifully supplied the sailors in the boat with the little comforts which they possessed and could command. The sailors are a noble race of men. O when shall the time come, when the abundance of the seas shall be converted unto Christ !

On New-Year's day read over [to myself] the Form of the Covenant, according to our usage ; but, on account of the tremendous rolling of the vessel, and an unusual commotion among the passengers, was less thoughtful and devotional than I could have wished. The God, however, with whom I had to do, knew my heart ; and, as Henry Martyn says, “I have no business in life but the work of Christ ; neither do I desire any employment, to all eternity, but His service.”

January 12th, 1839.—Saw St. Paul's, a small island, 38° south latitude, 77° east longitude. It stands boldly out of the sea, and presents a rocky and barren appearance. It is uninhabited, except by sea-fowl, wild goats, and hogs. About noon, coming alongside the island, we lay-to ; and the Captain, with some of the passengers, went out in a small boat to fish. They returned in about three hours, with as much fish as they could conveniently bring, a few specimens of grass, and some penguins.

27th.—Most tempestuous. The raging of the sea and the rolling of the ship were almost terrific : one of the yards was broken, and one of the sails split to pieces. We had to go under bare poles.

29th.—Wind subsided. On the following day the mountains of Van-Diemen's Land saluted our view. How lovely to our eyes, and welcome to our hearts, none

can tell but those who for months have been prisoners at sea. The excitement which prevailed on the announcement of land was quite bewildering. The Captain, especially, was delighted that his calculations and reckonings had been so accurate.

Next day, at six o'clock in the morning, the pilot came on board,—a steady, well-informed man, but very peculiar and rough in his appearance. In approaching the island of Van-Diemen's Land by Tasman's-Head, through Storm-Bay, and as we went along the beautiful river Derwent, many of the passengers were filled with delight ; indicating, by their countenances and conversation, that they were not disappointed after the long and tedious voyage which we had experienced. At ten o'clock we safely came to anchor at Sullivan's-Cove. Mr. Orton, the Superintendent of the Hobart-Town Circuit, came on board, and gave us a hearty welcome. In a short time we were all on shore, variously disposed of among the friends. Some of the gentlemen-passengers were put to inconvenience, as there are but few lodging and boarding houses in the place, and it is expensive to tarry long at an hotel. A few of the Missionary party were obliged to return to the ship to sleep.

The next morning was cold and rainy, though in the middle of summer : snow was seen on the top of Mount-Wellington. Hobart-Town is extensive and straggling. The buildings are thinly scattered ; the streets wide, containing a few respectable houses, and some good shops abounding with everything that can be desired, at a reasonable price. The Mission-premises extensive and valuable. The chapel is small and neat ; but a spacious and beautiful one is in course of erection,—a building which bids fair to be the Wesleyan cathedral of this part of the world.

Sunday, February 2d.—Went to chapel in company with the Captain, chief Mate, and several of the sailors,

—a party of eleven or twelve. Mr. Waterhouse read Prayers, and I preached. At the conclusion of this service, Mr. Waterhouse baptized the child of a relative of his, who has been resident in Van-Diemen's Land some sixteen or eighteen years. Altogether the season was delightful and profitable. At the ends of the earth I was pleasingly surprised to meet with a congregation so large, and in its aspect so much resembling an English audience. In the afternoon Mr. Eggleston gave us a plain, faithful discourse. Afterwards Mr. Warren preached out of doors, when several New-Zealanders were present. In the evening Mr. Waterhouse preached; and we finished the day with the administration of the Lord's Supper. I shall not soon forget my emotions on the first Sabbath spent on land, after being tossed for nineteen weeks on the billows of the restless ocean. After all, my heart clings to England. I love the very stones and dust of my native land. At the same time, if I know anything of myself at all, my master-purpose, my leading desire, is to live to and glorify God.

March 7th.—I have preached several times in Hobart-Town, to large and interesting congregations. Feel thankful that I am proceeding to New-Zealand. To be a Missionary in the colonies, is like being engaged in the work at home. Everything is British. Have had numerous applications to remain in Hobart-Town for a few years. Some have said, that I am going out of the way of usefulness. Several persons have remarked, "New-Zealand will never do for you: you will soon be back to the colony." Perhaps it may be so: but I am sent to the Heathen; and, in the name of my Master, to the Heathen I will go.

One day, all the Missionaries and their wives dined at the Government-House: a small party of select friends met us. The entertainment was sumptuous, and splendidly served. His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor

and Lady Franklin were particularly affable, and did all in their power to render the occasion interesting and pleasant. Before we left, about eleven o'clock, Mr. Waterhouse read a chapter out of the holy Scriptures, and I engaged in prayer. Her Ladyship seems to be religiously disposed; and Miss Williamson, who is her companion, is decidedly pious.

Have heard that Mr. Turner's house at Mangungu has recently been burned down. In consequence of this calamity, we shall be subjected to some inconvenience on our arrival in New-Zealand; but still the Lord, the Saviour, reigns, and He doeth all things well.

9th.—Left Hobart-Town; and, after a pleasant and expeditious voyage, found that the long-wished-for mountains of New-Zealand, and a considerable length of coast, were in sight. It is impossible to express what I felt in thinking of my friends far away over the deep blue sea, and in looking upon the scene of my future labours. The Lord grant that I may be faithful and useful in this dark and dreary land! Yesterday we were driven, by a contrary current, too much to the southward of the island, and were obliged to put back to sea. This morning, about eleven o'clock, the wind was favourable, and we got over the much-dreaded bar of the river in fine style, and are now safely riding at anchor in the Hokianga. We have to go about twenty miles more, before we find our Mission-station in Mangungu. Soon after our arrival, we were visited on board by several friends, and multitudes of natives tattooed and clothed in blankets.

Mr. Bumby and his companions were most affectionately welcomed by the Missionaries at Mangungu. To them the arrival of a reinforcement was a joyful and important event. Mr. Bumby seemed highly delighted with the river-

scenery, the settlement, the surrounding plantation, and was struck with the novelty of everything he saw. The evening of the day after, he conducted the Mission-house class-meeting, and produced a deep impression upon the resident brethren by the spirituality and fervour of his counsels. He was present at a native service, too, on the Saturday evening, the language of which, of course, he could not understand ; but he caught the full sympathy of devotion, and was full of wonder at the decorum and reverential behaviour of the natives. The next day, the Sabbath, was one of more than ordinary interest and joy. One thousand natives, at least, were on the station, and the chapel was filled to overflowing. Mr. Hobbs preached in the morning, from, "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us ;" and the attention of the natives was fastened upon the Preacher. About two years ago, it had happened that three of the Native Teachers went among a heathen party, to persuade them to turn to God ; when, in return for their benevolent efforts, they were fired at, and two were killed ; the third having a very narrow escape from a ball, which grazed his blanket as he fled. At this service one of that hostile party was present, and also the young man who escaped, William Barton. At the close of the service, Mr. Turner called upon William to pray. William obeyed, and

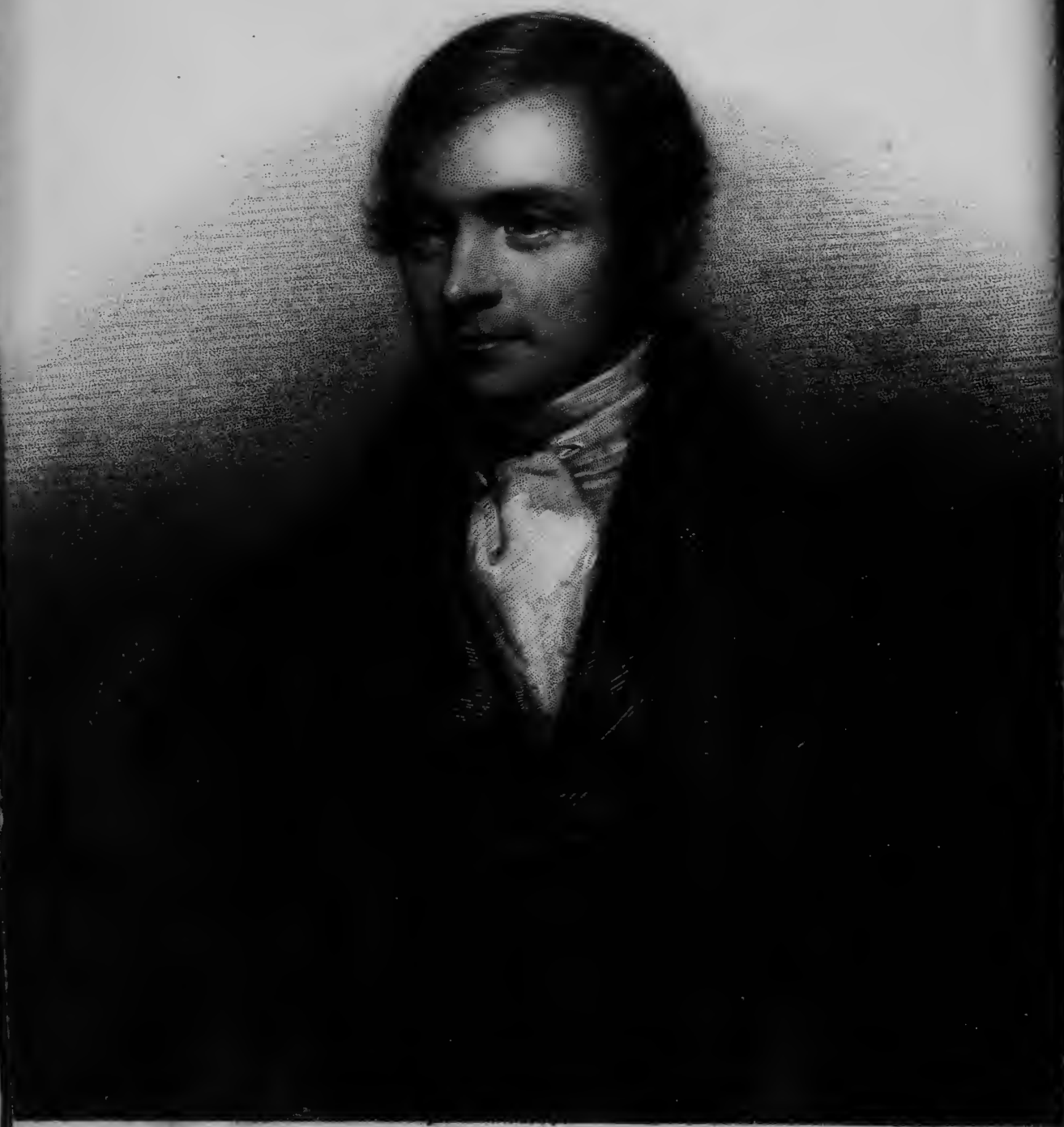
began in a strain of humble fervour; and, amongst other supplications which he presented to God, he prayed for the heathen native in question, the murderer of his companions, and implored that he, too, might have given to him a heart to pray. This produced a very deep simultaneous and tender feeling; and our friend saw, to his comfort, even within a few days of his landing, that a New-Zealander could learn the lesson of the Cross, and echo his dying Saviour's prayer. What impression was made upon the mind of the man Kaitoke, who was thus pleaded for, it is hard to say; but he remained in the neighbourhood, and, it is said, was on very friendly terms with the French Roman Catholic Bishop.

In the afternoon, Mr. Bumby addressed the largest English congregation ever seen in New-Zealand, from the words of the Apostle,—“I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content;” and in the course of his address, which was very impressive, he felicitously described “discontent” as “a grave where all God's mercies were buried.”

In the evening the congregation assembled again; when, after an address in Maori by Mr. Turner, the whole Society, comprising both Europeans and natives, partook together of the Lord's Supper, administered in the usual and most affecting manner.

Simon Peter, the Chief who has been mentioned before, as having accompanied the Missionaries to Waikato, had been made a Class-Leader, and in that capacity was very useful ; but he had departed in the faith and hope of the Gospel some months before our friend's arrival. His name had beforetime excited disgust and dread wherever it was mentioned. Once, on a war expedition, he, with his party, took several of his countrymen prisoners ; and on their way home he made a large oven, bound the wretched captives, and pitched them alive into it, roasted them as they were, and then feasted on their bodies. He was present at many cannibal feasts, at which the bodies of young and old were served piecemeal at the hellish repast. O glorious Gospel, to conquer a lost wretch like this ! But he was conquered, and washed and sanctified too. Mr. Woon had seen the big, scalding tears streaming down his tattooed cheeks on occasions when, in the native service, they had been singing hymns expressive of the love of Christ ; and it was not to be doubted that, for some time prior to his death, he could adopt the language of the newly-pardoned Simon Peter of old, and say, " Lord, Thou knowest all things ; Thou knowest that I love Thee."

It was evident, to Mr. Bumby, that the Christian natives were passing through a trying



THE LATE REV^d JOHN H. BUMBY.

MISSIONARY TO NEW ZEALAND.



process ; namely, the transition from a barbarous to a civilised state. They had begun to wear European clothing : this made them more liable to danger from wet and exposure ; and hence every instance of neglect, or of natural recurrence to former habits, brought on morbid affections, which often resulted in inflammation, consumption, and death. The wife of William Barton, a fine young woman, daughter of Nene, or Thomas Walker, one of the Christian Chiefs of the Hokianga, was in a declining state from this very cause. Many died about this time ; but they died in the Lord. Mr. Turner introduced our friend to this same Chief, Nene, who was a relative of Patuone, his protector when fleeing from Wangaroa ; and the meeting gave pleasure on both sides. Mr. Turner spoke of his companion as the “father” (that is, the Superintendent) of the Missionaries. “Ah !” said Thomas, who was a very shrewd and sensible man, and subsequently took a very important part in his country’s affairs, “it is well ; but he a father ! he is but a boy ; but perhaps he has the heart of a father.”

CHAPTER VI.

MISSION LIFE.

OUR friend, on his arrival, soon found that Mr. Turner and the brethren were very desirous to extend the Mission down to the most southerly parts of the western coast, leaving to the Church brethren the occupation of the eastern. It was arranged, by the executive Committee, that their valued Missionary, Mr. Turner, should now return to the colony ; and he was desirous, in consequence, of hasting to his new appointment ; but was detained awhile, and very properly so, till his successor had taken a brief survey of his field of labour. The first step in this direction seemed to be a visit to the south, where the other faithful brethren had prepared the way, and to fix upon a spot for a permanent Mission-settlement there. His plan was to take a vessel from the Bay of Islands, skirt round the east coast, then by way of Cook's-Straits to Port-Nicholson and Taranaki.

On a matter of some preliminary business, he left Mangungu, April 6th, in company with Mr. Hobbs and Captain Todd, to visit the Bay of Islands. They had three native lads as attendants, to carry their coats and bundles.

He was struck with the vast tracts of fern, and the magnificent forest-trees, and soon began to experience the peculiar toil and fatigue of New-Zealand travelling, where roads and bridges were then out of the question. He was kindly received at the Church Mission-station of Waimate, and attended a service on the Sabbath, at which his companion, Mr. Hobbs, partially, and in conjunction with the Church Missionary, officiated. On Monday he dined with the British Resident, J. Busby, Esq., an accomplished and affable person, who was doing what he could to check and overawe the wickedness of the population, and especially the European population, around him; but who was soon to give place to an official individual invested with ampler powers. At length the needful arrangements were made, and the circumstances of the tour may be related in Mr. Bumby's own words:—

August 20th, 1839.

MY letters, under the dates of April 10th and May 4th, would inform you, that it was the opinion of the brethren here, that, as such a vigorous effort had been made by the Committee, in sending out so many additional Missionaries, something should immediately be attempted to meet the wants and wishes of the numerous tribes of the south of the island; and also, that we had been unsuccessful in our endeavours to obtain a suitable vessel for the conveyance of our families, as well as unable to induce natives to accompany us on a tour of

observation and inquiry over-land. Soon after my last communication, the "Hokianga," a small vessel which has sometimes been employed for Missionary purposes, came into the bay ; and we were informed by the proprietors, that she was about to proceed to Kawia for a cargo, but might be at our service for a few weeks. On the reception of this intelligence, it was proposed that I and Mr. Hobbs should avail ourselves of the opportunity of going round by the east coast, through Cook's-Straits and Taranaki, to Kawia : from which place, it was suggested, we might manage to travel over-land to Mangungu. I hesitated some time, in consequence of the time which would be occupied, and the expense which would be incurred, by such an excursion. But, remembering the instructions of the Committee, directing me to obtain all possible information as to the state of the island ; and considering the necessity which rests upon us, to extend our evangelical operations to the regions beyond, where nothing has hitherto been attempted ; together with the importance of seeing the country, in order to the selection of the most suitable locality for a new station ; I ultimately determined, in company with Mr. Hobbs, to undertake the expedition. Mr. Turner, though exceedingly anxious to remove to the colony, kindly engaged to remain at Mangungu till our return.

On Monday morning, May 11th, having resigned our families, and committed ourselves, to the protection and care of our heavenly Father, we left Mangungu for the Bay of Islands. Our retinue was composed of about twenty youths, chiefly southern natives, taken in war. Many of them had lived for years with the Missionaries, and, having experienced the grace of God in truth, had long wished and prayed for an opportunity to return to their brethren and friends, to tell them how great things the Lord had done for them, and that He had had mercy upon them. We were detained several days in the bay,

by rough weather and contrary winds. Soon after the commencement of the voyage, having a heavy head-sea to contend with, all became sick. The New-Zealanders are ill fitted to endure affliction: they generally abandon themselves to despondency and inactivity, like persons for whom there is no help and no hope. We passed Wakari, or White-Island. It is volcanic, and abounds with fine sulphur. Tradition says of this island, that when Mawe, the principal god of the country, first saw fire, he incautiously took it up in his hands, which so severely scorched him, that, in his agony, he plunged into the sea, and there immediately appeared this island. The aspect of the country is rocky; and woody hills of different shapes and elevations rise, ridge behind ridge, till their broken summits appear to mingle with the clouds of the sky. After being about a week at sea, we encountered a tremendous gale of wind from the south-west. Without any previous intimation, except a tedious calm, the heavens looked angry and threatening. Dark masses of contending clouds cast portentous shadows upon the surrounding ocean, which began to heave and toss as if the springs and fountains which are concealed in the heart of the earth had been agitated and disturbed. Most faces gathered paleness; and, with the exception of the fearful war of the elements, no sound was heard, but an occasional mandate from the Captain to the men. As the little vessel rose up to the heavens, and went down again to the depths, it was impossible not to think, that any moment she might go to pieces, and leave us a helpless wreck on the extended and unsheltered waters. But, by the good providence of our God, who holds the winds in His fist, and the waters in the hollow of His hand, we were preserved in safety; and devoutly offered up our praises to Him that "maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still," "for His mercy endureth for ever."

At the East-Cape, we were detained a week by adverse winds: Wari Kahika, or Hick's-Bay, was our place of shelter. We met with comparatively few natives; war, the curse and scourge of New-Zealand, having swept away, as with the besom of destruction, the once numerous population of this part of the country. When the Napui tribes first got fire-arms and ammunition, they came to try their skill upon the unarmed and unfortunate people of this neighbourhood. Many were captured, and multitudes killed, and cooked, and eaten. Some years ago there was a large *pah* on the summit of one of the hills which overlooks the bay. It is said the place was besieged till the inhabitants were compelled to feed upon each other; that families *exchanged* children, that they might not eat their own offspring; and that about three thousand persons were cut off.

The Church Missionaries have some Native Teachers usefully employed in this part of the island. The natives we saw, amounting to two or three hundred, were particularly anxious for religious books. I know nothing that more satisfactorily and delightfully indicates the commencement of brighter and better days for New-Zealand, than the earnest desire which is everywhere manifested, among all classes of the people, for books and Missionaries.

Upon arriving at Wanganuiatera, or Port-Nicholson, we went on shore, near a *kainga*, or "village;" and were met on the beach by a grotesque party of natives, some bedaubed with red-ochre and oil, and others disfigured about the cheeks and eye-brows with congealed blood. They, however, were delighted to see us, and gave us a hearty welcome. Here some of our lads met with their relatives and friends, whom they had not seen for ten or twelve years. It was truly affecting to witness their mutual joy, though expressed after the manner of sorrow, according to the favourite *tangi* of the country. After

the excitement had a little subsided, we erected our tents, and partook of some refreshment: potatoes and Indian corn were the best viands the village afforded. Some of our lads having drunk water from a *tapued* stream, one of the Chiefs came to us, and demanded satisfaction. After a little *korero*, or "conversation," he agreed to remove the *tapu*, and listen to the Gospel. In the evening we held public service, on which occasion many speeches were delivered, both by our own lads and the natives; the former briefly stating their history since their separation from their friends, together with some particulars connected with their conversion to Christianity; and the latter asserting their ignorance, and great desire to be taught the truth as it is in Jesus. The people, either from what they have heard of Missionary operations in other parts of the island, or a special influence from God, are evidently prepared for the reception of the Gospel. I trust the time is not far distant when New-Zealand, beautiful for situation, salubrious in climate, and exuberant in soil, having a population fearing God and working righteousness, will become an eternal excellency, the joy of many generations.

Port-Nicholson is about twenty miles to the northwest of Cape-Palliser. There is about ten fathoms' water at the entrance, and room to beat in and out with any wind. The harbour is extensive, and affords excellent anchorage-ground and safe shelter for shipping. It is surrounded by a chain of beautiful hills, rising gradually from the edge of the water, partly covered with timber, and sending forth numerous streams of fresh water. We could find no river answering to the description given in the book published by the Committee of the Association for the Colonisation of New-Zealand. They say, (pages 111, 112,) on the authority of Nayti, a young Chief who was in London some time ago, that "the river Heritaoua is as broad and deep as the Thames

at London-bridge; and that it is eighty miles long." We found a narrow stream, called Heretanga, the only one at all like a river, which divides into four branches, and extends from four to ten miles into the country; but it is so shallow at the entrance, that we were almost wrecked in the whale-boat. At this place we met with a white man, the only one in the Port. He was building a boat; but, having to manufacture nails from an iron hoop, with a wood fire, proceeded but slowly with his work. The shore is skirted with numerous settlements or villages, of different dimensions, and variously fortified. The people are of milder aspect, and gentler carriage, than the natives of the north of the island.

On the Sabbath, we converted the sea-beach, opposite to one of the principal settlements, into a sanctuary; erected the boat-sail as a break-wind to shelter the Preacher; and collected the entire population of the place, with the exception of a few sick people, as a congregation. Mr. Hobbs had not proceeded far in the service before the rain came down in sufficient torrents to have dispersed any English audience; but the poor New-Zealanders, unmoved by the pelting of the pitiless shower, seemed only intent upon hearing the word of truth, the Gospel of our salvation. We met with Warepourī, a superior Chief. His person is tall and majestic; and, having his hair tastefully tied on the top of his head, and falling back all round like a diadem, and decorated with feathers, he had a savage and commanding appearance. He expressed himself as very anxious to have a Missionary, and was delighted to accept a copy of the New Testament. Wherever we went, the people said, if we would only come and settle among them, the land should be ours; and they would carry wood and water, and do all in their power, for us. Thinking the place suitable for a new station, and presuming that the Committee would sanction such a step, we *tapued* a piece of

land of the proprietors, two respectable Chiefs, for some blankets and fish-hooks. The *tapu* secures to us the privilege of purchase, if we should fix upon the place for a Missionary settlement. Having spent a week among these interesting barbarians, and furnished the lads we were about to leave as Teachers with books, slates, pencils, &c., &c., for schools, we prepared to take our departure. The people showed us great kindness, bringing abundance of pigs and potatoes, as a mark of their respect and gratitude. One of the Chiefs of whom we *tapued* the land was anxious to rub noses; and I was obliged, with as much grace as possible, to submit to the disagreeable ceremony. Such was the love of the lads to their Missionaries, that they were almost broken-hearted at parting. They appear to be sincerely pious, and exceedingly anxious to be useful to their heathen relatives and friends. I trust they will be as lights shining in a dark place, and as showers that water the earth.

After tossing about, amidst light winds and cross seas, for thirty hours, we came to anchor in Cloudy-Bay. The appearance of the Southern Island is particularly barren and repulsive. The outer rocks rise abruptly from the sea, and are bounded by stupendous mountains covered with perpetual snow. Cloudy-Bay is extensive, and abounds with small indentations and coves, with good anchorage and shelter for shipping. The natives are not numerous. We saw about one hundred and fifty, with whom we held service. They were most importunate for books of hymns and prayers. The Europeans, belonging to the several whaling establishments of the place, are numerous: many of these, of course, have no wish for the light of the Gospel, lest the hidden things of darkness, in which they revel and delight, should be revealed, and they should be ashamed. I am persuaded, if Missionary operations were commenced here, there would be more

opposition from civilised Europeans, than from the untutored barbarians.

We next directed our course to Queen Charlotte's Sound, and had a pleasant run by moonlight. The noise of the breakers upon the rocks at the Heads is tremendous; like the sound of thunder, or the report of an earthquake. The scenery of the Sound is decidedly romantic,—as rocky and craggy, and rude and sterile, as can well be conceived. There is no land available for agricultural purposes, except a few acres in the immediate vicinity of the native settlement. There are a few patches of cultivation, gardens of potatoes and *kumeras*, on the sides of the precipitous and almost perpendicular mountains; but they are small and insignificant. Fish, which is abundantly plentiful, is the principal food of the natives. The place may be attractive to the whalers, but will never be the favourite locality of the farmer. There may be about fifty Europeans connected with the whaling establishments of this place; some of whom present specimens of human nature in its worst estate. Dwelling in the region of the valley of the shadow of death, they practise every species of iniquity without restraint and without concealment. The very sense of decency and propriety seems to be extinct. The very soil is polluted. The very atmosphere is tainted. A few expressed themselves as wishful to have a Missionary, that their children, by native females, might be educated; but others spoke of the New-Zealanders as being little better than the beasts that perish, and almost ridiculed the idea of their becoming Christians. One man told the natives, that if they listened to the Missionaries, they would be ruined, as they would get no more muskets and tobacco. It is, however, a pleasing circumstance, that, notwithstanding the evil influence of the European population, the natives, in general, have turned, as they term it, to the Missionary religion. Here, as at Port-Nicholson

and Cloudy-Bay, the true light has shone, teaching the people to observe the Sabbath and worship God ; which they do, according to the best of their ability, twice a day. The place of bells is supplied by old musket-barrels, suspended by cords, and struck with stones. A few of the young people can read, and all are anxious to learn. As we left one place, numbers followed the boat up to their middle in water to get books. The word of the Lord is precious here. We found, in the possession of some lads, a few fragments of the translation of the New Testament, so dirty with use as to be scarcely legible ; but preserved with the greatest care. One of them, having learned to write a little, and got some paper, had begun to multiply copies. I was particularly affected with the last passage transcribed, and earnestly prayed that it might be verified in the case of these interesting and promising young men :—"He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." (Phil. i. 6.) I suppose ours was the first vessel that ever visited the Sound on an errand of mercy to the natives.

The next place we visited was Mana, an island about three miles in length from north to south, rising abruptly from the sea to an elevation of about one hundred feet, except at the northern point of the eastern side, which gradually slopes to the edge of the water. It is three miles distant from the main of the Northern Island. The landing is tolerably good, and there are some native settlements along the coast. Mr. Bell, who originally purchased the property from the natives, is dead ; and it is now in the possession of Mr. Peterson, of Sydney. The natives, however, have the right of residence, and the run of the land, so as to build houses, and plant potatoes, wherever they please. The island is more adapted for pasturage than cultivation. There are upon it five hundred sheep, and thirty head of cattle, the pro-

perty of Mr. Peterson. It was evening when we came to anchor, but, understanding that the *Rouparaha*, who is the *E Ongi*, or *Shungi*, of this part of the country, was on the island, we went on shore. The house in which we found him was larger than the generality of native habitations; but the space which served for door, window, and chimney, was so low and narrow, that it was all we could do, crawling on our hands and knees, to get through it. Two large tubs of oil stood at each end of the apartment, with immense burners, filling the place with smoke, and rendering darkness visible. About thirty natives, warriors and slaves, were laid at full length, in various directions, on the floor. The place was as hot as a stove, with an atmosphere so thick and impure, as to be scarcely breathable. The Chief expressed himself as glad to see us, pressed us to sit near him, and wished to enter into a long conversation; but, after singing and prayer, we were glad to make our exit, giving him to understand, that at our next meeting we would more fully state the object of our visit. The old man has been a great warrior, and is notoriously vicious in his habits. He sometimes lays his hand upon his stomach, and says, "I am hungry for a man: go and kill such a slave for me." On one occasion, some little time ago, a young woman having offended him, he ordered her to prepare a native oven, which being finished, he had her killed and cooked in it. The next morning he came on board to breakfast, and behaved with great propriety. He said, if he might have a Missionary, he would give over fighting, and with all his people would begin to serve God. We presented him with a copy of the New Testament, and left him one of our most pious and clever lads as a Teacher. I trust the young man, whose name is Paul, will maintain his integrity, and be a burning and a shining light.

After a pleasant run of twelve miles, we came to

Kapiti, or Entry-Island. It is higher and more extensive than Mana; but, apparently, less valuable, being thickly wooded, and much broken by deep gullies, and dark ravines. There are upwards of eighty white men connected with the whaling establishments of the neighbourhood. The natives are scanty and scattered, and more barbarous than the generality of their countrymen. The influenza has been prevalent lately, and they have obstinately refused to take medicine; in consequence of which many have died. Instead of nursing their sick, they remove them into the bush to die. Truly the dark places of the earth are still full of the habitations of cruelty.

The Haupapa, or Mount-Egmont, which is said to be eighteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, presented a most splendid appearance, being girded with clouds and capped with snow. We spent a few hours at Ngamotou or Moturoa, the Sugar-loaf Islands of Captain Cook. They are curiously-formed rocks, separated from the main land, and inaccessible except by water. One of them, the largest and most singular of the cluster, rising almost perpendicularly to an elevation of about two hundred feet, is the site of a native settlement. Round about the rock are numerous ridges and holes, which serve as terraces and habitations for the singular people who have chosen it as their craggy home. The fences, on the top and sides, appeared like reeds shaken with the wind. It is said there is water, but no fuel for fire, and no food for sustenance. We called at the base of the mountain, but could not land, on account of the breaking of the surf. Several natives came down to speak with us; but they were armed with muskets, and evidently afraid we had visited them for purposes of war and desolation. We stated our object, gave them some books, and returned to the ship. We went on shore at Taranaki, but could not spend

much time in exploring the country, as there was no secure shelter for the vessel; and, the wind being fair, we were anxious to prosecute our voyage. Taranaki has long been renowned for its rich and prolific soil; there are thousands of acres of beautiful country, unbroken by mountains, and unencumbered by forests, fit at once for the plough of the husbandman. The superior quality of the soil is unequivocally demonstrated by the luxuriance of the vegetation with which it is overspread. Various vegetables, the seeds of which may have been promiscuously scattered, are flourishing in as good condition, as though they were most assiduously cultivated. Taranaki has long been famous, in the history of New-Zealand, for its numerous population. The soil, without much labour, producing abundance of food, the natives multiplied, and excelled in the manufacture of mats, and other articles of value. These advantages rendered them the objects of the perpetual jealousy and envy of the other tribes of the island, who so relentlessly and repeatedly waged war against them, and so frequently and completely conquered them, that the land is now well-nigh left without inhabitants. The remnants and fragments that remain, scattered and peeled, have been obliged to seek for shelter on the tops of mountains, and in the holes of rocks. Numerous ruined fortifications and desolated villages are pointed out to the traveller, as the melancholy monuments of the ravages of war. O, when will the time come, when the interesting aborigines of this beautiful country will beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks, and become the free and happy subjects of the Prince of peace? We were much disappointed in finding no good harbour in the neighbourhood of Taranaki. From Kapiti to Kawia, a distance of two hundred miles, there are no bays for shelter, and no ground for anchoring ships. This materially detracts from the value of the locality as a place

for commerce. If the land should become the property of European settlers, supplies of goods must be conveyed an immense distance overland, which will be both difficult and expensive.

When we came to anchor in the Kawia harbour, our engagement with the Captain terminated; and, without regret, we quitted the little vessel, in which we had experienced many mercies, and had likewise been exposed to many perils, and subjected to many privations. We were heartily welcomed at the Mission-house, by Mr. and Mrs. Whiteley. It is a privilege which none but those who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in the great waters, can properly estimate, after a tedious and perilous voyage to return to the security and comfort of domestic life. Well is it said in one of the Psalms, "Then are they glad because they be quiet; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven."

Kawia is half a mile broad at the entrance, with about three fathoms' water on the bar. There are many sand-banks and mud-flats in the river, which are uncovered at low water. Several small streams of fresh water run into the principal channel. The banks are partly rocky and sandy, and partly covered with fern and timber, presenting here and there a beautiful patch of sloping land ready for cultivation. The natives chiefly reside in the luxuriant valleys, and by the tributary streams which are connected with the harbour. There are two or three Europeans on the river, who are friendly with the Missionary, and favourable to the spread of Christianity.

The Mission at Kawia was commenced in May, 1835, under the patronage and protection of Haupokia, a renowned warrior and influential Chief. A piece of land had previously been purchased for a Missionary settlement, which, though not very extensive, is well situated. After twelve months' arduous labour and extreme peril, during which period a dwelling-house and chapel were

erected, and an impression favourable to Christianity extensively produced upon the surrounding population, Mr. Whiteley, the Missionary, for certain reasons connected with the general work, was removed to another station. The Heathen raged, the people imagined a vain thing; and it seemed probable that the cause of truth and righteousness, so recently introduced, and so feebly operating, would come to a perpetual end. But a church had been formed, against which the gates of hell were not permitted to prevail; and when Mr. Whiteley returned, about six months ago, after an absence of upwards of three years, he found the house and chapel standing, together with a small number of Christian natives, the fruit of his former labours, walking in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, who hailed his return as the messenger of the churches, and the lover of their souls. The work is prosperous and promising.

The movements on Saturday indicated that the Sabbath was at hand. Multitudes of natives, from different places, some over the mountains on foot, and some by water in canoes, arrived at the settlement, to be ready for keeping holiday. I was present while Mr. Whiteley took down the names of a large number of persons as candidates for Christian baptism: they were well recommended by their Leaders, as having met in class for some time, and given satisfactory proof of a work of grace upon their hearts. In the evening, Mr. Hobbs preached to a numerous and deeply-interested congregation. The Sabbath was a most interesting day. The chapel was crowded at all the services. Many were deeply affected. I assisted in the baptism of sixty-eight adults, male and female, who publicly renounced Heathenism, and professed their faith in the Christian's God. Many of them were parents; and, not content with consecrating themselves, they also gave their offspring to the Lord. Twenty-nine children were solemnly dedicated to the Triune

Jehovah. Thus several households subscribed with their hands to the Lord God of Israel. It was a sight which an angel might stop in his flight to admire, and which Jesus would smile to behold. In the evening, I preached in English, to about half a dozen people; after which, we partook of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, and found it good thus to remember our Divine Saviour.

During our sojourn at Mr. Whiteley's, it was proposed that we should go over to Mokou, to endeavour to prevent a war. Ngatapu, a Chief of some rank in the neighbourhood of Kawia, had gathered together his friends, and was going to seek satisfaction from Touni and Tariki, Chiefs of Mokou, for some insult they had offered to him. A few days before, an old Chief had remarked, in the presence of one of Mr. Whiteley's boys, that, if the Missionaries did not interfere, and effect a reconciliation, there would be such slaughter and bloodshed, that it would be difficult to find fire-wood to cook the multitudes that would be slain. It was a formidable undertaking, particularly in connexion with the tremendous journey home which we had in prospect; but the object contemplated was so important, and the Christian natives were so anxious for us to interfere, that I knew not how we should be justified, as the Ministers of the Gospel of peace, if we refused to attempt, at least, to induce the people, to whom we were sent, to cast away their weapons of war, and learn to love as brethren, and so fulfil the law of Christ. We were a week in performing the journey; and, having to traverse dense forests, and climb rugged mountains, and cross extensive swamps, and ford deep rivers, in the midst of heavy rains and cold winds, the task was neither easy nor pleasant. At a heathen village called Padianiwaniwa, or "the Precipice of the Rainbow," we unexpectedly had the opportunity of witnessing some of the singular customs of the country. A man of our party, who was

baptized the preceding Sunday at Kāwia, by the name of Matiu, had, about twelve months before, lost four children. A man called Mahiri was reported to have occasioned their death by witchcraft; and so firmly did the bereaved father believe the report, that he determined to have the man's life as payment. Mahiri, however, escaped for his life to Padianiwaniwa, and was kindly received by the people, who built a small fortification for him, and cut off all communication between the two places by *tapuing* the road. The path had not been travelled from that period, and was, consequently, well-nigh lost amidst rank vegetation and luxuriant foliage. Tidings of our approach speedily circulated through the settlement, and Mahiri and his friends were much alarmed, and afraid that Matiu had come for *utu*, or "satisfaction." The parties met in due form, and after certain horrid grimaces, and hideous yells, together with a drawling ditty called singing, on the part of the Heathens, Matiu stood forth and said, "My words to you are about Jesus Christ. Let the matter be finished. Jesus Christ shall be the Peacemaker between us." Thus a reconciliation was effected, and the whole ceremony concluded with a *tangi* and a feast. The *tangi* is a "crying match," in which each tries to outdo his fellow in making frightful faces and uttering whimpering sounds. The feast was chiefly of potatoes, four bushels of which we saw cooked in one oven, besides large quantities of greens and Indian corn. Having nothing better, we were obliged to strike a tin dish with a stone, to call the people together for worship. It is to be hoped that the several religious services which we held, and in which all appeared to be much interested, may have been instrumental in inducing them to renounce their superstitions, and attend to the things which belong to their peace.

Having arrived at Padupadu, the residence of Touni and Tariki, we found them sitting in state, ornamented

with white feathers, in barbarous taste, and surrounded by numerous other Chiefs, their friends; who had assembled from different places to help them on the great occasion. They were all Heathens; and said, they would resist every attack to death, to death, to death. While we were present, a message from the party seeking satisfaction was communicated to the council of war, which so excited the feelings of their savage nature, that in fierceness and defiance they distorted their faces into the most hideous forms, brandished their spears with the most menacing wildness, uttered the most horrid yells, and appeared more like incarnate fiends than human beings. By and by they simultaneously arose, and went to prepare cartridges and muskets for an engagement. It was, however, finally arranged, that we should endeavour to negotiate the business; and that if we could induce Ngatapu's party to avoid hostilities, and fire their muskets at a distance from the *pah*, they would meet as friends. Mr. Whiteley immediately went to meet the advancing army, and, after a long conference with the warriors, succeeded in bringing them to the agreement, that, since we, the Missionaries, had interfered, they would not proceed to extremities. We, that is, I and Mr. Hobbs, remained with the threatened party; who, armed with muskets, hatchets, and spears, assembled upon the hill where the *pah* is built, to await the arrival of the enemy. When Ngatapu's people came up, headed by Mr. Whiteley, they arranged themselves upon a hill opposite to that upon which the fortification stands. In the valley, between the two armies, waved the flag of peace, a white handkerchief tied to a pole, by the side of which, as the Ministers of reconciliation, we stood. I shall never forget the occasion: hundreds of savages, fighting men, appeared on either side, most of them naked, except their belt and cartridge-box, and all ready for action at a moment's notice. It was understood,

that the circumstance of either party crossing the boundary, should be regarded by the other as the signal for immediate war. In the general rush, however, in which there was much savage violence, we succeeded in keeping them apart. Then followed the firing of muskets among the surrounding hills, and a war-dance, which literally shook the ground on which we stood. From all we heard and saw of the spirit and temper of the respective tribes, the conviction is not to be resisted, that, had we not interposed, much blood would have been shed, and many lives would have been lost. It is probable, also, that the addresses which were delivered, and the devotional services which were conducted, during our visit, may have left a blessing behind them, which shall be found after many days.

In returning, we spent a Sabbath at Teitu, an extensive village in the midst of a dense forest; where the majority of the inhabitants, through the instrumentality of Native Teachers, have embraced Christianity. They have built a commodious chapel, in which service is held, not merely on the Sabbath, but every day in the week. The place is so remote from Kawia, that Mr. Whiteley had not been able before to visit it. The services we held were interesting and profitable. Twenty-one couples were united in the bonds of holy matrimony; but, having no rings, these interesting appendages were necessarily dispensed with. Thirty children and sixty-two adults, of both sexes, many of whom had met in class from the period of Mr. Whiteley's removal from Kawia, which is several years ago, were baptized. It is likely our visit will never be forgotten by the young men and maidens, the old men and children, who, on that occasion, renounced Heathenism, and were solemnly baptized in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

At Wangaroa we spent a few days. The situation of the Mission-station is excellent, and the population

numerous. There is an extensive and very promising field of usefulness. William Naylor, Mr. Wallis's principal Chief, has been a savage warrior, but, having embraced the Gospel of Christ, has become as gentle as a child. At his village, a little way from the Missionary settlement, he has built the largest and most respectable place of worship I have seen in the country.

Waikato, Manukou, and Kaipara, lay in our way home ; and at each place we met with many things worthy of notice and record ; but having, I fear, already wearied you by the length of my details, I shall reserve any additional remarks I may have to make, for some future communication.

Upon reaching Mangungu, we were exceedingly fatigued and exhausted ; but having been mercifully preserved, and graciously sustained, amidst the unrecorded and innumerable hardships and perils of the journey, and finding our families in health, and the Society in prosperity, we offered to God the sacrifice of praise, and renewed our vows to spend and be spent in the work of preaching among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.

In the autumn of this year, the Missionary brethren on the island held their Annual District-Meeting. It was a season of fraternal and harmonious intercourse, as well as of spiritual refreshment. They found, to their joy, that, notwithstanding the efforts of the Popish emissaries, and the rage of the ungodly, the Societies had increased to twelve hundred and sixty-three, with five hundred and ninety on trial. The work was prospering on all hands ; and still they needed additional Missionaries, to enter the openings which were presented in so many directions.

In November the ship "Tory" arrived in the Hokianga, with Colonel Wakefield, and the members of the expedition sent out by the New-Zealand Land Company. Colonel Wakefield called at the Mission-settlement, and gave a partial exposition of his views ; which, however philanthropic and equitable they might seem to be at that time, to the experienced minds of the older Missionaries, who knew the natives and the country well, were manifestly impracticable. Their opinion was only too well substantiated by subsequent events, when the land which had been bought of the natives, at a just price, for the Port-Nicholson Mission-station, was bought over them by the Company in a larger tract and connexion ; and a painful dispute arose, equally involving the Missionaries and the natives, which required a great deal of time and trouble to have adjusted.

Mr. Bumby took a little survey northwards as well, at the close of this year ; the interesting details of which journey are given in the annexed letter to the Missionary Secretaries :—

MANGUNGU, *December 20th*, 1839.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIRS,—Having for some time contemplated a visit to Horuru to see the infant church there, and baptize some natives, who, on account of old age and numerous infirmities, were said to be unable to come to Mangungu, a distance of about sixty miles, when the business of the District-Meeting was over, I induced Mr. Whiteley to accompany me, in connexion with Mr.

Ironside and Mr. Creed. An opportunity of sending to England offering, I forward a brief account of our expedition, particularly with the view of bringing Wangaroa, our first Missionary settlement in New-Zealand, before the attention of the Committee, as a place which I would very much like to have again enrolled in our list of Stations.

The first evening, after pulling hard for four hours, we arrived at the top of the Mangamuka river, where we left the boat hauled up on the bank, and walked through some beautiful plantations of potatoes and *kumeras* to Rotopipinai, an interesting settlement of Christian natives, with whom we held service, and spent the night. A hut was given up to us; but it was so small and disagreeable, that I made choice of the outside as my sleeping-place. The following morning, many of the Rotopipinai people accompanied us, so that we formed a numerous and respectable party. Soon after the commencement of the journey, the bottles of heaven were opened, and the rain came down in the most drenching torrents, which, together with the immense mountains we had to climb, and a deep river which had to be crossed about twenty times, rendered travelling rather laborious and disagreeable work. In the afternoon we arrived at the first native settlement, where, with some difficulty, we procured a house, about six feet square and four feet high, in the middle of which we kindled a fire; by which, having wrapped ourselves in blankets, we dried our wet clothes, and boiled the tea-kettle. Having taken food, we were refreshed, and forgot our toil and weariness in travelling up the valley: while we were delighted with the richness of the soil, and the loveliness of the scenery, sorrow filled our hearts in observing several ruined fortifications and desolated villages, from which it was evident, that the population was once much more numerous than at present. About noon we arrived at the chapel, a commodious and substantial native building, which stands in the midst of

the valley, as the house of God and the gate of heaven. The people of the surrounding settlements were soon collected, and, having long expected our visit, were delighted to see us. After partaking of some refreshment, we held service, and baptized about thirty children. In the evening we married about forty couples, and met the adult candidates for baptism, whose simple statements of their feelings and desires left no room to doubt that they were not far from the kingdom of God. At a late hour, and very weary, we lay down in a corner of the chapel, to court "tired nature's sweet restorer;" but the crying of children, and the coughing of invalids within, and the noisy conversations of natives without, which were continued all night, rendered it very difficult to sleep. Early the next morning we held service, on which occasion Mr. Whiteley preached, and I administered the rite of Christian baptism to about sixty persons of both sexes and all ranks, from Chieftains to slaves. It was a delightful season; for the Lord of hosts was present, and shed upon us of the choicest of His influences. With Mr. Whiteley, I visited an old Chief who was in dying circumstances. He said he believed in Jesus Christ, and wished to have a new heart. At his request, we baptized him, and administered to him the sacrament. I trust he will be found a brand plucked out of the fire.

After taking food, we proceeded to Wangaroa, by way of Mongonui, the Doubtless-Bay of Captain Cook, where we met with a European, who kindly lent us his boat in which to cross the harbour. We were informed that the Roman Catholic Bishop has purchased some extensive tracts of land in this neighbourhood. Night overtook us in the midst of an immense common, where there was no shelter from the inclemency of the weather, and on the side of a deep river, which the natives said it would be dangerous to attempt to cross in the dark. It was a desert place indeed. We felt ourselves to be in trying circum-

stances. It had rained hard all day, and we were almost benumbed with wet and cold. By and by, however, we succeeded in getting a fire, partook of some tea and potatoes, committed ourselves to the care of "the Keeper of Israel, who neither slumbereth nor sleepeth," and lay down beneath some bushes for the night. Though the rain frequently and heavily descended upon us, and the night was one of the most gloomy I ever spent, by the blessing of God, we sustained no injury, except feeling a little cold and stiff in the morning. Those symptoms, however, soon wore off as we prosecuted our journey; and we rejoiced in being accounted worthy to suffer hardship in seeking the salvation of souls, and for the name of the Lord Jesus. In the evening we arrived at a beautiful little settlement on the side of a fruitful hill, commanding an extensive prospect, where the natives offered one of their best huts for our accommodation, and pressed us to tarry for the night. We had intended to go to Wangaroa; but, thinking we might perhaps be useful to this hospitable people, and feeling exceedingly weary, we accepted their seasonable offer. Tidings of our visit quickly circulated through the neighbourhood, so that in the morning we had a large congregation of natives from the surrounding villages, to whom we ministered the word of life.

In walking over to Wangaroa, I was pleasingly surprised to find so many natives scattered throughout the valley. From the representations of Mr. Turner and others, I had been led to suppose that the place was well-nigh depopulated, and had become a scene of cheerless desolation. There are, undoubtedly, fewer inhabitants than formerly. The people of the Chief George, who, in 1810, murdered and ate the crew of the ship "Boyd;" who, in 1824, attacked the "Endeavour" schooner, and threatened to take away the lives of Messrs. Tyerman and Bennet, representatives of the London Missionary

Society ; and who, in 1825, plundered and destroyed the brig "Mercury;" together with their conquerors and successors, the people of the warrior E Ongi ; who, in 1827, attacked the Mission-premises, plundered the property, and drove away the Missionaries and their families, with the loss of everything but life ;—all these parties, in the righteous providence of God, have passed into eternity ; but there are their children, a goodly number, who, it is to be hoped, will be a seed to serve the Lord, a generation to call Him blessed. When Mr. Turner visited the place two years ago, he went in a boat from Mr. M'Lever's house, by the Wangaroa harbour, so that he could not judge correctly as to the population ; besides, recollections of past labours and hardships undoubtedly led him to take an unnecessarily gloomy view of the state of things ; whereas, we travelled overland, and from all I saw of the natives, both as it respects their numbers and dispositions, I am prepared to recommend most strenuously, that Wangaroa should again be occupied as a Wesleyan Mission-station. The property, though not extensive, is valuable ; and is universally acknowledged to belong to our Society, and invariably spoken of by the natives as "Mr. Turner's *kainga*." After calling upon a few respectable Europeans, who are resident in the valley, and holding service with as many of the natives as could be got together, and walking over Wesleydale, which, though deserted, has upon it so many fruit-trees and flowering shrubs, that it appears beautiful in ruins, we returned to the village where we had spent the preceding evening, earnestly desiring, and fervently praying, that the candlestick which has been removed from Wangaroa, may be speedily replaced, and kindled to greater brightness and brilliancy than ever.

The next day, after toiling through dense forests, and wading, sometimes up to the knees, and sometimes up to the chest, over extensive rivers, in the midst of steeping

torrents of rain, we encamped for the night, built a house of *nikau*, made a bed of fern, and, having kindled a large fire, were as comfortable as could be expected in such a place and in such circumstances. The following evening, after an absence of eight days, we arrived at Mangungu, as wet and dirty and weary, as rain and mire and hard walking could make us; but, by the blessing of God, we were in tolerable health, and not at all disheartened by the hardships we had met with: determined to spend and be spent in the blessed work of "making all men see what is the fellowship of the mystery, which from the beginning was hid in God, that the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs and partakers of His promise in Christ by the Gospel." It was rather an unfavourable specimen of New-Zealand travelling for Mr. Ironside and Mr. Creed; but they bore the seasoning remarkably well, and will, I doubt not, in a short time, be accomplished pedestrians. It is an indispensable qualification for a New-Zealand Missionary, that he should be a good walker.

I am, Rev. and dear Sirs,

Yours most affectionately,

JOHN H. BUMBY.

*To the General Secretaries of the Wesleyan
Missionary Society.*

Our friend, after his extensive journeys, keen observation, and intercourse with his brethren and the natives, had now formed a tolerably comprehensive and accurate idea of the field of labour which was becoming so full of interest and promise. His piety was unimpaired; it was even deepened: for now, more than ever in any part of his life, he was cast upon God in Christ as his happiness and por-

tion. In those few private communications with his friends at home which he was enabled to forward during this busy year, there are interspersed among other details occasional references to his inner life, which all speak a glowing and ardent piety: taking himself out of himself, so to speak, and depending upon the adorable Saviour; clinging to the bleeding Sacrifice; breathing after the Spirit, then breathing in the Spirit; longing for a purer flame to be kindled within him, then labouring to expend it; this was the history of his spiritual state and progress at the period we refer to. Mr. Woon, in writing to a friend at this time, says respecting him, "His health is still delicate; but his soul appears absorbed in the love of God, and labours hard to win souls for Christ. What an eloquent Preacher! and how sweet at class and the social means of grace! I think the Birmingham friends were highly favoured in him; and I suppose that there are few superior, if any, in the Connexion." His brethren were strongly attached to him; and he, in return, was as deeply concerned to promote their comfort and usefulness.

Yet he evidently had not overrated the difficulties, discouragements, and hardships of the Missionary's lot. The toil and exposure of travelling was severe to his delicate frame; the native food was often anything but inviting; and his

removal from the society of loving, intelligent, and admiring Christian circles, to that of half-civilised New-Zealanders with their (unintentional) rudenesses, and, notwithstanding the unquestioned conversion of many to Christ, their repelling habits, was a severe shock to his peculiar and nursed sensibilities. He was often observed to sigh, and be thoughtful and depressed; and some of the brethren thought that he did not feel himself at home amongst them and in New-Zealand, and were all the more careful, lest anything on their part should foster such a restlessness. As the necessary result of the kind of training he had passed through in religious society during the previous seven years, he felt far more than his brethren could the oppression of conflict with rugged, degraded, and unsentimental Heathenism on the one hand, and, on the other, the weariness of bearing with spiritual childhood. Conversion, or turning men from darkness to light, might be the work of a few days; but civilisation on a general scale requires years: it is not God's direct work, but rather a work wrought through His appointed appliance of man's accumulated fruits of Christianity. Could he have expected a higher progress by this time, a nearer approach among a band of Christian natives to the character of a Birmingham circle? Was it that he pined under the idea that he could not

yet address the natives in their own language, and anticipated great difficulty in acquiring it? Or had he been unconscious, up to this time, how necessary to his encouragement in the ministry was a large measure of affectionate response and sympathy? So different in mental and physical constitution was a contemporary in the Feejee Islands, the Rev. John Hunt,—so overflowing with life,—that he oft said to a friend, how glad he should be if every morning he could ascend the mountains nearest to his dwelling, and give forth such a shout as would fill the island. But John Bumby, with a personal piety quite equal to that of the eminent man just mentioned, was incapable of this enthusiastic tone; and it was only by resting habitually on the Rock of Ages, that he bore himself upward and onward against the roughness that assailed his progress as a Missionary. However it might be in all these respects, he was sustained and strengthened by his piety; though the New-Zealand Mission required more mental hardihood and more social sympathy with the people than he could yet bring to bear. The more he suffered, the more offering of self-denial he laid at his Master's feet; especially as he never paraded or dwelt upon his trials. He was always liable to physical perturbation; and perhaps this was the reason why he occasion-

ally indulged in that popular sedative which, not only among the New-Zealanders, but also in this country, has such a fascination in the social circles of men. He thought, though perhaps erroneously, that the moderate use of it was necessary to him. Awhile he would sit with a party of natives, sometimes lost in thought, and sometimes making himself as one of them; and then he would shake himself from his reverie, brace himself to his hallowed toil, and give every possible proof that his heart and treasure were in heaven. Indeed, there was no theme which he loved better to converse upon, than the rest which remains for the people of God. Miss Bumby, his amiable and excellent sister, managed the little household at Mangungu allotted to him, took charge of the Mission-stock, and provided, as far as possible, for his domestic comfort; but she, too, was subjected to great annoyance and trial from the waywardness of native servants.

Most of the principal places were now in a state of great excitement. The New-Zealand Company's agents had purchased large tracts of land, emigrants were arriving fast in the country, and the work of colonisation seemed to be progressing with rapidity. A new impulse was given to the timber and land trade; and many natives, formerly employed in the peaceful cultivation of their own grounds, were allured by

the hope of gain to forsake these, and put themselves in the vicinity of the Europeans, so as to carry on their new enterprise: in many cases great scarcity of food, and a moral blight, was the result; as the Missionaries had all the way expected. In the month of February, 1840, H.M.S. "Herald" arrived at the Bay of Islands, with Captain Hobson, bringing full powers, as Lieutenant-Governor, to engage with the natives, by honourable treaty, for the cession of the sovereignty of the islands of New-Zealand to Her Majesty Queen Victoria. It would appear, from a communication of Mr. Buller's, that Mr. Bumby was at this time on a short visit to the colony; but Mr. Buller had an interview with His Excellency at the Bay of Islands shortly after his arrival. The Missionaries endeavoured to make themselves acquainted, as soon as possible, with the views of His Excellency, and of the Colonial Government; inasmuch as they knew how much influence they had with the natives, and were assured that they should be appealed to by both parties on this most momentous question. They could not conceal from themselves the many real evils and dangers which would accrue to the aboriginal tribes from summary and direct colonisation by secular means; but, when they saw the broken and disturbed state of the population, the absence of proper authority,

and, most of all, when they were assured that the sincere intention of the Government was to recognise the right of the native Chiefs to the entire proprietorship of the soil, and that no portion of territory should be claimed but by equitable purchase, or some other mutual arrangement, then they deemed it better, and likely to avert worse consequences, to employ their influence in inducing the natives to engage in a treaty to the above effect. Their loyalty to their Sovereign, likewise, inclined them to accede, if possible, to the proposed changes. The Chiefs of the northern parts assembled at Waitangi, ("weeping of the waters,") near the Bay of Islands; and, fond as the natives were of pompous harangue at all times, this was an extraordinary occasion for the display of native eloquence and wisdom; for all felt that vast interests were at stake.

The Chiefs had met on a former occasion, October 28th, 1835, at Waitangi, and under the sanction of the British Resident, to assert their confederated independence as a nation; and they had received from the King of England, William IV., the acknowledgment of their flag: but the question now was, the cession of political sovereignty to Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. There was much anxious speaking, both in favour of and against the scheme; each speaker standing forth in the

circle, and delivering himself deliberately, sentence by sentence, yet with the utmost energy both of gesture and of voice. A warrior Chief, formerly a notorious cannibal, called Tarrea, who came in late, opposed the treaty with great earnestness; until at last Thomas Walker, (pronounced Tomate Waikati,) or Nene, the Wesleyan Chief, who had the utmost confidence in the Missionaries, and great confidence in the British Government, threw himself into the debate, and by his skill and wisdom carried the great majority of the audience with him; and thus the celebrated Treaty of Waitangi was made, on which the possession of the colony was based. The next day the Treaty was signed by the Chiefs. A few days afterwards, on the 11th of February, Captain Hobson proceeded to the Wesleyan Mission-house on the Hokianga, where another large meeting was convened, at which Mr. Hobbs acted as interpreter, and rendered into the native language Captain Hobson's own interpretation of the Treaty; which then received the additional signatures of one hundred and twenty principal Chiefs. The signatures of the Chiefs in the southern districts of the northern island were shortly afterwards obtained by Commissioners appointed for the purpose; and at all the other Wesleyan stations, the Society's Missionaries shared with their brethren in the north, and

with the Church Missionaries, the responsibility of encouraging the people to place reliance upon the faith of the British Government. Soon after, the native Chiefs of the middle and southern island ceded the sovereignty also ; and proclamation was made, in due form, that Her Majesty's supremacy was then and thenceforth established over the whole territory.*

* COPY OF THE TREATY OF WAITANGI :—From “Copies or Extracts of Correspondence relative to New-Zealand, &c., ordered by the House of Commons to be printed May 11th, 1841.”

“Her Majesty, Victoria, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, regarding with Her royal favour the Native Chiefs and Tribes of New-Zealand, and anxious to protect their just rights and property, and to secure to them the enjoyment of peace and good order, has deemed it necessary, in consequence of the great number of Her Majesty's subjects who have already settled in New-Zealand, and the rapid extension of emigration, both from Europe and Australia, which is still in progress, to constitute and appoint a functionary properly authorised to treat with the Aborigines of New-Zealand for the recognition of Her Majesty's sovereign authority over the whole or any part of those Islands. Her Majesty, therefore, being desirous to establish a settled form of civil Government, with a view to avert the evil consequences which must result from the absence of the necessary laws and institutions, alike to the native population and to Her subjects, has been graciously pleased to empower and authorise me, William Hobson, a Captain in Her Majesty's Royal Navy, Consul and Lieutenant-Governor over such parts of New-Zealand as may be, or

That all the Chiefs did thoroughly and intelligently understand the entire results which hereafter shall be, ceded to Her Majesty, to invite the confederated and independent Chiefs of New-Zealand to concur in the following articles and conditions:—

“Article the First.—The Chiefs of the Confederation of the United Tribes of New-Zealand, and the separate and independent Chiefs who have not become Members of the Confederation, cede to Her Majesty the Queen of England, absolutely, and without reservation, all the rights and powers of sovereignty which the said Confederation or individual Chiefs respectively exercise or possess, or may be supposed to exercise or possess, over their respective territories, as the sole Sovereigns thereof.

“Article the Second.—Her Majesty the Queen of England confirms and guarantees to the Chiefs and Tribes of New-Zealand, and to the respective families and individuals thereof, the full, exclusive, and undisturbed possession of their lands and estates, forests, fisheries, and other properties which they may collectively or individually possess, so long as it is their wish and desire to retain the same in their possession. But the Chiefs of the United Tribes, and the individual Chiefs, yield to Her Majesty the exclusive right of pre-emption over such lands as the proprietors thereof may be disposed to alienate, at such prices as may be agreed upon between the respective proprietors and persons appointed by Her Majesty to treat with them on that behalf.

“Article the Third.—In consideration thereof, Her Majesty the Queen of England extends Her royal protection, and imparts to them all the rights and privileges of British subjects.

“(Signed,) W. HOBSON.

“Now, therefore, we, the Chiefs of the Confederation of the United Tribes of New-Zealand, being assembled in

were to follow from this engagement, is what no candid person would undertake to say ; nor, on the other hand, could the good faith or honesty of the British authorities be impugned, as all possible pains were taken to make the matter clear. The compact was perhaps the best that could be made, under the circumstances ; and the Missionaries trusted to the progress of Christianity to control the events of the future.

In the year 1839 the munificent contributions of the Wesleyan Societies to the Centenary Fund, enabled the Committee of that Fund to appropriate a sum for the purpose of fitting out a vessel to navigate the South Seas, and thus serve the purposes of the Missionary Society by providing regular and certain means of communication between the colonies, New-Zealand, and the Polynesian stations. Much expense and delay had been incurred for want of such provision ; and now the brig "Triton,"

Congress, at Victoria, in Waitangi, and we, the separate and independent Chiefs of New-Zealand, claiming authority over the Tribes and territories which are specified after our respective names, having been made fully to understand the provisions of the foregoing Treaty, accept and enter into the same in the full spirit and meaning thereof.

"In witness whereof, we have attached our signatures or marks, at the places and dates respectively specified.

"Done at Waitangi, this 6th day of February, in the year of our Lord 1840.

"(512 Signatures.)"

Captain Buck, was sent out to New South Wales with a reinforcement of Missionaries, some for New-Zealand, and some for the South-Sea Islands: the movements of the vessel to be directed by Mr. Waterhouse, the General Superintendent. She sailed from Milford-Haven on the 1st of October, 1839. In due time the "Triton" safely arrived at Hobart-Town, and Mr. Waterhouse prepared for his voyage of observation, counsel, and direction, as well as confirmation, of the churches. He had to convey Mr. and Mrs. Buddle, Mr. and Mrs. Turton, Mr. Buttle, Mr. Smales, and Mr. Aldred, to New-Zealand, and leave them there; and also Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Kevern, for the Friendly Islands; and Mr. and Mrs. Williams, for Feejee.

Mr. Turner, whose labours have been so copiously alluded to in these pages, had now left for his station in Hobart-Town: he parted amid the tears and regrets of a people who had the deepest reason to regard him as far more than a father and friend. Mr. Bumby had now the full duties and responsibilities of the chairmanship devolving upon him; and in subsequent communications which he held with the brethren, and especially with the General Superintendent, the distribution, in anticipation, of the whole Missionary band, for the New-Zealand District, was as follows:—

Hokianga, (that is, Mangungu, Newark, Horuru, &c.,) John H. Bumby, John Hobbs, William Woon, Gideon Smales. *Waima*, John Warren. *Wairoa and Kaipara*, James Buller. *Wangaroa, Waipa, (West,)* Thomas Buddle, James Wallis. *Aotea*, Henry H. Turton. *Kawia and Mokau*, John Whiteley, George Buttle. *Taranaki and Kapiti*, Charles Creed. *Cloudy-Bay and Port-Nicholson*, Samuel Ironside, John Aldred. *Waikowaiti, Otago, (Middle Island,)* James Watkin.

Our friend, as the month of May opened, was anxiously expecting the arrival of the Missionary vessel, and was longing especially to greet his friend and former companion in labour, Mr. Waterhouse, once more. Often, with Mr. Woon, he made excursions to surrounding settlements, wishful to embrace every opportunity for acquiring the language; and hoping, even before he had fully acquired it, to convey some spiritual gift to the natives, through the medium of his colleague and interpreter. One Sabbath-day, when they came to a native settlement containing very few people, he pleasantly alluded to the large congregations he used to have in England; and said, "This is going after the lost sheep in the wilderness with a witness." He breathed at this time the spirit of prayer, and longed for the full enjoyment of God. His days, alas! were now well-nigh numbered; and

he might have known this, so humbly and closely did he follow Christ his Master. He called upon the Baron de Thierry, a person who had been of some note in New-Zealand affairs, and particularly as having claimed a large portion of land on the Hokianga, purchased, as he said, some years ago; but this claim was sternly resisted by the natives. The Baron received him with great courtesy, and acceded to our friend's proposal to have a religious service. He gave an impressive exhortation, poured out his soul in prayer for the whole household, and left them delighted with their guest. His sermons in English, at the chapel, were full of holy unction, mostly on death and eternity; and in class his counsels were as remarkable for their wisdom and aptness, as for their fervour. One Friday evening he broke forth there in a very animated strain, in reference to the invisible world; and said to those present, how thin was the separating veil, and how we might almost hear the spirits of just men made perfect saying, "Come up hither." Some one afterwards referred to his weary journeys and labours, and said, "Mr. Bumby, you will kill yourself." He replied, "Ah, well!—

' The fiercer the blast, The sooner 'tis past;
The troubles that come,
Shall come to our rescue, and hasten us home.'"

But his position was a very anxious one. The natives were in a very unsettled state, and the evil fruits of colonisation were rapidly developing themselves. Lured by the prospect of possessing a little money, or of obtaining European goods, they were almost everywhere disposed to sell their land to Europeans, though at that time counselled to the contrary by the Wesleyan Missionaries ; and for the same reason they disposed of their labour to the timber-merchants on the Hokianga and elsewhere ; the consequence of which was, their homes were broken up, their exposure and toil brought on new forms of affliction and disease, great numbers were carried off, and the blessed work of grace which had been begun amongst them was fearfully impaired by the spirit of trading cupidity thus nurtured by the new comers. The people could talk of nothing but bargains and prices ; and were continually being startled and excited by the application of British law, both as to the settlement of commercial questions, and the misdemeanours of individual Europeans and natives.

Mr. Woon was anxious to work the press to the utmost advantage, and to get portions of the Old Testament circulated amongst the people in the form of sections or lessons ; but the natives, under the prevailing excitement, at first left both the domestic labours of the Mission-

house, and those connected with the press, in order to gain a little extra payment as they supposed, or to gain it with more of personal independence; insomuch that Mr. Woon was obliged to let the press for awhile stand still, and was driven, for want of help, to perform the most menial offices for his family. It was some time before this annoyance and loss was relieved. Mr. Bumby and his colleague, too, to their sorrow, found some thoughtless natives who had been allured to the cause and superstitions of the Roman Catholic Bishop; and often, with the most earnest solicitude, attempted to rescue these misguided creatures from the withering grasp of Popery; but not, generally, with any encouraging hope of success. Where Popery had succeeded at all with the native mind, it had implanted its bigotry, bitterness, and superstition, rather than anything else. Still the work of conversion, though impeded, was not totally arrested by the passing fearful temptation. Distant Chiefs earnestly pleaded for Christian teaching, implored books and New Testaments; and many who died at this time, on or connected with the Missionary settlements, died in the Lord. The deepest piety, the highest wisdom, the utmost energy, were now required for the prosecution of the Mission. O how mysterious are God's judgments, to call to Himself His servants, when their presence

and aid seem most required! And yet how frequently has His church been called to record this peculiar dispensation! In the mean while, to supply a link in the history of the Mission, we present the following communication from Mr. Buller:—

KAIPARA, *February 11th*, 1840.

MY last informed you that, in accordance with the appointment of the District-Meeting, I was about to undertake a journey overland to Port-Nicholson, in Cook's-Straits, in order to make preliminary arrangements for the formation of a new station on a spot which had been previously fixed on by Mr. Bumby. Through the infinite goodness and mercy of our heavenly Father, I have the happiness to inform you that, after a period of nearly three months' absence, I have returned in health and safety to the bosom of my dear family and friends, and the people of my charge. Mr. Creed had the care of this station during my absence; and I find my family, and the affairs of the settlement, in every respect as could be wished. For this, as well as for my own preservation, and the many other blessings daily bestowed upon me, I cannot be sufficiently thankful unto that gracious Being who "performeth all things for us." To travel upwards of five hundred miles in a country like New-Zealand, is a journey, it will be supposed, which cannot be unattended with privation and toil. I found it so. Those who are accustomed to traverse only the well-defined and even roads of our native country, can form but a very inadequate idea of this. Imagine one trembling on precipices, climbing mountains, traversing wilds, plunging through bogs, wading rivers, penetrating dense, impervious forests, now drenched with rain, then burning in the sun, and travelling sometimes for days

without meeting a single individual,—and you have some conception of a long journey in New-Zealand. But, long and tedious as it was, the occasion was not devoid of interest. To the mere lover of nature, the diversified scenery and very romantic character of this highly-interesting country, would have afforded an ample compensation for his toil. To the Christian traveller, who can “look through nature up to nature’s God,” the effect is greatly heightened; for, while pursuing his solitary route, and admiring the inimitable beauties of the scene, with filial adoration, he can say, “My Father made them all.” But to the Christian Missionary it is fraught with interest of the highest kind. I felt that I was employed on an important and a glorious errand, and happily realised the heavenly presence of Him who hath declared to his servants, “Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world.” And above all was I delighted by the pleasing prospects which I beheld among the people wherever I arrived. They far exceeded my most sanguine expectations. As a Missionary, I was hailed with every expression of delight and demonstration of joy. The desire of the people for religious instruction is very general, and their importunity for books even troublesome: “Give me a book, give me a book,” was the cry reiterated in my ears at whatever place I visited. Their apparent joy at my appearance among them could not have arisen from the hope of receiving any pecuniary benefit; for that they did not expect or receive: but afforded a practical comment on Isaiah lii. 7, “How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!”

As far as Kawia, I was favoured with the company of Mr. Whiteley, who was returning home from our District-Meeting. I spent several days with him and Mr. Wallis

on their respective stations at Wangaroa and Kawia, and was greatly encouraged at beholding the success of their labours in those places. The work of the Lord is in great prosperity around them. Leaving Kawia, I proceeded by an inland route (as being the nearest) to Wanganui, on the sea-coast, on my way to Port-Nicholson. My course led me quite into the heart of the country; and for several days I travelled over a tract of land of the richest description, which, for fertility and beauty, can scarcely be surpassed. I passed through several villages in connexion with Mr. Whiteley's station, at each of which the people had renounced "the hidden works of darkness," and had erected a sanctuary for the Lord of hosts. But as we drew nearer to Taupo, (which lies nearly in the centre of the northern island,) the country assumed another aspect: for the most part it was barren and desolate, and altogether depopulated. It was once occupied by a numerous tribe, of whose residence, however, no monument remains but that of their ruined fortifications. War has spread its desolating influence; and, in answer to the inquiry, "Where are the people who formerly lived here?" you are informed, "They have been killed and eaten, enslaved, or driven away." Blessed be God, the Gospel of peace has triumphed over the demon of war, and they have in general learned to "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks." I thought this prophecy remarkably fulfilled, when, as was frequently the case, I saw the barrel of a musket used as a bell to summon the people of the village to the house of prayer. I met one morning a party of about forty persons, principally Chiefs from the neighbourhood of Taupo, on their way to the Mission-stations for books and instruction.

I spent a Sabbath on the north side of Taupo, on which occasion I was highly gratified. We had been

travelling several days over a desolate country; the Sabbath dawned upon us; and my poor lads, having consumed their food, now complained of hunger. We had the prospect of being at least three days without food, did we pursue our direct course; but there was a small village within half a day's journey on our right; and, though Sunday, I felt compelled to make towards it. We therefore followed its direction, but without the semblance of a path to indicate our approach to the abode of man. After a very toilsome walk, we arrived at this solitary place. It was a most sequestered spot: its situation lay at the foot of a lofty and woody mountain, named Titiraupenga, and was concealed from view by a dense and noble forest, stretching out before it. In this lonely place about twenty individuals reside. It was originally selected, as its appearance would indicate, as a place of refuge from the ravages of war. I had no idea of meeting with any appearance of Christianity here; but my surprise was only equalled by my delight, when, as emerging from the dark shades of the dreary forest, the sonorous responses of this isolated people fell upon my ears: they were worshipping the God of heaven and of earth! They received me gladly, and I had an opportunity of unfolding to them the great truths of the Gospel, and supplying them with a few books. These people, like many others, have been persuaded to "turn from idols to serve the living and true God," through the instrumentality of our converted natives. On the following day several of them accompanied us through the wood, where we found two more villages, the inhabitants of which were inquiring after the God of their salvation. They were, in general, exceedingly poor; their huts, their clothes, &c., being of a very inferior kind; but they are seeking after the "true riches."

On the ensuing Wednesday we found ourselves at Taupo. Taupo is a magnificent lake, covering a surface

of at least two hundred miles. It is evidently the effect of a violent volcanic eruption at some remote period. Its neighbourhood abounds with hot springs and boiling pools; and the stupendous volcanic mountain, Tongariro, is still in action, sending forth its smoky volumes. The country in this part is very mountainous. Adjacent to Tongariro is the snowy mountain, Ruapaka, or Paretaitonga, whose crested summit, rising into the clouds, is discernible from the sea on either coast. Shocks of earthquakes are frequently felt at Taupo; but the natives, little conscious of the cause, have been in the habit of regarding them as tokens of fruitful seasons.....

The next Sabbath I spent at a populous village on a smaller lake, to the west of Taupo. The people had never before been visited by an European, nor did they know much of Christianity. They, however, listened with apparent attention to the "words of eternal life;" and I distributed some books among them. I had not been long in this village, when a Chief entered my tent with an expression of earnestness depicted on his countenance, and said, "Give me a book." He then, directing my attention to his arms, which had been dreadfully lacerated, proceeded to tell me that he had been long serving the evil spirit, but had ever been deceived; and now that I had come, he was determined to renounce the devil, and have recourse to Jesus Christ, and had therefore come for a book. He had lately lost an infant child, which was the occasion of his arms being so cut; and his wife was now in a lingering condition. He had had recourse to every remedy suggested by the superstitions of the Priests; but, despairing of success, was now determined to abandon his "refuge of lies." I went to see his wife, whom I found labouring under consumptive illness. I gave her some medicine, and trust the Lord would overrule the circumstance for their good. What a picture of degradation does human nature exhibit, when

we are introduced to a knowledge of the debasing superstitions which enthral the heathen mind, "without hope, and without God in the world!"

Leaving Rotoaera, (the name of the last-mentioned lake,) we travelled nearly five days without meeting a single inhabitant, or the vestige of a dwelling. Our road lay partly along the foot of the snow-clad mountain, but chiefly through an extensive and uneven forest, whose close umbrageous foliage rendered it almost impenetrable, even to the solar rays. This forest led us to the winding and rapid river of Wanganui, whence our road lay along the sea-coast to Port-Nicholson. Although in the interior the population is so thin, here the people are very numerous; along the coast, from Wanganui to Waikanae, inclusive, a distance of about sixty miles over a beautifully level and sandy beach, intersected by several small rivers, there are, at the very lowest computation, three thousand souls, and among them the same prevailing desire for religious instruction and books. I found a number of neat chapels, in which they statedly assemble for worship: numbers of them could read well, and many had learned to write. Of course, much rudeness and ignorance still exist among them; but, considering their circumstances, having never been favoured with the instructions of an European Missionary, I could not but think them to be in a very pleasing and promising condition, and was often led to say, "Behold, the fields are white unto harvest." I was received by them as a messenger from God; and could I have gratified their wishes by sojourning awhile at each village, my journey would have been protracted indeed. This pleasing change is but of recent date, and was effected through the instrumentality of means apparently the most inefficient. Previous to the visit of Messrs. Bumby and Hobbs, about nine months ago, no European Missionary had ever been in this neighbourhood, or among any of this people; but

a few of them had accidentally been placed in the vicinity of the Mission-stations, (such as slaves formerly dragged away from their home and friends,) and had since returned, and, like the woman of Samaria, had invited their friends and neighbours to an acquaintance with the Saviour of the world. Thus, in the spirit of inquiry do they accost us, in effect saying, "Sir, we would see Jesus." Truly, "it is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." But Satan is not idle: he has been endeavouring to restore his falling kingdom, by exciting the tribes to war. Some disputed land was the original cause of bad feeling between two tribes; and, with the intention of extirpation, one came upon the other before dawn, while they were asleep; a sharp engagement ensued, about sixty lives were lost, and the aggressors were defeated. The Rev. H. Williams, who arrived here in the Church-Mission schooner just afterwards, succeeded in establishing peace; and I trust the arch-enemy is foiled, though the parties are still very suspicious of each other. Mr. Hadfield, of the Church Mission, has fixed his residence with one of those tribes. I called on him, and he received me very courteously. But "what is one among so many?"

I spent a day on the island of Kapiti, and then proceeded to Port-Nicholson. On my arrival there, I learnt that the land which had been formerly agreed on by Mr. Bumby as the site of a Mission-station, had been disposed of to the "New-Zealand Land Company." But, on inquiry, it appeared that the actual proprietors of that spot had not sold, or agreed to sell; but that certain other Chiefs had undertaken to sell the entire harbour, &c., and apportion the payment according to the right possessed by the different claimants. The proprietors of the "Aro" (the name of the place in question) had not signed the deed, nor consented to the sale: only two out of the six had taken the payment. A house had been

built on the place for us, and they were very anxious for me to remain among them.

Port-Nicholson is a very fine harbour for shipping, and affords a very eligible site for a town ; but the land available for agriculture around it is exceedingly limited. The natives are not numerous, but are well-disposed towards Christianity. The "New-Zealand Land Company" claim the entire harbour, &c., reserving one-tenth for the benefit of the natives ; and it will undoubtedly be very shortly peopled by Europeans. The "Aurora," with one hundred and eighty emigrants, arrived while I was there, to whom I had an opportunity of preaching on board the ship. I hope they may prove a pretty well ordered community. I was happy to perceive among them a prevailing desire to be near a Mission-station. Many of them, however, appeared to labour under very serious misapprehension on account of the natives ; and some observed to me, "If there be not an English Missionary here, I do not know what will become of us." It is certainly of great importance, that a Missionary, understanding the language, feelings, &c., of the natives, should be there at this critical period, both for the sake of the colonists and the aborigines, and especially to operate as a check against any collision taking place between them ; for the sudden arrival of such a concourse of Europeans is perfectly new and unexpected on the part of the New-Zealanders, and calculated to create concern. I felt much disposed to remain there, in order to lend my feeble services ; but the circumstances of the place having so altered since I was appointed by the District-Meeting, I felt it my duty to return home, not knowing what other arrangements might be thought desirable. I intended to return by way of Taranaki, and should have been greatly gratified with a visit to the shattered tribes of that interesting portion of the land, the tragic scene of many sanguinary wars. I had an

opportunity, however, of seeing several Chiefs from that quarter, who informed me, that all the people had embraced Christianity, but were still in great fear of their old enemies ; and as soon as a Missionary should settle among them, they would flock around his standard. I should have been glad to visit them ; but as I expected the "Triton" would be soon at Hokianga, I embraced the opportunity of engaging a passage in the schooner "Atlas," which was bound for the Bay of Islands, whither, after six days' boisterous passage, we arrived in safety on the Sabbath morning. I spent the day at Paihia, the Church-Mission station, where I had the honour of being introduced to his Excellency Lieutenant-Governor Captain Hobson, who had a few days before arrived in H.M. frigate "The Herald." On the Monday I hastened home, by way of Hokianga ; and was glad to find all our dear friends there in good health. Mr. Bumby had not returned from the colonies ; but we are in daily expectation of his arrival with the "Triton," whose appearance we shall hail with gratitude and joy.

The present is certainly a very important era in the history of New-Zealand,—it is a momentous crisis,—and its political condition assumes a very serious character. Christianity has rendered it a safe residence for Europeans ; which was found not to be the case a few years ago, when the original New-Zealand Land Company made a fruitless attempt to establish a colony. Enterprising men are now directing their attention to this fine country, and Europeans are flocking to it daily in considerable numbers, both from England and the colonies of New South Wales, South Australia, and Van-Diemen's Land ; so that it will doubtless, ere long, be populated by white men. What may be the ultimate results, it is difficult to conjecture. Missionaries, under the present circumstances of the country, require, in a pre-eminent degree, to be "wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."

We need your prayers. I never felt more sensible, than at the present moment, of the wisdom and importance of your regulations respecting the purchasing of land by your Missionaries; and I feel quite happy that not one Wesleyan Missionary in this country possesses an inch of land. The Roman Catholic Bishop and his coadjutors here are ready to employ any means to advance and disseminate the influence of Popery. Notwithstanding all their efforts, they have not yet done much among the people, though with the utmost impudence they pretend to have proselyted to the "Catholic faith" nearly one-half of the entire population. As an antidote to their pernicious system, we have much to hope from an extensive circulation of the word of God, which is now eagerly received in every part of the land, but especially from the valuable addition to the amount of Missionary labour which I am happy to perceive you have so wisely appointed. May the Lord, in mercy, save New-Zealand from the grasp of Popery! I humbly hope, that He who is the "Governor among the nations" will overrule all passing events for His own glory, and the ultimate interests of the poor natives.

CHAPTER VII.

HIS LAST DAYS.

AT last, on the 10th of May, 1840, the "Triton" safely arrived at the Hokianga, with Mr. Waterhouse and the Missionary party: it was an occasion of holy joy to all the brethren, and for some days the Mission families could

do little more than hold kindly intercourse, and exchange the mutual recital of their experiences, hopes, and fears; mingling the whole with those acts of social devotion in which all true Wesleyans, all the world over, so much delight.

On the 17th, the Sabbath, there was a special service at Mangungu, when the station was immensely crowded with natives. After the morning sermon, Mr. Waterhouse baptized ninety natives; and exhorted them, through the medium of an interpreter, to seek the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and to yield themselves fully to the Lord. In the afternoon a love-feast was held; when, amongst others, Nene (Thomas Walker) spoke, also William Barton, his son-in-law, and Moses, with great feeling and impressiveness, of their conversion to Christ: and while the newly-arrived brethren were enjoying the scene, and inwardly praising God for what their eyes beheld,—receiving, at the same time, the same gracious unction as was poured on the rest,—our friend, Mr. Bumby, gave out from the pulpit, with a voice faltering with emotion, the following hymn, composed in Maori, by Mr. Turner, for the Christian natives:—

*Me haere tatou nei
Ki tera wahi pai,
Ki runga ra ki Kenana
Ko reira noho ai.*

“ Let us all go
To that good place
Above in Canaan,
And there stay.

*Tera te potonga
O nga mea papai ;
Tera ano te haringa
O te Ariki pai.*

“ There’s the assemblage
Of good things ;
There’s the joy
Of the good Lord.

*Tera ra a Ihu
Te Kingi atawai,
E karanga iho ana—
E koutou, haere mai.*

“ There’s Jesus,
The merciful King,
Calling down,
‘ You, come up hither.’

*Ko reira hari ai
Te mano i te pai,
Ko reira tino kitea ai
Te Kingi atawai.*

“ There’s rejoicing
With the happy people ;
There they really see
The merciful King.

*Me wakarongo pu
Tatou nei katoa,
Me haere ki a Ihu ra
O tatou wairua.*

“ Attend fully
All of us here,
And go to Jesus
All our souls.

*Me haere tatou nei
Ki taua wahi pai,
Ki runga ra ki Kenana
Ko reira noho ai.*

“ Let us all go
To that good place
Above in Canaan,
And there stay.”

It was his first, yea, and his last, attempt to speak in Maori from the pulpit. The English rendering cannot, of course, give the exact turn of the native idiom, or enable any one to conceive of its true effect upon the native mind. It was powerfully sung, and with great unison ; nor did the newly-arrived refrain from joining. In the evening, Mr. Waterhouse preached to his brethren and the Europeans, from, “ For my thoughts are not your thoughts,” &c.,

(Isai. lv. 8—13,) a very powerful and encouraging sermon ; and, when all was over, a most blessed and delightful Sabbath, spent in gracious enjoyments, mingled with undefined fears, was brought to its close.

Our friend forgot himself in his desire to afford comfort and hospitality to his brethren : privation, toil, and care were now a sort of established and settled nature with him. The household was large ; and, to provide lodging-room for his friends, he slept in the cheerless store on the Mangungu premises, void of proper furniture, and with only a mattress and cloak, or something of the kind, thrown on the bare boards ; and he caught cold by so doing. To a New-Zealand Missionary, who had often to sleep on a bed of fern in the open air, this was nothing very extraordinary ; but those who remember what affectionate ministrations he had been accustomed to, would think of even this with pain.

It was part of Mr. Waterhouse's plan to go down the west coast to Kawia, and there leave the New-Zealand Missionaries, before he proceeded onward to the islands ; and Mr. Bumby decided so far to accompany him, and then return from Kawia, after the "Triton" had gone, to Mangungu by an overland route. In order to supply many interesting particulars, we may here introduce Mr. Waterhouse's jour-

nal, as giving the best links to this portion of our narrative :—

APRIL 23d, 1840.—I embarked on board the Wesleyan Missionary ship “Triton,” accompanied by the Rev. Messrs. Buddle, Buttle, Turton, Smales, and Aldred, with Mrs. Buddle and Mrs. Turton, for New-Zealand; the Rev. Messrs. Wilson, Kevern, and their wives, for the Friendly Islands; and Mr. and Mrs. Williams, for Feejee.

The morning was fine, my wife and several members of our family, with the Rev. Messrs. Turner, Longbottom, Manton, and many other friends, accompanied us down the Derwent, when we sang a hymn; Mr. Turner commended us in prayer to the care of Him whom winds and seas obey, and we parted: a time not to be forgotten! At seven P.M. we had tea; and, after reading the Scriptures and prayer, made an arrangement for our regular devotional exercises, &c., and spent the remaining part of the evening in adjusting matters in our berths, &c.

24th.—All the passengers sick.

25th.—Out at sea, sickness unabated, with unpleasant tossing to and fro.

Sunday, 26th.—Few at the prayer-meeting; no other service, so many sick. During the week; we had ship’s rolls in abundance. I read to the brethren various official documents relating to Missions; and urged on them the great importance of circumspection, as Missionaries to the Heathen, &c.

Sunday, May 3d.—Heavy gale. I preached sitting, holding myself by the table: the congregation were like Welsh jumpers, but not voluntarily so. The subject was Peter’s love tested, and Christ’s authority given him to feed the lambs and sheep: both essential for Christian Ministers!

4th.—We got sight of land near the North Cape of

New-Zealand, having drifted, while lying to, all Sunday and Sunday night.

From Tuesday to Thursday we were dodging about the coast. Our leisure time was employed in surveying the natural scenery, and in examining the erroneous maps and charts.

7th.—Crossed the Hokianga bar at four P.M. Immediately the wind ceased: we cast anchor in the narrows, with an ebb tide. The situation of the ship not allowing any seamen to man the boat, I got three New-Zealand lads, whom we had taken from Mr. Turner's, at Hobart-Town, and two of our brethren, to take me in our boat, in search of Mr. Martin, the pilot, who, we soon learnt, was ill in bed. Night was overtaking us, but a boat was seen at a distance, under sail. I directed them to pull with all speed, when, to our great joy, we found it was Mr. Hobbs, who, having seen a vessel, as he feared, on the rocks, and thinking it might be the "Triton," was making his way to her. I entered his boat, and quickly reached the ship, and found Captain Young, the other pilot, on board, who soon succeeded in bringing her into a place of safety. I then went with Mr. Hobbs, and reached his house about eleven P.M., where a hearty welcome was given me by his excellent wife. We talked about things new and old till one A.M. A ship's mattress was then placed on the table in the middle of the room; and, having had little sleep for several nights, I stretched my weary limbs, anticipating a comfortable time; but the rats, as though it had been the dawn of their jubilee, were merrier than welcome. I looked, like the watchman, for the morning; and no sooner did the day dawn than I rose from the table, girded myself, and, having implored the blessing of God, walked into the bush, where I was greeted by a powerful native, finely tattooed, whose eye beamed with delight: he accompanied me to a native hut, where having room to stand, I judged it

the best position to maintain a freedom from vermin. I gazed on a group of human beings, men, women, and children, the horizontal position of all of whom was immediately changed, and each seemed desirous to be first in shaking hands. The effluvium was sufficiently powerful; and one woman, who appeared to have forgotten the days of ablution, scraped a raw kumera, of which I ate a little, and then endeavoured to point them to the God and Father of the spirits of all flesh. I then returned to Mr. Hobbs's house, and he accompanied me to the "Triton," where we took breakfast, and proceeded in his boat to Mangungu, a distance of twenty miles, up a beautiful river, skirted by the picturesque scenery of nature, bold and imposing. The native lads rowed as if for life and death. When we neared the station, the lads made the hills to echo with sounds of exultation. My old and beloved friend, Mr. Bumby, and others, welcomed me to their abode, where all were in health; and, having done justice to wholesome food, I was much interested in seeing native canoes coming towards us in every direction. We had a prayer-meeting in the evening.

9th.—Mr. Bumby being busy, I went among the natives, Mr. Woon being my interpreter. Men, women, and children came to shake hands with me, some saying I was their great Bishop; others, that I was their exceeding great father. Two or three of the leading Chiefs, surrounded by a great number of natives, formed a circle. I sat down, while they, in blankets, and at full length, were reclining on the left elbow, except the Chiefs, who sat on their heels, with keen eyes, and pierced me through and through. They were delighted to learn that I had a wife, ten children, and a grandchild. Mr. Woon told them that I was "the General Superintendent," &c. This appellation Thomas Walker, the Chief, termed, *kai taiki*, signifying "protector or keeper;" and said, if I

was their keeper, I ought to bring Mrs. Waterhouse and my family, select a piece of ground, build a house, and learn the language, preach the word, meet classes, and keep supplies for the people, and then I should indeed be their keeper. Mr. Woon said, I was also *kai taiki* of the Missionaries. The Chief said, that was very good. He then said, "Before the Missionaries came, we went to all parts of the land, to kill and devour our countrymen. My hand was against every man, and every man's hand was against me. I delighted in the blood of others, and never went forth but to scatter, tear, and slay; but since I heard of Jesus Christ and His Gospel, I have desired to publish peace, and have gone to different parts of the land, to persuade the people to turn to God." He then appealed to a Chief belonging to another tribe, with whom he used to contend, for the truth of his assertion; and added, "That Chief has now given up his heathenish practices, and wishes to be baptized, that he may get rid of his old name, and have a new one." When I rose to leave them, they wished me to sit a little longer. I did so, and expressed the pleasure I felt in witnessing the triumphs of the Cross.

The Roman Catholics are doing all that flesh and blood can do to beguile them from their simplicity. Ebenezer, a native, was printing off some books at the press, in Mangungu, the other day, when some of the Bishop's people (the Papists) passed by, and laughed at him for attaching himself to our Mission. He looked at Mr. Woon while they were mocking him, and quoted that passage of Scripture, "For without are dogs." There is a shrewdness about them; but the power of habit forms a great impediment in the way of Missionaries. The natives love to herd together; and to induce them to practise European customs will be very difficult.

Sunday, 10th.—I am fifty-one years of age this day; a poor, feeble worm of the earth! O Lord, be Thou my

helper! At nine A.M. I attended the adult school, and was delighted to hear the natives read so well, and to witness their general good conduct. At ten, the large bell rung, and the chapel was immediately filled. Some of the hearers were wrapped in blankets; a few were attired in European dresses: but their tastes differed as to the mode of putting them on. Some had coats with one sleeve in front, and the other in the rear, fastened by a hook-and-eye to the collar, the front opening to the right side: some had a harmless feather in the hair: but all of them seemed devotional. The Liturgy was read; and the responses seemed delightful, beyond anything I had heard in England. Mr. Hobbs preached, evidently with great readiness, and a holy unction, which his congregation felt. I then addressed them, and Mr. Hobbs interpreted; and having engaged to preach to the Europeans the following Sunday, Mr. Buddle attended to that department in the afternoon; and Mr. Creed conducted the native service in the evening, much to his credit: afterwards Mr. Ironside married a couple robed in their blankets. Much, very much, has been done for this degraded people; but much more is wanted for the best of them.

11th.—I attended to various matters belonging to the ship, and made arrangement for expediting our voyage, the circumstances of several of our party requiring haste.

12th.—I went with the Mission-party to Mr. Mariner's, a kind friend, about a mile from the Mission-station; and returned to dine at Mr. Bumby's, where ample provision was made in memory of my birthday, and the greatest kindness was shown me by all parties. To live in their affections is pleasing. While singing in our social circle at night, a native exclaimed, "Mr. Woon's voice is like the westerly wind! it blows strong!"

13th.—I spent the morning in filling up my journal,

and in addressing a few hurried lines to the Committee. We held a prayer-meeting in the evening.

14th.—I spent the morning in adjusting matters in my cabin, and ascertaining from Mr. Buller the state of things at Kaipara. We breakfast at nine, and dine at four; so that our mornings are long. Miss Bumby has to provide daily for twenty of the Missionary party: she does it with great cheerfulness, and in a manner highly to her credit.

15th.—The morning is very wet. I had arranged to go to Waima, Mr. Warren's station, distant twenty miles; but am hindered. At five P.M., the rain having abated, I set out, accompanied by five of our party, and three native lads, in a small boat. Leaving the Hokianga about five miles from the Mangungu station, we entered the Waima river, beautifully skirted on either hand with fine scenery, but wanting the industry of man to make it profitable. We passed several native villages, their huts being faintly discovered by the shining of the moon. Their attention was attracted by our singing, and at the last place a signal was given for us to go to the river-side: immediately two powerful natives sprang into the boat; we shook hands heartily with each, and, when they learned that we were going to Mr. Warren's, they became our pilots. This was the more acceptable, as the river in this part is remarkably serpentine, and not one of us knew the locality of the house; besides, we were thoroughly saturated with the heavy showers that had fallen, except those who were fortunate enough to have their Mackintosh cloaks. Between eight and nine o'clock we landed, wet and weary, as each had in his turn assisted in rowing; and were led through the bush, which was almost flooded with water,—the reeds, rushes, and brushwood relieving themselves on our garments of the superabundance of wet that had fallen. Being near the house, we stopped and made the hills echo with

these words, "My God, the spring of all my joys," &c. Mrs. Warren had heard us, Mr. Warren having gone to bed. At last we obtained shelter, with a joyous welcome; but we had no fire, there being no chimney in the building. We went to the adjoining hut, where their victuals are cooked by a fire in the middle of the room; which having no chimney, the smarting of our eyes in consequence of the smoke soon compelled us to retire; and, Mr. Warren's house having only two rooms, we occupied one without furniture, and they the other. Mrs. Warren had been only a fortnight confined: I was much afraid of her being injured, especially as she was so concerned that they had no bread or meat to set before us. After a while, the natives brought us a large pan full of potatoes and kumeras: upon these, with the addition of tea, we made our supper. The establishment not being supplied with a complement of spoons, &c., for so large a party, we lent each other a friendly aid; and closed the day with reading and prayer. The floor was to be our bed; and, living in good fellowship, each man used his discretion in the selection of a place; I, as the senior, being allowed a mattress. Being young travellers, we had taken no blankets with us; and, our coats and cloaks being wet, we were a little at a loss. Mrs. Warren kindly lent me a flannel sleeping-gown; and, being in the posture in which persons usually repose, we looked for "tired nature's sweet restorer:" but the buzz of mosquitoes gave the alarm, and the black jumpers made our bodies the place of their merriment. Nor did the solemn hour of midnight remain undisturbed: the goat, feeling the cravings of nature, pushed at the back-door which was supported by a piece of wood; it fell, and without ceremony she came to eat the Indian corn on which one of the brethren slept, and then retired. At four o'clock we girded ourselves, and prepared for another day's toil. A little after seven we breakfasted on

pork, potatoes, and tea; and, having engaged in family devotion, made our way to the boat, which we found in safety. Having come to the residence of a heathen Chief, who had visited Mangungu a few days before to see me, we went ashore, and were welcomed by him and his tribe. Mr. Buller addressed them, and they seemed greatly interested in what he said. On bidding them farewell, each seemed anxious to shake hands. Several were venerable with age, having the marks of ancient warriors. On re-entering the boat, we united in hymning the praises of God: they all arose, their countenances beaming with delight; and when we had done, they waved their hands, which was returned by our party till distance removed us from their sight. At two P.M. we reached home in safety, our appetites being no worse for the journey. In the evening the candidates for baptism were examined, and an animated and powerful address was given by Moses, a Chief from Waima.

Sunday, 17th.—At nine o'clock I addressed the natives outside the chapel: Mr. Buller interpreted. They said it was good, and wished me to continue; but the chapel-going bell reminded us of the hour for public worship in the house of God. Immediately the place was filled, and many were compelled to remain outside. I counted six hundred natives in the chapel. At prayers the responses were as delightful as on the former occasion. Mr. Buller preached; after which, Mr. Ironside read the Baptismal Service, and asked the usual questions. Ninety persons presented themselves, as candidates, each holding a paper on which was written the name which they had severally chosen. Each name being announced in order, I applied the water, Mr. Bumby pronouncing, in their own language, "We baptize you," &c. Nor were we forgotten in the names which they had chosen; such as John Waterhouse, &c. I addressed them on the necessity of their seeking a new heart, now that they

had received a new name ; and showed that, being now professedly Christians, they must seek to possess the Spirit of Christ, to imitate the example of Christ, and keep the sayings of Christ.

At two o'clock our native lovefeast began : the chapel was crowded, and about thirty spoke with great fluency and animation. When one was closing his testimony to the efficacy of the Gospel, another sprang from the ground like an arrow from a bow ; not a second of time was lost. At half-past four, I addressed them again on relative duties ; and, having to preach to Europeans at five, we parted. We had a good company at the English service, composed of the Missionary party, the settlers, and natives. I felt much freedom in preaching from Isaiah lv. 8—13. Mr. Bumby prayed ; and we repaired to the Mission-house, sang a hymn at the request of the natives, conversed on the interesting day we had spent, read the Scriptures, prayed, and then retired, thankful to God for all His mercies.

18th.—I conversed with several of the Chiefs, and made some arrangements for the subsequent part of our voyage. I met the brethren in the evening, read over the "Twelve Rules of a Helper," and delivered some general remarks on the work of the ministry.

19th.—I addressed the following letter to the Governor :—

" TO HIS EXCELLENCY CAPTAIN HOBSON, LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF NEW-ZEALAND.

" SIR,—I had intended waiting on your Excellency, in company with my honoured friend the Rev. J. H. Bumby, to express our satisfaction and pleasure in your appointment to the onerous office of Lieutenant-Governor of New-Zealand, and to assure you that it will at all times be a pleasure to the Wesleyan Missionaries to further your benevolent designs.

"I am on my way, with five additional Missionaries, to Kawia, Taranaki, Kapiti, and Port-Nicholson; then to the Friendly Islands, where I place some others; and finally to the Feejee Islands. The circumstances of their excellent wives will not admit of any delay: this will be a sufficient apology to your Excellency for our not doing what, under other circumstances, we should have felt it to be our duty and honour to do.

"I therefore, on the behalf of the Rev. J. H. Bumby, our chief Minister in New-Zealand, and the fifteen Missionaries under his care, beg to assure you of the cheerful co-operation which they will afford by any influence they can exert for the accomplishment of the important objects you have in view.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your Excellency's faithful servant,

"JOHN WATERHOUSE.

"*Wesleyan Mission-House,*
"*Mangungu, May 19th, 1840.*"

At noon the "Triton" weighed anchor, and, the wind being unfavourable, she dropped down the river about a mile the first tide. I remained on shore, and addressed a letter to the Committee.

20th.—Seven A.M. The "Triton" went down in the night-tide; so that Mr. Bumby and myself must proceed in a few hours.

It was amusing to see their various tastes in dress. John Wesley had trousers on; then a shirt over them; and a waistcoat over his shirt, the laps hanging down like a surplice. Many of them have the tooth of a pig for an ear-ring.

The native huts are formed of a few rough posts, on which the roof rests; and then they are covered with a kind of reed or strong grass, the sides being made of reeds. The ground is their bed, a native mat or blanket

their covering. There is a small opening at one end for ingress and egress, a fire in the middle, but no chimney; so that you have the *benefit* of smoke as well as heat. They herd together in a disgusting way; and various troublesome nuisances are the consequence. Their food consists of potatoes, kumeras, and roots of various kinds. The native oven is a hole dug in the earth, of the shape of a basin, about eighteen inches deep, and three or four feet in diameter. This is filled and heaped up with wood, small stones being placed on the top. The wood is burnt to ashes, by which means the stones become very hot. The stones are then taken out, and water poured on the remainder; immediately all is covered with a species of green wet grass or fern. The pork, fish, or whatever the food may be, is then put in, and the hot stones are placed on the top, and the kumeras or potatoes over them; the whole is covered with grass or native baskets, and buried with earth until no steam is seen to escape. In this state it remains, until the bursting forth of the steam through the covering of earth is the signal for the appetite having a speedy supply. More generally, however, vegetables only are the food which they are able to provide. I partook of some of their kumeras thus cooked: they were beautifully done, and the natives seemed much pleased at my eating with them.

21st.—I left Mangungu yesterday at three o'clock in a boat, and reached the "Triton," about twenty miles down the river, at eight P.M. This morning, the wind being unfavourable, but the weather fine, we went on shore, and, after considerable fatigue in perambulating the country, reached the residence of Captain Young, our pilot, where we had comfortable refreshment. In the afternoon we went, with Mr. Bumby and several brethren, to Mr. Hobbs's house, and thence to a heathen village called Paknai, situated near a lonely valley which they had cultivated. They had been urged to embrace

the Popish heresy: the result was that they set themselves in array against every form of Christianity. I urged one of the Chiefs to come to Christ, the Saviour of the world: he replied, "Give me plenty of tobacco, and then I will believe strongly!" Their state is deplorable.

We walked round the Mission-ground, containing from fifty to one hundred acres, and much valuable land. If Mr. Hobbs had a yoke of oxen and a plough, he would teach the natives to cultivate land,—a most desirable thing. We took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Hobbs, and returned to the vessel.

22d.—The wind is still unfavourable. We had a ramble on the sand-hills in the morning: in the afternoon we went to examine the flag-staff, a miserable-looking thing; and called, on our return, at Omarapirai. We ascended a steep precipice, and were welcomed by the Chief and others. He told us, he had buried ten children, and that he loved Jesus Christ. We sang a few verses, with which they all seemed delighted: we then returned to the ship, and, at two in the morning, crossed the Hokianga bar.

23d.—We are now out at sea, amidst an almost entire calm; but several of our company seem disposed to be sick.

Sunday, 24th.—The morning is favourable. Mr. Bumby preached an encouraging sermon on the doctrine of Divine Providence. Mr. Ironside preached in the evening. Towards midnight the wind increased nearly to a gale. We were about twenty miles from Kawia. It continued for thirty-six hours: all the passengers were sick. Three men were stowing the jib, when, by a sudden jerk of the ship, they were all thrown into the water; but, each retaining his hold, they rose unhurt. For the last twelve hours, we had little prospect but of a lee-shore on an iron-bound coast. At length the wind took a favourable change; and, on Wednesday morning,

we found ourselves driven back nearly twenty miles south of Hokianga. We tossed to and fro till Thursday morning, not knowing whether it would be best to go round the North Cape to the Bay of Islands. A little before seven A.M. I called the Captain up, and had a consultation with him and Mr. Buck, the chief Mate: his views were exceedingly gloomy. I said, "Well, come! we must have a little faith, and its legitimate fruit, works." After pausing a little, he said, "Come then, Mr. Buck, about ship." Immediately the wind became a little more favourable; and at five o'clock that evening we crossed the bar at Kawia, and at six anchored in safety, with dreadful weather out at sea. The Captain came to me, and said, "Sir, I am much obliged to you for the self-possession you displayed this morning, and the advice you tendered. Under God, we are indebted to you for our safety this night." As I had felt great diffidence in speaking to him on the subject of our making another attempt to reach Kawia, such a declaration was the more gratifying. We sang our usual doxology, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," &c.; and at the family altar, "This, this is the God we adore," &c.

29th, Royal-Oak day.—We feel thankful to our heavenly Father that the "Triton" and all hands are in safety. Last night we had torrents of rain and awful lightning, with the wind dead on the shore. Mr. Bumby, having gone, on our coming to anchor, with the whale-boat and native lads, to Mr. Whiteley's, returned this morning; and about eleven A.M. I went with him and Mr. Whiteley to the Mission-house. A hurricane overtook us: it was awfully grand, but we were held in safety. Mrs. Whiteley gave me a hearty welcome, which, with a good fire of wood, a sharpened appetite, wholesome provision, and a cheerful and thankful heart, made it a paradise. When at dinner, the floods de-

scended in a manner I had rarely seen. The vessel, I understood, was awfully shaken. Towards evening, the weather became more favourable; and I took a bird's-eye view of the surrounding scenery,—wild and beautiful, far, very far, exceeding that of Mangungu.

The Mission-premises are delightfully situated; and the house, when finished, will be a plain, comfortable building, with patriarchal simplicity in its furniture and inmates. Three of the brethren came in the evening: the Prophet's small room was my abode, with a hard, thin mattress. Mr. Bumby and the other strangers were in another room; but our supplies would only allow of a blanket between them and the boards. The new comers felt it rather hard; but indulgence is not the order of the day. Their appetites, however, were not lost: the breakfast reminded us that they were in unimpaired vigour. About eleven o'clock the preceding evening, I felt an involuntary shock, like the sudden lurch of a ship; and as Mr. Whiteley had been telling me that they had experienced this year three slight shocks of an earthquake, I concluded it to be one. In the morning Mr. Whiteley asked if I had felt it: several others gave testimony to it, so that my opinion was confirmed.

30th.—The weather has become more favourable. Some of the bedsteads, mattresses, &c., have come ashore: all hands are at work to provide for the females, who must all, for the present, sleep in one room.

A Chief from Autea has come to me for a Missionary. I never witnessed such pressing importunity. I reasoned on my inability to meet his case; but he met me, on every turn, in a most acute manner, sticking to his text better than many Preachers. If he had been seen and heard in an English congregation, the result would have been to his heart's content. Missionaries and books are matters of urgent desire. Send them Testaments. "Pook-a, Pook-a," is the constant cry.

Joseph Whiteley, a Christian native, was engaged as our pilot at Kawia. He slept on deck with the other natives, who were accompanying Mr. Bumby. On our coming to the bar at Kawia, Joseph felt all the dignity of office, and pointed out admirably the shallows, mud-banks, &c.: his services were valuable. He made his demand for remuneration; and, on paying him, I wished to have a receipt from him; of which the following is a literal translation:—

“Received the shillings of the Waterhouse by me, eight shillings, a payment for my piloting the ship here. This is all my speech to you, O my Chiefs!

“From JOSEPH the Pilot.”

Sunday, 31st.—We went with Mr. Whiteley to Mahoe, in a boat, up the Waiharakeke river about six miles. The scenery was lovely; and there were wild ducks in abundance. The natives assembled in a large building: the earth was our pulpit, seats, &c. There was a small door-way, but no windows. Most of the natives, on coming in, fell on their knees; and, having performed the silent part of their devotions, they sat partly on their heels, their knees supporting the breast, while every eye was fixed on us. Mr. Whiteley read prayers: harmony and heart went together, as usual, in their responses. I addressed them, and Mr. Whiteley interpreted. The stillness and attention of all was pleasing, especially in the boys and girls from two to eight years of age. All seemed thoughtful and devout. At the close, an interesting man and his wife came with their child, wishing it to have my name; which was given him in baptism accordingly. Returning down the river, we called at a heathen village: they flocked round us to shake hands. But one tall woman, about fifty years of age, without a moment's notice, placed her nose on mine, with her powerful arm

round my neck, making at the same time a plaintive noise. Thus, unexpectedly, I passed through the ordeal of rubbing noses ; and hope now to be, like the man who has once crossed the Line, freed from any similar operation. I endeavoured to point them as sinners to Jesus Christ, and then we hastened homeward.

In the afternoon we had native service at Kawia : the congregation was not so large as usual, on account of the heavy rains that had fallen. Mr. Bumby gave out the hymn ; Mr. Whiteley prayed ; and I addressed them through the medium of Mr. Whiteley, who concluded that part of the service with an exhortation. George Morley, one of Mr. Bumby's native men, engaged in prayer,—humble, fervent, solemn, and impressive. Mr. Ironside had preached in the morning.

At half-past five P.M. I preached in Mr. Whiteley's house to the Mission-party, a few Europeans, and the sailors ; and endeavoured to encourage the brethren by remarks on Psalm cxxvi. 5, 6 : "They that sow in tears," &c. We partook of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper together, and found it a profitable season. The Missionaries here need much encouragement. Before embarking in such a work, they should all (men and women) accompany John the Baptist into the wilderness, and, taking his life for their rule, count the cost ; then they will be happy with hard work and coarse fare, in circumstances more trying than any English Minister can conceive. But it is a delightful work. If I were young, I should prefer it to all others. However, I am highly honoured in being permitted to do and suffer a little.

Monday, June 1st.—We had wet weather, and were employed in facilitating our departure. In the evening Mr. Wallis arrived, having come at considerable risk of health.

2d.—We have much rain, and are still engaged principally in arranging the berth vacated by Mr. Buddle for

myself, the stern-cabin being so excessively uncomfortable.

3d.—The rain continued. I had a meeting of all the brethren, and determined on Mr. Turton going to Autea; by which arrangement, the Chief of that place (of whom I wrote on Saturday, the 30th ult.) will have his wants supplied. Mr. Turton will have access to about a thousand natives, and will also have the advantage of Mr. Whiteley's judicious superintendence. I also accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Buddle, and Mr. Wallis, about six miles by water. Mrs. Buddle was then put in a chair, and carried, on the shoulders of natives, a two days' journey through the bush to Wangaroa. She would have to sleep in a native hut, without table, stool, or candlestick. They have taken a small mattress, and will gather a few ferns on which to place it. She wept much at our parting; but was by no means discouraged, beyond what any female, under her circumstances, and in such a situation, would have been. A thirty miles' journey, chiefly through the bush, in the depth of a New-Zealand winter, for a delicate female, expecting soon to be a mother, is no trifle. Thou God of Missionaries, vouchsafe to defend her!

4th.—The rains still descend. A company of Christian natives, with their Chief, William Naylor, have arrived on their way to Taranaki as peace-makers; a large party having gone before them, to claim Taranaki as theirs by right of conquest. They surrounded us while we sang, to their great joy, "Soldiers of Christ, arise," &c. I then told them, through Mr. Whiteley, we were glad they had abandoned their former warlike practices; and we hoped they would now become valiant soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ, and be rendered successful peacemakers on earth. They then entered their canoes, and proceeded on their journey, while we all united in preparing for our departure.

5th.—We have constant rain. The weather has been rainy ever since our arrival, the roads all but impassable, and we are all hurrying to depart. I am wet from morning to night, more like a farmer half-buried in mud, than a Minister. But we are all on our Master's business, and cheerful as larks. Had I not counted the cost, my harp would have been hung on the willows.

6th.—All hands are at work preparing to weigh anchor. Mrs. Wilson is very seriously ill, and we are quite at a loss what to do. Mr. Wilson wishes me to take on myself the responsibility of saying whether she should go forward with us, or be left at Kāwia. Every view of the subject is perplexing; but I am most inclined to our taking her again on board, as she says she is quite as well at sea. At eleven A.M. we left our kind friends, and Mrs. Wilson was taken in a chair to the "Triton." We soon dropped down to the Heads. Mr. Bumby is with us.

Sunday, 7th.—The weather being once more fine, and wind favourable, we determined, on account of Mrs. Wilson's state of health, to take advantage of the flood for crossing the bar: consequently, at nine A.M., Mr. Bumby went in a boat for Mr. Whiteley. Mr. Williams, myself, Mr. Buck, (the chief Mate,) and the second Mate, went in another boat, to take the soundings; which proved to be vastly important. We returned at half-past nine. At half-past ten we commenced service; and Mr. Bumby preached on St. Paul's lesson of contentment. About one o'clock we weighed anchor, and, with smooth water and fair wind, crossed the bar, without feeling it. Six P.M. out at sea. We held a prayer-meeting, to thank our heavenly Father for past mercies, and to implore His continued aid. This has been a lovely day; a delightful contrast with the preceding wet, dull, gloomy weather. As we were getting under weigh, I received the following letter:—

“ WANGAROA, *June 5th*, 1840.

“ REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

“ As you so kindly expressed a wish to hear from us on our arrival at Wangaroa, I send to inform you, that we reached this place about six o'clock last evening, in perfect safety, and thankful to God for His care over us. It was a very fatiguing journey for Mrs. Buddle; but she kept up her spirits to the end; though, on our arrival, she was completely exhausted, and obliged to retire immediately. We slept at Autea the first night, in what they call a chapel; and, our circumstances being new and strange, we had but little rest. The insects almost worried us, and the pigs were grunting about all night, we being separated from them only by Mr. Wallis's tent, which he kindly lent us. It was impossible to rest much: however, we felt thankful for a place of shelter. We started again yesterday morning, about nine; and, after encountering many little difficulties,—as heavy showers of rain, sticking fast in bogs, rolling down in the mud, &c.,—we arrived safely. You can form no idea of the state of the road. I think, if I had seen it before, I durst not have attempted the journey with Mrs. Buddle at present. However, we are both thankful that we have got home. Mrs. Buddle, I am happy to say, is not any worse for the journey. We received the greatest hospitality and attention from Mr. Wallis, and met with a cordial reception from Mrs. Wallis. I have no doubt we shall be very comfortable with them. We shall ever cherish a grateful remembrance of your fatherly kindness, and look forward with pleasure to the time when we hope to see you again. Mrs. Buddle joins in love to you.

“ From yours most affectionately,

“ THOMAS BUDDLE.”

8th.—The wind is favourable, but the rain is excessive. Mrs. Wilson has vomited blood several times, which has

thrown a gloom over us ; but her calm resignation to the will of God, under the most trying circumstances, is very pleasing.

9th.—The wind, on the whole, is favourable. Mrs. Wilson is no better.

10th.—We passed the Hokianga, the wind being moderate. Mrs. Wilson is no better. I asked her if she felt a firm repose in the merits of her Redeemer. Her reply was, "O yes!"

11th.—About three A.M. Mrs. Wilson was delivered of a son still-born. The child Mrs. Kevern took into her berth, and watched over it, though no symptom of life whatever appeared : it was then placed in my cabin. About five o'clock other favourable circumstances were reported of Mrs. Wilson, and we began to hope the worst was past ; but her extremely weak state made us rejoice with trembling. Being now abreast of the "Three Kings," at the north extremity of New-Zealand, with a strong wind in a direct course to the Friendly Islands, I asked the Captain whether it were practicable to put into the Bay of Islands, as Mr. Wilson would, if possible, (on account of his wife's extreme debility,) wish to obtain medical advice. He and Mr. Buck (the Mate) said, "It is utterly impossible with this wind to work into the Bay of Islands." About mid-day, unfavourable symptoms presented themselves ; and I was hastily called below deck to minister spiritual comfort. I said to her, "My dear friend, we had hoped your heavenly Father would have spared you a little longer to us ; but we are compelled to give you up. Under these circumstances, I may ask, 'Is it well with you?'" She said, with placid firmness, "Yes, it is." Mr. Wilson, with indescribable feelings, asked me to commend her spirit to God. This I endeavoured to do as far as feeling would allow utterance in prayer. Her husband went out to weep ; when, in perfect recollection, she gave a look as if anxious to

see him. Mrs. Kevern called him in ; but her eyes were closing in death ; and, with some difficulty, she united her almost palsied fingers together, and lifted her feeble hands in prayer, while without a struggle or a groan her happy spirit took its flight to God. Nor did we wonder at the peaceful end of such a saint : hers was a meek and quiet spirit, seldom equalled. This event took place about a quarter before two o'clock P.M., in $32^{\circ} 14'$ south latitude, and $175^{\circ} 20'$ east longitude. We removed the body into the stern-cabin, and employed the carpenter to make a substantial coffin.

12th.—We have no prospect of reaching land, which would warrant our attempt at keeping the dead bodies ; so that our only alternative is, to commit them to the silent deep as soon as possible. Under the valuable superintendence of Mr. Williams, a strong, neat coffin was made, covered with white calico, and on the breast a crown, under which was inscribed, "Sarah Wilson, aged 27, 1840." The mortal remains of Mrs. Wilson being placed in the coffin, and her babe resting on her breast and right arm, all was made secure, having iron in the foot of the coffin, and holes perforated in the side, to sink it. The coffin was then brought upon deck, and put on a board, one end fastened to the ship's side, and the other to the drip-stone case. I then read the Burial Service ; and concluded by saying, "We now commit the mortal remains of our friend and her child to the great deep, until the sea shall give up her dead." Immediately the bodies were let down, and, in a few seconds, sank to be beheld by us no more.

We now endeavoured to console our bereaved friend, to whom creation seemed a blank, and darkness all around. Recovering a little from the shock, he took refuge in the promises and grace of Christ, and had his spirit refreshed by unforbidden access to the Fountain of living waters.

After the "Triton" had left Kawia, our friend was desirous to return home with all possible dispatch. He preached on the Sabbath, at Wangaroa, his sermon on contentment; passed through the Waikato district; and called at Mr. Fairburn's, of the Church Mission, Ataraetai, River Thames, on the 24th of June, and took counsel with him as to the best means of getting to Hokianga. Mr. Fairburn gave decided preference to the way by Manuka and the western coast, though this involved the necessity of crossing the Heads of Kaipara, a considerable estuary, about seventy miles south of the Hokianga. Of this passage Mr. Bumby had a great dread; besides, he complained of the soreness of his feet, and seemed to prefer the route which promised a greater amount of water-transit, to the weariness and perils of the wilderness. He consulted his natives, and eventually took their advice, to come by the River Thames and Wangarei, thus bearing toward the opposite coast. Mr. Fairburn greatly regretted this decision; for he had a just idea of the perils by the newly-adopted route, especially as they might arise from the frailty of the native vessels. However, the decision was taken, and he commended the party into the hands of God. There were with Mr. Bumby several native young men of great promise, and deeply attached to him,—Morley,

John Beecham, Theophilus, Nehemiah ; and a lad from Tonga, who had lived at Mr. Hobbs's, had accompanied the "Triton" to Kawia, with a view to going home ; but, being weary of the voyage, he desired to return to Mangungu with the beloved Chairman.

Though the natives had either counselled the route by the Thames, or acquiesced in it, they evidently had many forebodings. Before they started, they engaged in prayer together. Morley, in his supplications, was very minute and solemn, and said, "O Lord, if Thou seest good to take our spirits, take them to Thyself." They then crossed over to the island of Waiheke, where Morley's relations lived, and there they were hospitably entertained after the native fashion. From thence they proceeded next day, Thursday 25th, in a canoe furnished by Morley's friends for the voyage. Mr. Fairburn from his residence observed the canoe pass by Waiheke, apparently in the direction of the Bay of Islands ; but he received a note from Mr. Bumby in the course of the day, stating his intention of going by Wangarei. The weather was beautifully fine, and there was scarcely a ripple on the water ; but it was very cold, being the New-Zealand winter. They went that day as far as Montutapu, an isle about nine miles from Mr. Fairburn's house, and there they tarried and slept. The next day, 26th,

they proceeded on their voyage, the weather still beautifully fine, but cold. There were twenty persons on board, including our friend, —some from Mangungu, some from Kawia, and some from the Thames. It required the utmost steadiness on the part of the natives, and great attention to the guide or steersman Huhu, to keep the canoe right; but their manner, as is usual with them, was careless. Mr. Bumby had hastened them along from their places of refreshment, hardly allowing them, as they thought, time to take their food. Once or twice they had taken up the pork and potatoes from the native ovens, and had found them nearly raw. The Mission-lads, not absolutely quit of some of their superstitious tendencies, regarded this as a bad sign, and secretly confessed their fears to each other. Mr. Bumby sat in the stern of the canoe, near the steersman Huhu; and, with the exception of looking at his watch, and telling his party occasionally the time of day, he seldom spoke. He seemed abstracted from all external things, and was occupied partly in reading a book which he held in his hand, and partly in deep and connected meditation. About twelve o'clock the natives judged it right to hoist a sail, in order to catch a gentle breeze which was rising:—they were now between Montutapu and Tiritiri-matangi:—a man arose for this purpose, and, with eager and

careless haste, several others got up at the same time ; the canoe was immediately upset, and all were precipitated into the water. It was a moment of intense consternation ; but as soon as the natives could recover themselves a little,—for they swam well,—they directed their efforts to save Mr. Bumby. They actually righted the canoe, though filled with water, and succeeded in getting him in again. They cut off his clothes even to his linen, in order to lighten his person ; and thus he sat for some moments shivering in the cold, and bailing out the water with his hands ; with what a rush of solemn recollections, and still more solemn anticipations, who may say ? He had assisted many over “death’s cold flood” by his prayers and counsel ; and was his own hour now come, far from the circles of those who loved him best ? and did the summons reach him on the chilly waves of a New-Zealand sea ? But now the poor natives, some of whom had been entangled by the sail under water, were exhausted, and pressing into the canoe, alas ! overturned it once more. One of the party, the son of Haupokia, the Chief at Mr. Whiteley’s, immediately went down, and never rose. This seemed to strike a panic into the natives, and they began to give themselves up for lost. James Garland, however, a noble fellow, exerted himself to the utmost, and called to his companions around,

begging them to come and die, if they must needs die, with their beloved Pastor. James and the Tonga lad succeeded in getting him upon the upturned canoe, and for a while he sat across it, the poor youths in the water keeping hold of him, and trying to keep him steady. There for a while longer he remained, we may say, without clothing, and in the bitter wave; but now the poor Tonga lad became exhausted, and he likewise sank to rise no more; and our brother, finding that he as well must die, continued in the sole embrace of James Garland, as long as it was possible to compose his agitated spirit. In this condition he began breathing out his soul to God in earnest prayer: the excitement and physical perturbation of such a scene was natural, and he exclaimed, "O dear, dear, dear me!" *Ka mate, ka mate!* "We are dead." For about half an hour he was enabled to keep this position, though becoming increasingly paralysed with cold. The precious moments were spent in repeating his latest acts of trust in the all-justifying blood, and in commending himself, with the last enemy in view, into the adorable hands of the Conqueror of death. But now a succession of swelling waves were setting in from the ocean and Hauraki Gulf: one of these came rolling on: he saw it approach: it soon overwhelmed them, and, after a brief struggle,

our dear brother's afflictions were all over, for he sank in deep water, and never appeared at the surface again. Garland was carried a great distance by the wave, and was on the point of perishing too, but, being a good swimmer, he gained the canoe once more, with five other companions ; on looking down, he saw the body of his dear master descending into the deep ; but this was his last sad sight. The surviving natives righted the canoe, bailed out most of the water, secured some of the boxes that were floating about containing Mr. Bumby's papers, and, as they were a diminished company, they succeeded in reaching land, when the melancholy intelligence spread like lightning in every direction, producing the utmost sorrow and distress. All the rest were lost, including Morley, John Beecham, Theophilus, Nehemiah, John Turner, and the poor Tongan. James Garland and his companions made their way home overland by Keupara. They were, however, long in arriving, and, strange to say, nothing had been heard at Mangungu of the event up to the beginning of the second week in July ; when the Rev. Richard Taylor, of the Church Mission, Waimate, assuming that tidings had already been received on the Hokianga, addressed the following letter to Miss Bumby, the now bereaved sister :—

WAIMATE, *July 11th*, 1840.

MY DEAR MISS BUMBY,

I CANNOT refrain from writing a few lines, to sympathise with you in the great loss which I have just heard you have experienced, in the sudden removal of your dear brother. I trust, in this your season of trial, you will be supported by our heavenly Father; and, while you mourn for your loss, will not grieve as those who have no hope, but richly enjoy the consolations of religion, and now experience how substantial they are when most needed. Allow me, then, as a Minister, to comfort you with the hope, that the termination of your dear brother's earthly career is the commencement of his heavenly glory; that he has fought the good fight, and finished his course with joy, having died at his post; and that henceforth there is laid up for him a never-fading crown. Still these earthly bereavements darken our joys, though but for a time. The heavy cloud must pass away, and reveal the refulgence of our heavenly Lord, to lighten our path. Our days are but as a span; and when we feel it to be the desire of the heart to spend and be spent in the service of God, then we can rejoice under all His dispensations: even when He shortens our course, we know He orders all things for good. May this feeling afford you consolation, and bear you up under the present apparently heavy dispensation of Providence: though we are yet constrained to acknowledge, whilst we are in the flesh, we have the feelings and infirmities of the flesh. Accept, then, these lines as the breathings of a heart which most sincerely participates in your sorrow; and that the God of all goodness and mercy may be with you, is the fervent prayer of,

Yours affectionately in the Lord,

RICHARD TAYLOR.

The consternation into which the Mission-families were all thrown, with the overwhelming distress which agonized Miss Bumby, may be better conceived than described. A messenger was therefore immediately dispatched to Mr. Taylor, requesting all the information he could furnish. The next evening, to their inexpressible sorrow, the information was received from Mr. Fairburn, with most of the particulars.

In Mr. Fairburn's kind and truly Christian letter, he enclosed the following copy of Mr. Bumby's note to him,—the last lines he ever penned :—

MY DEAR SIR,

If you should have an opportunity, shall feel much obliged if you will forward the enclosed letters to Captain Symonds. I should have left them yesterday, but did not think of it. We are about to try to reach home by way of Wangarei.

With many thanks for your kindness to a stranger in a strange land,

I am

Yours affectionately,

*The Rev. — Fairburn,
Mission-house.*

JOHN H. BUMBY.

The following letter from Mr. Clarke, of the Church Mission, was also received by Mr. Woon :—

WAIMATE, *July 12th*, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR,

I FORWARD with all possible dispatch the accompanying packet from Mr. Fairburn, which, I deeply regret

to say, contains tidings of the most painful nature to you all.

On my arrival at the Thames, with His Excellency the Governor, we were deeply afflicted at the news of the death of our greatly esteemed friend and brother Mr. Bumby, who was suddenly removed from us by one of those mysterious Providences, to be cleared up hereafter. Mr. Bumby, it appears, left Waiheke on Friday, the 26th of June, in a large canoe, which we learn upset off Tiritiri-matangi; but you will learn all particulars from Mr. Fairburn. Six out of twenty escaped a watery grave, and have, doubtless, ere this, arrived at Mangungu, with all the painful particulars. The six who escaped started overland, by way of Keupara, and ought long ere this to have reached you. I deeply sympathise with you all, but more especially with that amiable and bereaved sister, who must, notwithstanding all the consolation arising from the word of God, and the consideration of the many excellencies all centred in that dear relation of brother, bitterly feel her bereavement. Tell dear Miss Bumby she has an interest in our poor prayers; and, as the only tribute of respect and esteem which I can now pay to both the deceased and the survivor, I shall go into deep mourning, as for a dear brother.

With our affectionate regards to you all,

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE CLARKE.

“How these awful facts were to be made known to our dear sister,” says Mr. Woon, in writing to the Missionary Secretaries, “was now a question which deeply affected our minds: for in the afternoon we had been endeavouring to comfort her with the hope

that Mr. Taylor had received his information in the form of native reports, which in New-Zealand are often exceedingly uncertain and injudicious. However, Miss Bumby now became aware that a messenger had arrived on the station ; and it was impossible for her to remain any longer in uncertainty. On our entering the Mission-house, our dear sister incessantly exclaimed, ‘Do tell me, do tell me!’ until she was informed that her dear brother was now in heaven. Here a pause would best describe what followed. After some hours’ endeavouring to administer consolation to our sister, whose poor frame appeared convulsed in every part, we got her to bed, where she spent the night, and, though sleepless, with a little more composure. Our sorrow for the loss of our dear brother is most deeply mingled with sympathy towards our afflicted sister ; but to attempt to describe our feelings would be vain. When we think on that truly holy influence which attended his ministrations at home, and which had begun to develope itself here also, and of that spirit of sacrifice in which he came out, and which manifested itself in all his movements in this foreign land, we cannot but view him as a martyr to the cause of the New-Zealanders, which is now exciting such attention in the religious world. Our dear brother is the first Missionary who has fallen in the

New-Zealand field ; and one of more splendid talents for his Master's work, we never expect to see on these shores. Indeed, it is to us a day of darkness ; and we can only look upwards to Him who is our source of light and life. ' How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out ! ' ”

In a short time poor James Garland arrived at the station, his heart bursting with grief ; and he gave a detailed account of those minute particulars which have been supplied in the preceding pages. The general estimation in which the deceased was held, is evident from the most Christian and brotherly communications we have just introduced from the Church Missionaries ; but on all the Wesleyan stations the true nature of the loss was fully apprehended, and agonizingly felt. The following affecting letter from Mr. Woon to his friend in England, the Rev. Abraham E. Farrar, will give some idea of this :—

MANGUNGU, *August 4th*, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ERE this reaches your hands, you will have heard the melancholy and distressing intelligence of the sudden removal of our dearly beloved brother Bumby from this vale of tears, by drowning in the Thames, in this country, on the 26th of June last, and twelve natives who met with a similar fate. This painful catastrophe has overwhelmed us all in trouble, and we have furnished particulars to the Committee, which you will read, no

doubt, in the "Missionary Notices;" and everything about Mangungu looks melancholy and sad in consequence of the disaster; and our dear sister Bumby appears most comfortless on account of her loss. He appears to have been, like a messenger from the heavenly world, sent to us for a season, and then called away when we most needed his counsel and advice; as we are placed in peculiar circumstances, from the effects of colonisation, and appear to be on the eve of experiencing some great change in connexion with the New-Zealanders. He was to me a dearly beloved brother and kind friend; and his death has deeply affected my mind, and I do not expect to see his like again. He and I used to converse about you and your dear family; and it was evident that you and yours, and your brother, the Rev. John Farrar, lived in his affections, and were amongst his most valued friends. While I am writing this letter, I can hardly believe it possible that my counsellor and guide is no more. Alas! it is so. That eloquent and charming voice is silent in death!.....I need not tell you what he was: you knew him well; and, with thousands, will mourn his premature end. Never shall I forget his sermons delivered to the English congregation in our chapel here; his fervent and extraordinary prayers, and his beautiful counsels and experiences, in our class-meetings: no; never, while memory holds her seat, can I lose sight of his example and devotedness in the holiest and best of causes. And methinks heaven will become more attractive because he is there; and there I look forward to a renewal of our friendship, which death cannot interrupt or sever. I have written fully and freely to the Secretaries about him, and stated that I hope you, or some one of his friends, will publish his life, and that they might assist in furnishing information since he took charge of the New-Zealand Mission.

.....The cares and anxiety connected with his office appeared like a burden, and he evidently tried to

get out of it; but the Lord has taken it from him, in a way he did not anticipate. And in trying to avoid danger, by going on the other side of the island to reach home, he went into it, as you may learn from the particulars furnished to the Committee; and as the great kindness of his heart led him, no doubt, to gratify the wishes of a valuable native, named Morley, who wished to go to the Thames to see his relations. The Thames, you are aware, is on the eastern, and all our stations are on the western, coast of New-Zealand. We have not yet examined any of his effects. Such was his self-denial, that he slept in a store where the Mission property was deposited; and there his hats, shoes, papers, &c., lie undisturbed as when he left them, and possess a melancholy interest when we gaze upon them from the window,—for he took the key of the place with him.

In due course we shall be called to visit the hallowed spot; and, as he preached and exhorted frequently about death, we expect to find some presentiment recorded of his removal from this vale of tears. I was much in his company, and frequently went out with him to the native settlements, and we laboured together in delightful harmony. Our brethren, Hobbs and Smales, are gone to the Thames to look after his remains; but we fear that they will not succeed, as he sank in deep water, and some way from land. How we should have rejoiced to have been with him had he been called away at home, in the bosom of his friends! But the Lord has ordered otherwise; and although His way is in the sea, and His path in the great waters, He doeth all things well. But I shall resume my pen when the brethren return, and things settle down a little. With our love to Mrs. Farrar and family, begging you to excuse this scrawl,

I remain

Your afflicted and affectionate brother,

WILLIAM WOON.

P.S. I forgot to mention, that at the time the "Triton" left this place for the southward, with the Rev. John Waterhouse and the new brethren, our dear departed brother manifested great reluctance in proceeding with them; but, as the Chairman of the District, he was anxious to see them stationed at their respective places, and thus he left to return no more. Poor Miss Bumby cannot get over this,—that he should have gone out never to return. The last words I received from him on parting were, "Take care of yourself." Little then did I think that I was to see his face no more. On the Sabbath before the "Triton" sailed, he gave out a remarkable hymn in the native lovefeast in our chapel, the only native he ever spoke from the pulpit; and, singular to say, the last words he spoke from that place. The language is very remarkable. I send it herewith; to us it possesses singular interest. [See the hymn before mentioned.]

The following desultory particulars may be noted before we break off our affecting story.

He was not very happy in the economical and legislative, or rather administrative, departments of ministerial labour: it was in the more spiritual relations of the pastoral charge that he derived his chief solace and joy; and hence the English class which he took at Mangungu was to him, as well as to others in the Mission families, a very strengthening and comforting means of grace. Here he would often pour out his heart with tearful earnestness, and in strains that almost overwhelmed all who were present. He often thought anxiously of the large islands around, to the natives of which

the Gospel had never been preached ; and was heard to express an earnest wish to visit, at the return of the "Triton," the island of New Caledonia, to see if something might not be done there. He was ardently attached to the Rev. Dr. Bunting ; and frequently referred to the extraordinary exertions made by that eminent Minister for the good of the cause at home and abroad ; and was wont to refer, with deep feeling, to the time when he parted from him in the ship "James," on embarking. He thought the northern parts of New-Zealand were preferable to the southern as a residence of Europeans, and for agricultural purposes ; but that the converted natives of the south were more in earnest than their northern fellow-countrymen.

He often referred to the distinguishing excellences of our leading Preachers ; and, in particular, formed a very high estimate of the Rev. John Lomas, by whose ministry he said he had profited more than under that of any other. He sometimes adverted to the time when, if it were the will of God, he should return home to England,—the very "stones and dust" of which, he said, he loved,—and renew his former friendships. But the great Master determined otherwise, and called him to his reward. The sorrow that was felt in England, and especially at Birmingham, as soon as the

news of his death arrived, was something like that felt at Mangungu. Never were the words of Milton's lament over his clerical friend, lost in the same way, more applicable :—

“ Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor :
So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the
waves ;

Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.”

It was not by splendour of genius that he won for himself such an amount of esteem and responsive affection, though he was not devoid of genius ; nor was it by the extent and variety of his acquirements, though these were respectable ; nor was it by tamely yielding up to the will of others principles which were founded on conviction, and by him held dear ; but by a thorough dedication of himself and his all to the great work of winning souls to

Christ. Living a prayerful and meditative life, and having access to God through the atonement, the love of God was shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost given unto him: this it was that set the stream of his charity to the souls around him, whether of saints or sinners, continually overflowing. Humble, and willing to receive, it was the chief joy of his existence to give. A human being must have a heart of stone, to see a man pouring out his very soul and strength on his behalf, and yet remain unaffected by it. Holy love is a Wesleyan Minister's best panoply. Liable, more than the Ministers of any other church and denomination, to the assaults of calumny, prejudice, political partisanship, and Antinomianism,—he has the greatest need to vindicate the purity, truth, and spirituality of his principles, by having this affection pervading all he does and says. He may be misunderstood, thwarted, railed at, and opposed for a time, in his carrying out those directions of the law of Christ which are most opposed to our carnal nature; but this principle sustains its owner, and in the end overwhelms its opponent. Yet it is kindled from above. The beautiful words of Southey found an echo in the breast of John Bumby, as they find it still in that of many of his surviving brethren:—

“ They sin who tell us love can die :
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity.
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,
Nor avarice in the vault of hell :
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they had their birth.
But love is indestructible :
Its holy flame for ever burneth,—
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth :
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times distress’d,
It here is tried and purified ;
It hath in heaven its perfect rest :
It soweth here in toil and care,
But the harvest-time of love is *there*.”

The exemplary life just depicted is commended to the notice of all young Ministers.

To be eloquent, learned, intellectual, popular, are poor and vain things, compared with serving the Lord Christ, and bringing lost souls into living fellowship with Him. How refreshing, in these days, to find earnest, serious, and devoted men ! Such, through the grace of God, was he whose loss we mourn ; and such are many who still labour in the same ranks, and look forward to attain the same victories. The secret of his fortitude was not a natural power of endurance, nor an innate indomitable energy ; but the habit, which grace induced, of placing himself by faith under the promised power of God : thus, like the Apostle, he could

do all things through Christ strengthening him. Long did the brethren gaze mournfully over the broad waters of the Thames, which had closed over their friend just as his work was well beginning; but there was a halcyon thought, which made the scene as calm and sacred as a retired English grave: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

CHAPTER VIII.

PROGRESS OF THE MISSION.

HAVING followed the footsteps of our friend until he was removed from us, nothing now remains for the writer but to give a brief outline of the subsequent course of the Mission. From the time of his death, the influx of settlers and land-speculators was constant and rapid; and in equal proportion the natives were excited, and led away from their ordinary pursuits, and their regular attendance upon the means of grace. Many of these persons, finding the influence of the Wesleyan Missionaries with the natives to be a formidable obstacle in the way of the accomplishment of their selfish schemes,

contrived to get insinuations published as to the questionable sincerity of their motives ; and even in this country it was given forth, that they had availed themselves of their position to obtain land from the native Chiefs. No charge could be more groundless, as was shown at large by Dr. Beecham, in his most lucid evidence given, in 1840, before a Committee of the House of Commons. There the purity and disinterestedness of the brethren are most triumphantly vindicated ; and it is shown, in particular, that they never purchased land from the natives, except for Mission purposes, and then only in quantities merely sufficient for those purposes ; and that, for the Missionaries to buy land for themselves and families, and thereby involve themselves in the cares and perplexities of secular life, was contrary to those instructions which were a part of the compact entered into between the brethren and the Society.

The Conference, which was the original directing power, had taken the decided and tenable ground, that Ministers and Pastors must be, by New-Testament authority, separated from secular concerns ; deeming that, to a Missionary among the Heathen especially, these words of the Apostle are applicable : “ No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life.” A person had been

connected with the Mission, as a Teacher, in former years, who was subsequently separated from it, because he fell into this very temptation. The native Chiefs knew how clear the Wesleyan Missionaries stood in this respect, or otherwise their deference to them would not have been so manifest. Emigrants who had, as they thought, bought land of the New-Zealand Land Company, did not find it so easy to get settled upon it ; and this involved them in disputes with the local government and with the natives : all of which circumstances tended greatly to harass and perplex our brethren. In the mean time, the Roman Catholic Bishop and his adherents did their utmost to promote their cause with the aborigines ; but their success was very partial : and when the two Missionary Societies received the noble boon, in 1842, of ten thousand copies each of the New Testament, and distributed them among the tribes, such an impulse was given to scriptural reading, that a deep natural Protestantism was infused into the mind of the people, and they became proof against the pictures, trinkets, and sophistries which were brought by the Priests and Teachers of the *Pikopo's* religion to delude them.

The Mission-band, however, did not allow their faith to fail, but entered with redoubled ardour into their work. Miss Bumby, after

she had partially recovered from the shock of bereavement, became united in marriage to the Rev. Gideon Smales, and evinced all those excellencies in her new relation which she had done before. Mr. Hobbs, by direction of the Committee, was Acting Chairman. The Rev. John Whiteley, who was now becoming a most devoted and efficient Missionary, was making, in connexion with Mr. Turton and his other excellent fellow-labourers, a great impression in the south ; and every month they had to rejoice over natives rescued from degrading Heathenism, and brought to sit at the Saviour's feet.

About the middle of 1842 the Rev. Dr. Selwyn arrived in New-Zealand, after being in England consecrated the first Bishop of that territory ; the friends of the Church, and chiefly through the aid of the Propagation Society, having endowed an episcopate there. Being a person of great energy, and of many accomplishments, he was much welcomed by most classes of European society in the land, to whom the arrival of such a man was a great acquisition ; but as he was known to profess high Church principles, the Missionaries, and especially our own, foreboded evil from the possible rise of new controversies in the infant community. These forebodings were too soon realised ; for the Bishop began to teach and extend the doctrines of baptismal regeneration,

and of apostolical succession in the ministry, as they are understood and explained in the High-Church school ; thereby casting discredit upon all Ministers not episcopally ordained, and by implication denying the validity especially of the pastoral acts of the Wesleyan Missionaries. The same teaching, of course, gave increased importance to the Christian profession of those who were taught and baptized by the Church Missionaries, and who adhered to the Episcopal system ; which system, let it be said, had never in word or deed been impugned by the Wesleyans. This was a bait which the vanity of many of the half-taught natives could not resist, especially as some of them in the south had been desired to separate themselves from Wesleyan worship, on the very grounds referred to ; and it would sometimes happen that an ignorant native lad, under clerical sanction, would pour forth a load of nonsense to a group of surrounding auditors, in the place of that clear, connected, and powerful teaching which had been in the lips of our Missionaries the means of grace and salvation to so many of his countrymen, while the Missionary himself was hard by. Thus disputes arose amongst people of the same village, as to who belonged to the true and safest church ; and natives who owed, in some instances, their liberty and their all to the Wesleyan Missionaries, were induced to

look upon their former friends and Pastors with coolness and contempt.

This was a serious hinderance to the work of God. The Missionaries of our Society and the Church brethren had laboured together hitherto, as we have seen, in the utmost harmony and love; and it was hateful to Mr. Whiteley, Mr. Turton, and their friends, to appear to be driven in defence into a position of hostility to that Church which the Bishop represented. Still more hateful was it to enter upon the inane controversy at that time so unhappily rife in England, respecting apostolical succession and its concomitants; for had not the great Head of the church put His hand and seal upon their labours? Could they not turn to thousands of converted New-Zealanders rescued from cannibalism and sin, and say, "Ye are our epistles?" Still, as the evil was great, and the Wesleyan flock was disturbed and scattered by these dissensions, the Rev. H. Hanson Turton, at Taranaki, deemed it his duty to address a spirited, and yet most Christian, remonstrance to Dr. Selwyn on the subject, in three letters, published some time afterwards in one of the country newspapers. There was no great amount of sympathy with this exclusivism, however, in the colony generally; and as mutual difficulties multiplied, Dr. Selwyn acquired juster views of the Wesleyan cause, and these ill-

judged and divisive proceedings were gradually abated,—not, however, without weakening that blessed bond of attachment and respect which had formerly united both Societies.

On the 30th of March, 1842, the Rev. John Waterhouse, of Hobart-Town, the General Superintendent, and Mr. Bumby's friend, was summoned to his eternal rest. His last affliction was brought on by exposure to the heavy rains of Van-Diemen's Land; but his death was eminently edifying and triumphant. The sacred passion of his life seemed to kindle up into a flame more than usually ardent; for, a short time before his death, he exclaimed, with all his remaining strength, "Missionaries! Missionaries!"

At the south District-Meeting, held at Waingarua, September 8th, 1842, the Rev. H. Hanson Turton had preached an eloquent and impressive sermon to the brethren and Europeans present, in which he introduced the following remarks:—"We are induced to perseverance from the present condition of the natives. The land is now comparatively at rest; the dismal howl of war is now no longer heard; and the branch of peace is everywhere displayed. Their wandering habit is in a great measure subdued, and the mutual existence and intercourse of tribes are established on lasting principles. And, reluctant as some may be to

make the concession, yet concede it they must, that this change of habit and feeling is solely the consequence of Missionary effort ; and that the British colony of New-Zealand has to thank the Gospel, and the Gospel alone, for its present implantation in this island." * The Preacher proceeded, and said : " O, solemn thought ! but whether in favour of the cause, or in opposition to it, we cannot tell. God knows. But there is the late awful death of the promising and indefatigable BUMBY, whose quenchless zeal carried him into the very foremost of the field, where he fell honourably and victoriously at the very commencement of the Missionary campaign : and, more recently, there is the bereaving death of the ever-to-be-honoured and much-lamented Waterhouse, that veteran Ensign of our battalion ; who, with the most dauntless intrepidity, carried the banner of our Saviour's love and mercy into the very thickest of the enemy's ranks ; and who only retired into the camp to tell of his exploits, and to die of his wounds ! O, my brethren,

* There is the following Minute in the Records of the Legislative Council of New-Zealand, dated December 14th, 1841 :—" Whatever difference of opinion may be entertained as to the value and extent of the labours of the Missionary body, there can be no doubt that they have rendered important services to this country ; or that, but for them, a British colony would not at this moment be established in New-Zealand."

let us imitate such bright examples of fortitude and perseverance, and prove ourselves worthy of so good a cause!"

In this year, August 10th, 1842, among the Christian natives, Thaka Patuone, brother of Thomas Walker, and son of Patuone, Mr. Turner's defender, departed this life, and died in the faith and hope of the Gospel. Governor Hobson also died, and was succeeded by Captain Fitzroy. The seat of government was now transferred from the Bay of Islands to the new town of Auckland, which was being founded on the bank of the estuary of the Thames, or Hauraki Gulf, and not very far from the place where Mr. Bumby was lost. This change drew a great part of the population away from the Bay of Islands, and greatly limited the operations of the Church Mission there.

In order to supply the place of the lamented Mr. Waterhouse, the Missionary Committee sent out in September, 1843, the Rev. Walter Lawry, an experienced Minister, who in early life had been himself employed in the South-Sea Missions, and was every way well qualified for the arduous charge of visiting the stations, and superintending the Missionary operations in this remote part of the world. This willing and excellent servant of Christ arrived safely at his destination; and as a few communications from his journal contain the

consecutive details of the Mission, we cannot do better than prosecute the narrative by introducing them.

I weighed anchor at Gravesend, on board the "Bucephalus," October 1st, 1843. The wind being contrary, we had to beat down the Channel, which occupied nine days, all our friends less or more sea-sick.

Sunday, 15th.—I read the service, and preached to a very serious audience. The solitude of the ocean makes religious services specially cheering to such as are able to leave their berths. To me it was delightful, to see the streaming tears from both passengers and crew. While engaged in preaching Christ, six-and-twenty years ago, on board the convict-ship in which I sailed to New South Wales, seventeen persons turned to the Lord, and united together in church-fellowship. "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

November 17th.—We are under a vertical sun; the heat is intense; the sea is high; the Cape-pigeons and albatrosses about. These water-fowl remind me of former days, and so do the ordinances of heaven. In this part of the world Jupiter is nearly vertical at ten o'clock P.M.; Mars a few degrees below him; and Saturn still further below; Venus is just above the horizon, near the sun-setting. Those beautiful *nebulæ*, the Magellan clouds, appear; and the Southern Cross mounts the sky; but the North Star and Ursa Major have dipped below the horizon, and I never expect to see them any more, unless it be in "the new heaven and the new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth shall pass away; and there shall be no more sea." I find, looking at the large Pointer in the Southern Cross, through my telescope, with the two hundred power, that this is a treble star. This hemisphere brings out a new world of minute and

magnificent wonders to the lovers of God's works. These "works are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein."

December 28th.—We are now about midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Australia. We saw two whales, and hauled on board six albatrosses, each weighing two-and-twenty pounds, and measuring ten feet six inches from tip to tip across the wings.

January 15th, 1844.—We completed our passage through Bass's Straits. The islands in the Straits look very interesting, the day lovely, and all hands cheerful.

21st.—We landed at Sydney; having been four months, within two days, at sea. How altered is this place since I left it twenty years ago! It was then of wood, now of stone; then only small buildings stood here and there, now the whole is built upon, and the houses generally are large and handsome. There is, however, an air of meanness, intermixed with grandeur and pomp, which offends many a new comer. When I left New South Wales, it was rapidly increasing, and almost everybody was getting rich; but now the insolvency-list indicates a general wreck of property. Out of this colonial crisis we may hope for a more steady and healthful state of commercial prosperity.

I was not a little pleased at the state and progress of our Missions in New South Wales. The chapels, which are somewhat numerous, are very good; and unite, in true Wesleyan taste, dignity and simplicity: the same may be said of the congregations, to five of which I preached, in Sydney, Paramatta, and Windsor. There I saw the springing fruit of seed sowed by my own hand in the days of my youth. The labours of my brethren also yield a luxuriant harvest; and I was pleased to hear so many inquiries after my old friends, Carvosso and Horton. The day is near when "they who sow and they who reap shall rejoice together." While there, my

feelings of pleasure and satisfaction were of the highest order; and rarely do events turn up in human affairs so thoroughly joyful, as those which awaited me during my visit to the Australian colonies. The Master has not sent me forth without consolation. May I, though unworthy, never prove unfaithful! The excellent brethren, M'Kenny and Draper, in Sydney, with several others in other stations, showed me no little kindness.

March 17th.—I landed at Auckland, having touched at the Bay of Islands. More than two-and-twenty years ago I was here on my way to Tonga. Since then, what alterations have taken place in this people! Many of the lions have become lambs. Their civil and social condition has also greatly improved. *Then* they were at war, and we saw many of their slaves brought into the Bay, under the grasp of Shungee, some of whom were killed and eaten on the beach. *Now* they crowd to market with their provision; such as pigs, fowls, potatoes, melons, peaches, onions, and abundance of fine fish: and, better still, they crowd the house of prayer, and eagerly read the word of God. Much, however, remains to be done; for many of them are still in the darkness of Paganism, and in the degradation of savages. The climate, the soil, and the wood of New-Zealand are favourable to its colonisation; and now the thing is begun, the more it shall be extended over the whole country the better. The natives see this, and are calling out for the *Pakeha* to come and buy their lands, that they may be on a level with others: in the Mission-stations they are generally advanced, in knowledge and morals, far above others, who, in some instances, I fear, have only copied the bad things introduced by foreigners. It is certainly among our mercies, that the Governor and his lady set the best example before their observers, whether they be Europeans or natives. This will greatly assist the Missionaries; who, in turn, will help the

Government, by disseminating those great principles on which, under God, the stability of political institutions and the welfare of society mainly depend.

April 28th.—Messrs. Hobbs and Buller arrived here from Hokianga and Wairoa; one three, the other two, hundred miles hence. Let those who can, enter into the feelings of brethren met under such circumstances. A few days after came Messrs. Whiteley, Wallis, and Buddle, from an equally long distance, and not knowing of each other's coming; but they accompanied their spiritual charge, lest any evil should befall them at the great feast here. From what I saw of these excellent and devoted men, I feel compelled to congratulate the Society on their having such as their Missionaries in New-Zealand. The enemy is busy sowing bad seed, and there are more forms of Popery than *one* even in New-Zealand; but the real Christian character of the work, already deeply rooted in many hearts, will not, I trust, be overrun by any noxious trash which may be introduced. May God protect the right, and uphold His own truth!

The principal thing which had brought these brethren together was my arrival, in connexion with a great native feast given by one tribe to another. Those who came from Waikato, accompanied by their Pastors, were said to be about three thousand. The provisions were laid out for them many days before their arrival: a hedge or wall of potatoes, in native flax-baskets, reached more than a quarter of a mile, five feet high, by three feet thick. Twenty thousand baskets, containing more than one hundred tons of potatoes, were there; and on a pole, placed exactly over them, hung about twenty thousand sharks. They had long been in that situation, and were therefore somewhat *tender*. The Governor paid them a visit, accompanied by many officers and persons of distinction. A war-dance took place; but not by the wish

of the Governor. I hope this war-dance, so every way objectionable and demoralising, will not be repeated. The ferocious savage came out in this dance. It was, however, very gratifying to see the bulk of the Christian natives stand aloof from the wild, roaring, and half-naked Heathen. The Missionaries, of course, were among them, and used their influence on the side of decency. But I am sorry to add, that some Europeans marvelled that they ran not with them to the same excess of riot.

Sunday, May 12th.—Our chapel has been filled three times to-day, morning and evening, by a very serious and respectable congregation; and in the afternoon by native members of our church, who partook of the Lord's Supper together. They were of different tribes, who had assembled at the great feast, and had not met before on such an occasion: their former meetings were to kill and eat each other. Mr. Whiteley delivered an appropriate and energetic address, and Mr. Hobbs read the service. They were then joined by the other Missionaries, and administered the bread and wine to those tattooed sinners saved by grace. I never attended any Missionary Meeting *half so telling* as this was in favour of our Missions. Such savages, so tamed; such proud and haughty warriors, so humble at the Master's feet; made its own appeal, without the aid or magic touch of platform eloquence. They showed most clearly that they both knew and felt what they were about. And while the validity of the Wesleyan ministry is being denied by two Bishops in New-Zealand, here were the seals of their ministry shining in hundreds of happy faces; "epistles known and read of all men." Several adult and infant baptisms also took place. Altogether it was one of the most happy and interesting demonstrations of the power of the Gospel and unquestionable success of the Missionaries that I had ever witnessed. Many beside myself

saw the grace of God, and were glad. This Sabbath has been indeed a high day in Auckland.

14th.—We held a public Meeting here with a view to feel the pulse of the colonists on the question of establishing an Institution or Training-school for the instruction of the most hopeful of our native converts. The following Resolutions were passed with the greatest cordiality: the Editors of the three Auckland papers were there, and offered to advertise them gratis: they all, though differing in other points, agree in the goodness and expediency of this object, which is no small recommendation of it.

Moved by Dr. Martin, Member of Council, seconded by Dr. Johnson, and supported by the Rev. John Whiteley,—

“1. That it appears to this Meeting very desirable to instruct a selected number of the natives of New-Zealand in our language, with a view to their having access to the stores of English literature, and also to their becoming more efficient Teachers of their countrymen in matters of religion and civilisation: to be called the Wesleyan Native Institution.”

Moved by the Rev. James Wallis, seconded by W. E. Cormack, Esq., and supported by Thomas Cleghorn, Esq.,—

“2. That, as the vicinity of Auckland is deemed the most eligible locality for the commencement of such an Institution, an early application shall be made to the Colonial Government for a suitable piece of land. And also, that application be made for the appropriation of a fair and equitable proportion of the funds arising from the Native Reserves.”

Moved by W. S. Grahame, Esq., and seconded by Mr. Robinson,—

“3. That, as funds will be required to commence and carry on such an Institution, Alexander Kennedy, Esq.,

be requested to act as Treasurer, and the Rev. Thomas Buddle as Secretary."

Moved by the Rev. Thomas Buddle, and seconded by George Grahame, Esq.,—

"4. That a Committee (to act for one year) be appointed for the purpose of raising funds and controlling the same: that Dr. Martin, Messrs. Brown, Cleghorn, Cormack, W. S. Grahame, G. Grahame, and Vayle, with the Wesleyan Missionaries, and Treasurer and Secretary, (*ex officio*,) be the Committee for this year."

Moved by Mr. H. H. Lawry, and seconded by Dr. Martin,—

"5. That, for the purpose of securing an early commencement of the Native Institution, a subscription be forthwith begun."

I had previously learnt from Messrs. Hobbs and Whiteley that the Missionaries earnestly desired such a thing, and believed that the natives were quite ripe for an Institution, many of them being eager for instruction in English. It was stated at the Meeting by one of the colonists, that he believed he spoke the minds of the people generally, when he said that the continuance of the native race depended upon their being instructed as we propose doing, and that the prosperity of the colony also very much depended on their elevation. But though we have the public feeling with us, there are many difficulties to be surmounted, arising from the want of funds. The colonists have very little money indeed: most of them have spent their all, and are in a state of destitution, while living in one of the finest countries in the world. It is hoped that things will mend; but "disappointment laughs at hope's career." The Government is placed in difficulties for lack of funds, and less will come from that source than might be desired. We must look to you for some aid at first; but we will do our best to economise in this matter, as in all others

connected with our Missions in New-Zealand. We must have erections ; and at first there will be a small outlay for native food, till we can cultivate our own on the land appropriated to the Institution.

I have several times met with a fine Chief, about thirty-five years of age, who for many years has been baptized into the Christian faith, and has walked uprightly. He told me he had prayed to God ever since I was here two-and-twenty years ago, and even before that period. He is a fine person, has agreeable features, is not tattooed, and generally appears in good European clothes. His wife rides on her horse and saddle, and he on his : probably they are the only example of this advance in civilisation in New-Zealand. About one hundred and fifty of his people have been baptized from time to time, and he has built a good chapel near Manukau, in which he ministers the word of life to his tribe. But for a long time this people have had no Missionary, owing, I believe, to the pressing calls from other quarters. Under these circumstances Jabez Bunting (for that is his name ; may he never be a dishonour to a name so eminent and so deeply imbedded in the hearts of tens of thousands ! The natives pronounce his name *Abeesah*, placing the accent on the A) was sought after by a great man, (Bishop Selwyn,) who left no means untried to make him, what he thought he should be, a Churchman ; but Jabez said, "No ; I will adhere to my own people : I have waited a long time for a Missionary, and shall wait till I get one." A Minister was then offered from another quarter, but not accepted. "Let me, then, baptize you," said the gentleman, who knew of his previous baptism ; to which Jabez replied, by asking a question which probably was not expected : "How many times was Jesus Christ baptized ? only once, or more than once ?" "Only once," was the answer. "Then once will do for me," said Jabez, "as I wish to imitate

His example as closely as possible." This, of course, ended the matter. I am happy to say that after encountering several serious difficulties, we have been able to appoint a Missionary to this tribe, whose labours shall also extend beyond them. Jabez has signified his wish to be admitted for instruction into our projected Institution; and who can deny to such a mind the aid of cultivation?

25th.—Auckland is situated on the banks of a fine harbour, the Waitematta, perfectly land-locked; and the scenery from the town rendered beautiful, not merely by the relief of water and shipping, but also from the islands and volcanic pyramids which everywhere meet the eye. The ground is very uneven, and the streets therefore hilly, in some cases reminding me of Portland in Bristol. The laying out of this place is very fanciful, and just as far away from the dictates of common sense as could be devised. The whole of Auckland and its suburbs affords you not the sight of a tree, except the young-ones lately planted. This gives an appalling baldness to the place at first; but the defect will be quickly remedied, as the mimosa grows up in two years as high as the houses, and almost every tree yet introduced thrives well here. The soil and climate are quite surpassing. As Mr. Hobbs was walking with me one morning at day-break, after we had been taking a view of Jupiter and Saturn, with their rings, belts, and satellites, he said, "How different is this place now from what it was when I came here in search of the body of poor Mr. Bumby, which sank near that island," (pointing to Rangi-toto,) "when the day was fine and the water smooth! But 'His footsteps are in the great deep.' At that time there was not a house in Auckland, where now two thousand persons live."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE REV. WALTER LAWRY, DATED AUCKLAND, DECEMBER 18TH, 1844.

By the Divine blessing, we are all well, so far as I am informed, throughout all our Mission establishments in this land; and, indeed, in the islands also, up to September 22d, when I last heard from them, with a slight interruption in the cases of Mr. Kevern and Mrs. Wilson. The "Triton" is not yet come in from the Feejees, though over due by at least a fortnight. I shall do my best to induce Captain Buck to retain the command, at least another voyage.

I have been favoured with letters from you, several of them in duplicate. Accept my sincere thanks for so much attention. And it affords me very high gratification to inform you, that I shall be able to carry out your views, as fully explained in your letter of March 7th, 1844. At least I have entered upon the new scale, and see no very great or insuperable difficulties in the way of keeping quite within your limits.

We are nearly out of paper again, at a time when I am very anxious to have the press going more rapidly than usual. Sin, in every form, has to be met and rebuked from the press. The ignorance of the natives, the wickedness of the emigrants, the assumptions of Puseyism, (rampant here,) and the daring blasphemy of "the Man of Sin," all call upon us to witness for God and His Christ. But the lack of paper cramps our operations. I trust you have sent off, long since, the two hundred reams of demy printing-paper which former letters have strongly urged as needed here.

I feel very deeply the importance of our new Training-school, or Native Institution; but I also feel its pressure and weight. We are all of one judgment here as to its being the design of the Lord, that persons so well qualified, in many respects, as these hopeful natives are,

for giving religious instruction to their countrymen, under the care and direction of the Missionaries, ought to have all the preparatory training and advantages within our reach. The Governor has given us a suburban allotment of seven acres, close by Auckland; that is, within one mile; and about five miles off he has given the Society a fine piece of land, somewhere about two hundred acres, not yet surveyed, for the purpose of cultivating their own food. The buildings I will pay or beg for; so that, while they are secured to the Society for ever by grant from the Crown, (I have it already in my iron chest,) these fine premises will cost the Wesleyan Missionary Society nothing. At the same time, we cannot avoid expense in clothes, salt, soap, and, now and then, a little rice and flour. If you could let us have £200 a year, for the entire expenses of this Institution, I should feel my heart glad and grateful before the Lord and His servants. Flannel or cotton shirts will be very acceptable. Jackets, trousers, and shoes will be of great consequence to them, when they feel the winter wet and cold. Twenty men are either already on the spot, working as native carpenters, or are soon expected from end to end of New-Zealand, the cream of our churches, and very hopeful characters.

JOURNAL.

July 24th, 1844.—I left Auckland for Hokianga, and was ill nearly all the way to the Bay of Islands; not from sea-sickness, but from a spasmodic affection; and, as the accommodations on board were not very good, this part of my journey was very trying. A thorough storm of wind and rain detained me two days at the Bay, where I was quite at home in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Addeman, who were members of our society in England, and who are found faithful in New-Zealand; but they talk of leaving this colony for some other, a step which I

shall be glad if they do not one day see cause to regret. We can ill afford to part with such well-tried Christians.

29th.—I started in a boat up the Kiddy-Kiddy river ; but, after hard toiling for seven hours, the gale, which threatened our destruction every moment, drove us into a creek on the north side of the river, where two natives undertook to guide me by the light of the moon, over hill and bog and four rivers, to the point I had arranged to reach that night. I was carried across the rapid streams, now swollen by the late rains ; and it was just as much as the strong New-Zealander could do to stand against the rush of waters, taking him far above the middle ; and had he made only one false step, we must have gone over the falls, with little chance of escape from the foaming torrents. I trembled, and prayed that the Master would care for us. And so it came to pass, that, after hard toiling, we saw a glimmering light in the house of Mr. Kemp, an excellent man connected with the Church Mission here. Never was I more grateful than at this cheering prospect. Having tasted nothing during the last twelve hours, I was prepared to enjoy the fire-side and suitable repast of a Christian family, whom I had not seen for some three-and-twenty years, when we met each other in New South Wales.

30th.—By the grey light of the morning, and while the ground was covered over with hoar-frost, I set off, with two natives and one European, to cross the island of New-Zealand in one day, and in the depth of winter, being bound for the Mission-station at Mangungu, to join the Missionaries at their Annual District-Meeting.

About one half of our way was over a barren waste, on which grew here and there a few ferns only. But at our left lay the Waimate, where there is some cultivated land, a few buildings, and a lake of several miles' extent. Bishop Selwyn lives here, and has what is called a Cathedral and a College. At two o'clock we

got into a dense forest, the horrors of which will never be forgotten by me. We were threading our way through this wood till some hours after dark, and had to cross one river ten times, and creeks without saying how many. I have not the least hope of giving anything approaching to an adequate idea of bush-travelling in New-Zealand; but let the reader try to imagine hills so precipitous that walking gives way to all-fours; for this is a singularly rugged and broken country: many of the mountains have been thrown up by volcanic action, and are very difficult of ascent. The appearance of the country, from one of these lofty cones, is not unlike a multitude of tents, pitched near together, each one rising from five hundred to several thousand feet high. At the foot will generally be found a bog. The roots of the trees are generally thickly webbed upon the surface, and tend greatly to obstruct the traveller; the trees, with underwood and various vines, are so close together, that a passage through is a tedious and difficult matter. The clay below is seldom dry, and yields to the foot: so that one is in no small danger of being made fast at both ends at once; the feet in the clay, and the head entwined with vines and woodbines. It is here that honesty is no protection from being hanged. The knife or axe came often into play among these various obstructions of our rude paths. Riding in such a place is out of the question; and yet it is truly astonishing to see how expert the unshod horse becomes in climbing the rugged steeps, and hobbling over the roots and fallen trees of the forest. The worst part is, that one cannot travel here without being thoroughly wet from head to foot; and at night you have ferns for your bed, and in the morning your wet clothes, unless you carry a change. Food for the journey is conveyed by the natives, and also a tent, with all things needed by the traveller: these burdens cost very considerable payment, and are a heavy

tax upon the Missionaries. Such travelling is wasting and cheerless beyond all the power of graphic delineation: there is, however, nothing better for these devoted men, who, year after year, wander up and down these hills and woods, seeking that they may save souls. And, thank God, they have not laboured in vain: for them the wilderness and solitary place are often glad, because the moral impression which they have succeeded in making, by the Divine blessing, is so manifest, that all men see and admire it. Their preservation, too, is only to be attributed to the care of Providence, always watching and guarding His honoured servants. In the next world a faithful New-Zealand Missionary will be no ordinary character.

About an hour before sun-down, we crossed a river, and landed amid a few native sheds, where I was surprised to see the smile of recognition on every countenance, which, though deeply tattooed, was lighted up with glowing benevolence. Two fine Chiefs were among them, Tomate and Patuone, who pressed us to stay for the night; but cheerless was their tenement; and therefore, having drunk water out of their calabash, we urged them to be strong in the Lord, and pursued our wretched path towards the Mission-station, where these Christian natives worship on the Lord's day. I was glad to observe that they had wheat growing, and some peach-trees, with poultry, and a few domestic animals, around their village, among which were some good horses. All these things have followed in the rear of the triumphing Gospel; and more are yet to follow. I could not utter half the delight that I felt while comparing these things with what I witnessed here two-and-twenty years ago, when war was rife, and man ate man without a shudder: I saw them do it. But since then,

“Our conquering Lord hath prosper'd His word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.”

From early dawn till eleven at night, we continued our journey, the last seven miles of which were performed in a boat down the river Hokianga. Being wet and wearied enough, I was quite willing to lay me down to rest, though the Mission-families got up and half roasted us with large wood-fires on the hearth, and in every possible way showed how glad they were to see a friend from home. Mr. Woon ran out in undress, while Mrs. Woon, who is an old friend of mine, came quickly after in full attire. Mr. Hobbs, with Dr. Day, and my son, were soon on their verandah; and very great was our mutual joy at meeting under such circumstances. At this our oldest Mission-station in New-Zealand, there was exercised a sound judgment in the selection of the locality; but the land in all these parts, so far as I went, is not good, and the few settlers who have come to it are suffering from a long and deep depression. Indeed, as a settlement, this part of New-Zealand has only one advantage, which is its lofty and valuable timber; but at present they meet with only a few who purchase from them. Better days, I trust, await them at an early period. The few improvements on the Mission-lands show that the brethren here have been devoted to some other kind of cultivation; and the moral state of the natives clearly indicates the presence of labourers in the Lord's vineyard. I saw, however, nothing of which the Missionaries had any cause to be ashamed, as to temporal things. The station is on a bed of clay, and very dirty in wet weather. Their roads, I hope, will be improved when I see them again. Just behind the station is a deep, dense wood, which will probably so remain till the earth is burned up. There is an air of poverty about the natives, in some instances, which is truly deplorable, and may perhaps be accounted for on the ground of their having lost the timber-trade, which, when it flourished, was the source of considerable gain; and new wants

arose, and new habits were formed,—smoking among the rest ; their own flax-mats were but rarely manufactured, because the blankets and European clothing were preferred ; but now they feel the absence of means to buy what they can no longer do without ; and thus their transition-state is accompanied by difficulties and disappointments, of which they loudly complain. Christianity alone could restrain those people, even in this advanced stage of instruction. But for the Missions in New-Zealand, there could have been no colonisation otherwise than by exterminating, or at least crippling, the aboriginal race.

After sitting twelve hours every day in the District-Meeting, we were glad of the approach of the holy Sabbath ; and to me it was peculiarly interesting to witness the fleet of canoes nearing the station on the whole of Saturday. At early dawn on the Lord's day the native prayer-meeting began, which was attended by about one hundred persons, notwithstanding the frost. They sing very badly, but with evident interest and devotion. At ten o'clock the large chapel was crowded with natives. Mr. Woon read the abridged Service, and at the request of the brethren I preached in English, Mr. Hobbs interpreting. Immediately after the public service ended, the lovefeast began : nor was any time lost ; for the biscuits soon disappeared, and the speaking of the native Christians was very earnest and uninterrupted for about an hour and a half. At my request, Mr. Buller took down several of their speeches : they were the following :—

Hakopa Taitua :—“ This was the thought of my heart when Mr. Lawry was preaching this morning : ‘ I surely shall not live on account of my ignorance, my darkness, my slothfulness.’ In the Scriptures I see many wonderful things recorded of God. Although man cannot see my heart, yet God knows it.”

Mary Ann Woonoi :—“ The Spirit of God showed me

all the sins of my heart, and my heart became dark and pained. I thought all things here were perishing, and I cannot live by them; but the word of God endures for ever. This was my thought when I heard the word of God: therefore I gave my sins to Christ, and consented unto Him; and if I be obedient unto Him till death, I shall live."

Tipene Toro:—"I did not formerly know that I was a sinner. I worshipped long before I felt a sense of my sins; but then I felt great pain in my heart, and sought mercy of God. I find great comfort from the words of Christ to Peter, 'I have prayed for thee.' It is my desire not to trust in my own righteousness, but to the righteousness of Christ."

Edward Marsh (Patuone):—"This is my thought: I am from the seat of wickedness. When I heard of the Gospel, I thought to myself, I would recline upon it. God hath made the world, the trees, the grass; and He has given us His word; and I will seek to be saved by it. This is all I have to say."

Manoi:—"When I first worshipped God, I was ignorant of the nature of sin. By and by I learnt that disobedience was sin; that rebellion against God's servants was sin; that falsehood was sin. Then I reflected upon my own conduct, and I saw that if these things were all sinful, then I must be a very great sinner. Then I felt great pain in my heart, and was greatly afraid. I feared greatly, and sought unto God for mercy, and prayed for strength, that I might believe; and this I continue to do even to this day."

Paul Matangi:—"My thoughts are little to-day, because I have sinned in those days that are past against my heavenly Father. But I have again entered into covenant with God. My thoughts now recur to my father, the father of my body, and my relatives who have died in the faith. They were not left to die in their

sins, but they departed in the faith of the Gospel; and I desire to follow them by fulfilling the injunction of the Apostle Paul to the Ephesians: 'Stand therefore, having your loins girt with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.' "

The first who spoke was deeply tattooed, and clothed with dog-skins of many colours: the second was wrapped round with a blanket, and the third with a counterpane. This may be taken, not as an inventory, but as a fair specimen. It is pleasing to see that, while the middle-aged and old people are disfigured by the tattoo, the young folks are uniformly without it, except in the case of one tribe, in the vicinage of Auckland: these are again taking up their heathen custom, a striking illustration of the moral results of bad associations. But for these sad obstacles, one generation would scarcely have had to pass away before the tattoo would be a rare thing in New-Zealand.

At half-past two the English service began; the congregation, composed of the Mission-families, and the few settlers up and down the river, amounting to about four-score, some of whom had come in their boats from several miles' distance, and from many a creek and river branch. Some of the natives who knew a little English also attended. I was much impressed and gratified, while I observed the proper Christian way of the natives, to a man, in keeping holy the Sabbath-day. In the evening the chapel was again filled with natives, when, at the request of the brethren, I ordained, by imposition

of hands, those of them who had not been so ordained in England: the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was then administered to the Society, and an address delivered to the natives, after they had been at the Lord's table. This was a high day at Mangungu; and richly was I repaid for my toils across the great wilderness. Thank God for the moral triumphs which I have witnessed over some hundreds of these cannibal warriors! I could not help wishing that my fathers and brethren at home, with the collectors and subscribers to our Missions, could see the cheering harvest which here presented itself as the result of their combined and Christian labours in the name of the Lord. The crowded assembly of subdued and devout worshippers, with benevolence in their fine open countenances, formed a striking contrast to that which I witnessed here less than a quarter of a century ago. To their Missionaries, whose crown of rejoicing they will be in the day of the Lord Jesus, such a sight must be one of no ordinary interest.

Our District-Meeting had begun at the same hour that the Conference met at Birmingham: only here it was nine o'clock at night. We united in earnest prayer for our honoured and beloved brethren, at home and abroad, and did not forget the excellent Barnsley family, with whom I was lodged so comfortably at the first Birmingham Conference, and with whom I should have been happy again had I remained in England. But I feel myself at home in New-Zealand, because I am fully satisfied that I am here by the will and appointment of Christ and His church.

August 6th.—Having finished the business of the District-Meeting, I prepared for my bush-journey; but not without some, perhaps unnecessary, dread. During the sittings of the brethren, nothing occurred to interrupt for one moment the high Christian feeling of brotherly love with which we had bowed together at the

table of the Lord. It is delightful to review such scenes as had passed before me and the brethren, while we had the pleasure and benefit of mingling together at this our first station in New-Zealand.

As the weather was threatening, we pushed on with vigour till night-fall, and then made our fern-bed in the tent, the natives kindling a large fire. We soon made an end of our frugal meal, and commended ourselves to the care of our ever-present Lord and Master. A letter just received from my son, who is staying for a few weeks at Mangungu, for the better acquirement of the native language, informs me that we had been pursued, on the day of our starting, by several New-Zealanders, not now, as formerly, with hostile purposes; for they said, "Great is our love to him; and, to prevent his walking over the land, we wish him to take our horses." They, however, did not overtake us. While pulling up the river, I observed a fine-looking and very powerful native making extraordinary strokes with his oar, and soon found that at the time of his baptism he had chosen the name of one of the greatest, best, and most useful men I know upon earth; for, upon my asking him his name, he pronounced, with a full, clear voice, "Robert Newton."

7th.—We were in motion at day-break; and, having passed over a dreary waste of some fifteen miles, reached again the house of our kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Kemp, where I was refreshed, and felt myself at home. But some of the bogs and precipices were to me thoroughly frightful and dismaying. I shudder when I think of them; but the cloud of His presence was our protection.

In passing over the sixteen miles of water between the Kiddy-Kiddy and Russell, we encountered a heavy gale from the north: the sea rolled awfully, and broke over our boat, on one occasion bringing on board a small sword-fish. The natives fell sick, and were useless; but,

by God's mercy, we escaped the Bampton reef on our lee, on which had we struck, nothing remained to us but a watery grave. I am not sure but our perils by water were quite as great as those of the mountain woods and passes, although they were of shorter duration. When I got in safety to Mr. Addeman's, I was quite prepared to inscribe another line in my "book of mercies," saying, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." This reflection, too, was fixed upon my mind: "I have now had a taste only of what my brethren, the Missionaries throughout New-Zealand, have to pass through from year to year, for life! Surely they should have an interest in the prayers and Christian sympathy of God's people in all lands."

12th.—I landed at Auckland, where many things called for my attention, because a few days only remained before I was again to start for my long journey to meet the brethren of the southern division of the District at Kawhia. Having seen the most unquestionable proofs of a work of God among the natives, I am well satisfied, and even delighted, in the review of my northern journey; but nothing less than this could satisfy me, and no earthly consideration would induce me, at my time of life, to engage in such violent and wasting travels.

18th.—I preached to a full chapel of very attentive hearers in the morning; and in the evening Mr. Buddle and I set apart, by the imposition of hands and by prayer, the Rev. J. Aldred, whose testimony before the congregation was received with delight, as it well might be; for it exhibited one "called, and chosen, and faithful."

19th.—The Rev. Thomas Buddle and I started with six natives for the south, each man loaded with a full burden, carrying tent, food, blankets, and changes of clothes. The first night we were lost on the banks of the Tamaki; but all was right after a night in the ferns. The next day we were overtaken by a torrent of rain,

but reached a native *pah*, and stayed there till three in the morning. At this place Mr. Buddle preached and catechised till a very late hour; the natives, in their usual way, bringing their New Testaments, and asking for explanation where they found any difficulty.

20th.—At three o'clock in the morning, the tide serving, we left Pukaki in a native canoe, which I very much disliked, as the mere hollow tree is easily upset, having no keel; and we had to cross a part of Manukau just after a storm, when the agitation was very considerable. The morning was dark and dismal, and the fate of the lamented Bumby was not forgotten; but, trusting in God, we launched forth, and in about nine hours reached the head of the river Taheke, and proceeded over land to the Waikato. The population was very thin and scattered; but all the people that we met with possessed and read the New Testament, and called on the name of the Lord.

22d.—I entered the fine river of Waikato, and in a canoe proceeded up its powerful stream, a journey of four days. The native villages were more numerous on the banks of the river than in the inland districts. The soil from the harbour of Auckland to the Waikato is by no means unfit for agricultural purposes; and on the river-banks the many thousands of acres of rich alluvial soil invite the hand of industry, and promise an ample bounty. After hard pulling all the day, our cheerful natives would land us among the fern, prepare the food, (in general potatoes,) and then lie down around our tent, having first sung a hymn, read the Scriptures, and prayed. I certainly never was more delighted with any set of men than with these strong, cheerful, kind-hearted, and intelligent natives. What a triumph of Christianity have we in these Christian New-Zealanders! I must not, however, omit one circumstance in connexion with these people, and my journey with them for eight or nine days.

Mr. Buddle was their Pastor ; and, by his general expertness in native affairs, and great readiness in speaking their language, beside being their spiritual father, had acquired corresponding influence with them, and indeed could do anything he desired ; for “ the art of governing,” we know, “ is governing by love.”

23d.—While at our first meal, (for we generally took one about two hours after our journey commenced, and the other at the close of day,) our seven natives were relating portions of their own history, when we found that every one of them was an orphan ; two of them had their fathers eaten by the men of Waikato, and two others were slaves, or men taken in war : but, what is best of all, they all read the Scriptures, and are men of prayer.

24th.—We landed at Wakapaku for our first meal, and found that the Romish Bishop and one of his Priests were there. They soon got into their canoe, having saluted us from a distance as they embarked. Our people of the *pah* told us they were frightened when they saw the men of a strange face come among them ; but our arrival cheered them again. In reply to a question from the natives, how there came to be two roads to the Christian home, the Priests replied, that about three hundred years ago Martin Luther committed adultery, and the Roman Church turned him out, and he began a religion for himself ; since which there had been two roads ; but theirs was the true road. This story is told wherever they go ; and I was surprised to find that the natives were no ways staggered by this falsehood. Probably they had learnt the truth of the case from their Pastors. We had now entered the waters of the Waipa, and were nearing our Mission-station on this river.

26th.—Having spent the Sabbath at Watawata, and held five services with the natives, we came, late on Monday evening, to Mr. Buddle’s station at Kopua, and

found ourselves thoroughly at home, after travelling eight days in the bush or on the rivers, through bogs and swamps, sleeping on a bed of ferns each night. But there is not so much suffered as some might suppose, the climate being very agreeable.

The natives here showed that they had been well instructed in Gospel truths. The chapel and Mission-house are built of mere flags and small cane; but such houses only last about four or five years, and then are by no means wind-tight, and are very liable to be burnt down in a few minutes of time.

We have here about one hundred and sixty members, and a large chapel, filled with serious hearers. The soil about this station is very good, but the climate is not so healthy as on the coast: being near the centre of the island, and on the banks of a river, the fogs lie long and heavy in this neighbourhood. I was surprised to find that water freezes even in the bed-rooms. Mr. Buddle has succeeded in making a deep impression during the three years of his stay here. Almost all the natives keep the Sabbath-day holy; possess the New Testament, which they read and study very attentively; and some of them are consistent Teachers of their less-instructed brethren.

28th.—I started for Kawhia, accompanied by Mr. Buddle and a few natives: the journey was a day and a half long, and one of the most disagreeable I have had during this trip. In the night I slept but little, on my scanty bed of fern; and, owing to the violent perspiration caused by the excessive toil of the preceding day, my thirst was intense: but in the mountain-wood there was no water available; so I lay there listening to the drops as they fell from the forest-trees on my tent, and to the occasional cry of some night-birds. But while all around was gloom, all was light and peace within. For what is conscience?

“ The mildest balsam, or the sharpest steel,
That wounds can wish, or the unwounded feel ;
The softest pillow, or the sharpest rod ;
The balm of blessing, or the scourge of God.”

29th.—We arrived at Kawhia, the residence of Mr. Whiteley, by whom and by Mrs. Whiteley we were cordially received. The station is situated at the head of a large sheet of water, opening into the ocean over a bar, and looks well at high water ; but at other times the mud-flats are unsightly objects. The aspect of the country is generally that of high, broken hills, partially covered with wood ; but near the house I saw, for the first time during a journey of several hundreds of miles, an acre or two of beautiful English clover and other grasses, green and flourishing, notwithstanding the very depth of winter. A horse and cow, with a few goats and sheep, were grazing here, and may be reckoned among the blessings which follow the Gospel ; for the native wars did not allow of such things till they gave way before the Gospel of peace.

31st.—The canoes and boats approached the station from many a creek and river, preparatory to the Sunday services : they have their small huts, ready for their few wants, in a reserve near the large weather-boarded chapel.

Sunday, September 1st.—At early dawn the bell rung, and the muster was strong at the prayer-meeting. At ten o'clock the chapel was full, mostly of natives ; but there were a few Europeans. Mr. Wallis preached in the native tongue, and I followed in English. In the afternoon we held a baptismal service, when seventeen persons were publicly baptized, and the service closed with a lovefeast. There were a goodly number present, who behaved in the most proper and solemn manner. The spirit of Christian devotion was present among these

tattooed men, clothed with mats, blankets, and dogs' skins. At my request, Mr. Whiteley wrote down some of their testimonies, which were to the following effect:—

Paul.—“ I only was the man pursued by sin: long, long was I pursued by all sorts of evil. At length I heard of the things of God: then I thought, ‘This is the side on which I shall find life, this is salvation’s side.’ I yielded to the Gospel, and began to pray. I prayed to God, and pleaded His Son, His baptism, His death, His merit: I prayed, and found liberty in believing: let me be faithful, and I shall live.”

Te Kanawa (The Governor).—“ The evil of our hearts cleaves to us, and there is no shaking off sin. I remember, however, that the Apostle Paul said, ‘Moreover, brethren, I declare unto you the Gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain.’ ” (1 Cor. xv. 1, 2.)

Matin.—“ It is not for us to judge who are believing men, and who are not: we cannot see into each other’s hearts; but when a man professes to be a Christian, he must show the fruit. It is not in our power to destroy sin; but when God begins, He makes perfect work. I know this, I have found this out. I know but little about the things of this world; but if I cleave to faith and godliness, I shall be saved.”

Clarke.—“ When I was in my mother’s womb, I knew not sin, I knew not that there was sin. After I was born, I still was ignorant of sin; but I was born in sin, and in sin grew up, and in sin I delighted. Sin was my work, and sin was my food. ‘The wages of sin is death;’ and in death and blood I delighted. But I could not be happy: the ‘good news’ came, the Preachers of the Gospel urged us to leave off our wicked ways, and now I am resolved to be a Christian.”

Arona (Aaron).—"I was long held halting between two opinions: one thought came into my heart, and said, 'Do not turn to that religion: it is a new upstart.' Another came, and said, 'Adam got wrong, and all have been wrong ever since.' There have been great doings in the world, and in this land, by sin; but now the Gospel has come, and I am resolved to be a Christian."

Hall.—"I look round about me, and I see this man and that man all for sin and for the devil; but let me not say to any one, 'Let me pull out the splinter out of thine eye,' while the beam is in mine own eye. I see it is of no use to apply to man for deliverance from sin; but the Holy Ghost can destroy it. I have learnt from the Catechism, that this is the work of the Holy Ghost, and I give my heart to Him. 'What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?'"

Ihaka (Isaac).—"From the field of blood and sin and death I came. The fight came, and I was made captive, and brought to bondage; but the Gospel came, and I lived. You all know where I am from" (Taranaki); "but I am now happy, 'looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith; who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God.' In this I rejoice."

Nathaniel.—"In my former days, I saw dancing, and heard native singing, obscene songs, and witnessed much iniquity. I approved of it all, and learnt it all, and delighted in it all, till, by and by, the Preachers of the Gospel came. I listened, and heard my practices condemned. I heard that 'the end of these things is death;' but still I held them fast. Then the Book was laid before me: I learned to read it, and I found this word there also, and I found that there would be no end to

the pain of this death. I saw also the word, 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire.' I thought, 'This will be my lot.' I cried and prayed, and was dark indeed. I cried, and cried to God. I thought on Christ, the payment for my sin; and then there came a light heart into me, and then I was happy; and that is the reason why I am happy now. It is not food merely that has kept me alive till now: I should have been dead long ago, but for this: this I rejoice in, and you will all know that this is my life."

Apairama.—"'Hear, O Israel! hear, O Israel!' was the word in former days: 'The Lord our God is one Lord.' And now God's Ministers are saying to us, 'Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord;' and we believe that He is the only God. But what are we? Who knows our hearts? The word of God exhibits the tares and the wheat growing together. But who of us are wheat? Who of us are tares? Good and evil are struggling together in the same heart. Let our hearts decide for good. Let us look to Christ, and He will save us."

Waterhouse.—"The Missionaries have come among us, and we live. If they had not come, and we had gone on in our old ways, we should all have been dead long ago. Now we have engaged to leave all the evil of the world; and let this be our riches, the riches of godliness. I was a dead man belonging to sin; but God has sent His Son to seek and to save that which was lost. He has sent His Gospel to us, and I am resolved to be on the Lord's side."

Maunsell.—"Yes, we have all seen the evils of Heathenism; we have all seen the consequences of sin; and now we all turn; but it is for this man, and that man, each one for himself, to pray and believe. This man does not see the faith of that man's heart, whether it be strong or weak. I feel that I must look to my own

heart, and take care of my own soul. Well, why should we not pray to God, and put our trust in Him? Can this new religion, can faith and godliness, can Christianity, be overturned? Our religion has been set aside and destroyed; but this will remain for ever. Let us cleave to it. That is all my speech."

Jabez.—"Sin is not of to-day, nor yesterday: it is of old growth, and cannot be destroyed by us. It is deep-rooted, and cannot be torn up. But let us pray to God. I pray for its destruction: but it is not dead yet. 'The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.' That is all."

John Eggleston.—"I will not talk the thoughts of others, but will tell you my own. When the Gospel came, I was in the house of bondage. I listened, and heard that the new religion was a good thing. I received this as truth, and consented to Christianity, and began to worship. Then I thought, 'This is life and salvation.' But, no. I went to the class-meeting, and thought, 'This will save me.' But, no. Then I sought for baptism, and supposed that would save me. But, no; though I thought I should now be delivered from sin, and be happy. I hoped now all was right, but found I was still wrong. I went away to Hokianga, and came back, but was still ignorant. Then I saw by the Book, and the teaching of the Spirit, that a man is not to be saved by outward ceremonies, but by heart-work. Great has been my wickedness. My sins would fill this chapel quite full; and if there were many large ships in the harbour, they would all be filled and sunk by the number and weight of my sins. But I believe God can pardon and wash them all away; and though He has not done so yet, I believe He will do so very soon. Finished here is my talk."

In the evening I preached to them, Mr. Whiteley interpreting; and the Lord's Supper closed the services of the day: and a good day it was; for the Master was present with His servants. In our congregations at home, I have witnessed some touching scenes at the departure of a Christian Minister, or at the return of one whose labour had been greatly owned of the Lord; scenes where all eyes and hearts were filled to overflowing, and such speaking eyes as might well call up the Apostle's question, "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart?" But never did I see, even in my old and Christian father-land, more glowing countenances, filled with benevolence, and often swimming with the tear of joy, than the congregation after the service that evening, when they crowded round us, each individual greeting with a cordial shaking of hands, and the salutations of respect and peace, *Te na iako coe*. Their daily walk, and every part of their conduct, especially their love of the Scriptures, evince the true Christian character of these people. But much remains to be done.

2d.—Our District-Meeting began, and ended the following Saturday, the whole of the time being fully occupied therein, save the short intervals for sleep and meals. It was truly cheering to witness the very hearty greetings of the brethren, some of whom had travelled eight hundred miles to be present. Their spirit was excellent throughout the sittings of this weighty and important District-Meeting.

Sunday, 8th.—The brethren accompanied me to the opposite shores of Kawhia-Bay, where we opened a neat chapel. I preached to the English, and collected £10 from about thirty persons. Mr. Ironside then preached to the natives, while I proceeded on foot to Aotea, distant about twelve miles, accompanied by Messrs. Turton and Smales. About five o'clock we reached the station; and, having taken nothing, were ready for our

dinner, which Mrs. Smales had kindly prepared for us. But first we had to shake hands with a multitude of natives, drawn up in a long line to receive us, which they did with floods of tears: some sobbed aloud, and all shook hands in right good earnest, bidding us a cordial welcome. I was both weary and hungry; but this extra work was so heartily gone through, that I must say the whole scene was not a little refreshing to me. As Mr. Turton had formerly occupied the Aotea station, and was now for the first time come to see them since his removal to Taranaki, it is fair to conclude that a large amount of the excitement and sympathy was owing to this circumstance. His labours here had been crowned with God's blessing, and many call him their spiritual father. He whom the Master owns and honours thus may well afford to be told by certain of his fellow-servants that he is not in the apostolical succession. At six o'clock the chapel was crowded with blanket-clad worshippers, who appeared earnest and devout. After a short sermon from Mr. Turton, I baptized fifteen persons, whose answers to the searching questions put to them by Mr. Wallis showed that they were expert in the Scriptures: many, both male and female, repeated, in the full congregation, by the request of Mr. Wallis, the first chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, with remarkable accuracy and readiness.

Aotea is an interesting station, rather more densely peopled than any place I have yet seen on the west coast: the land is fertile, and the native cultivations rather extensive: the wheat looked green, and the flax luxuriant.

9th.—Mr. Wallis and I set out for Waingarua, and were surprised to meet two good horses, with bridles, saddles, and two careful natives, sent from four days' journey by the Chief, Jabez Bunting. This was designed by him to ease my fatiguing journey to his *pah*, or native

fortress. Jabez is considered, and I believe justly considered, to stand among the first and most civilised of our New-Zealand Chiefs; and, what is far better, he is a man of decided piety. In the evening we reached Waingaroa, having passed over the only land-journey made by the late excellent Mr. Waterhouse, and one of the most easy to travel over, because much has been done in clearing a path, and making temporary bridges, by Mr. Wallis, whose cheerful and energetic wife, and a fine, healthy, clean family of children, met us at the door with many a smile and a good old English welcome. If any one wishes to judge of the fine climate of New-Zealand, let him only see the Mission family at Waingaroa, and all further inquiry will be unnecessary. The blooming faces here will soon put doubt to flight.

The chapel is large, but not quite finished. In the evening we held service with the natives, and administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to the church-members. The head Chief of this place is called William Naylor: I suppose after my old friend of that name at home. For general information and weight of character, William stands among the first of his class. I brought with me his son, who also is a Local Preacher, to enter the Native Institution at Auckland.

12th.—Leaving this interesting station, we journeyed over the most fearful hills it ever fell to my lot to ascend and descend; but there was no escaping them; so we girded on our travelling costume, and, dispensing with coats and many other things, passed on very slowly over those awful precipices, the careful natives placing themselves in situations where they might be most useful. Every now and then we were at a full stop, on the edge of a great gulf. The guides, under these circumstances, would give directions in this way: "Hold fast by that bush; fix your staff here; put your right foot there; now leap; try again: there are much worse places yet to

be encountered." Having succeeded in getting over one mountain, nothing remained but to cross the river or bog below, and immediately ascend the next cloud-capped hill. This is the general character of many hundreds of miles in New-Zealand. Wild goats might "walk up and down" these places, but surely they are ill-adapted for the path of men. And yet these hills are securely held by parchment-deeds, and the money paid for them, or for others like them, by some of my countrymen, who have acted upon the representations of "the Company," and of other land-jobbers, but who never saw New-Zealand, where their lands are as firmly secured as the hills which cannot be moved nor improved. This, however, must not be taken as a fair representation of all the land in New-Zealand,—far from it: there are many places where the English farmer would succeed admirably well, both the soil and climate being very good.

13th.—Having crossed the Waikato river yesterday in a native canoe, we pitched our tent upon the sand of the sea-shore near the mouth; but in the night the rains fell and the winds blew, and the tent came down about our ears. Both Mr. Wallis and I were fully aware of our situation: such, however, was our fatigue, that we took things as they came until the dawn of day, when we started on the sandy beach towards Manukau; and while we were preparing our wood, and boiling the kettle, a little distance from the rolling waves of the ocean, up came Jabez, well-mounted and well-dressed. He was to be our escort to his *pah*, about four hours' journey; which, after singing, reading, prayer, and provender, we accomplished without much difficulty. At his *pah*, called Pehiakura, I found a very good and large chapel, to which all the people repaired; and an excellent young man, going to the Institution, called Samuel, sang, prayed, and addressed the congregation, who, for the most part, were professed Christians. I baptized five

persons, and then proceeded towards Manukau, which we crossed in about seventeen hours in a native canoe; or, in other words, in a hollow tree. Jabez took charge of the helm, and brought me safely to the shore, only six miles from the waters of Auckland; which we soon entered, I in my shirt-sleeves, and my faithful natives with my tent and other burdens on their backs. It need scarcely be said, that I was very glad once more to be at home, and thankful to a kind Providence for my preservation. Many a time during this journey did the sweat stream from my brow with a copiousness to which I was before a stranger. This, however, is the work of the Missionaries in New-Zealand. In general they look old for their years; and how can it be otherwise, amid such violent and wasting toils, often wet for days and nights together, without a single comfort?

During this journey I had, at one time or another, as my fellow-travellers in flood and field, a rare assemblage of ancients and moderns, mostly men of renown: these were Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; David, Saul, and Samuel; Nicodemus, Matthew, John, Peter, and Paul; Adam Clarke, Richard Watson, Jabez Bunting, Robert Newton, William Naylor, William Barton; and others, without saying who or how many.

In the choice of their names at baptism, they generally select an honoured one, either from the Scriptures, or from the wise, and good, and great, of whom they may have learnt something that has pleased them.

All the way as we passed through the woods, or plains, or villages, I was cheered with the sight of all the natives without exception; and, whether they travelled with us or not, all united in morning and evening devotion. The hymn was sung, the chapter was read, and prayer was offered up to Almighty God. This is now the general practice in those parts where the Missionary influence has been brought to bear; and small indeed is the part

where it has not reached. At the same time, I am afraid that many of them are only nominal Christians, and not saved from sin. In their domestic worship they do not change their attitude, but squat upon their hams all the time; only at prayer they hide their faces with their blankets or their mats.

Another thing struck me very forcibly; and that was their truthfulness and honesty. This was the more remarkable, as the very opposite was their character formerly. I did not hear of any departure from truth or honesty in the case of a single individual of our people with whom I travelled, or was at all associated, during a journey of about seven weeks; and reviewing what has passed under my own observation, I am exceedingly gratified to observe the advanced state of Christianity in some individuals, and its general influence upon the New-Zealand population throughout; but the labour of the Missionaries, and their exposures, are often distressing, arising from the scattered state of the people, and the rough character of this country, where there are no roads.

A sketch in this place of the toils and dangers of Mr. Turton, may likewise serve to connect the narrative.

NEW-PLYMOUTH, *March 20th*, 1845.

OVERLAND JOURNEY FROM AOTEA TO NEW-PLYMOUTH.

It having been determined at the District-Meeting that we should be removed to New-Plymouth, as no suitable opportunity occurred for our coming by ship, we resolved at last to effect the journey overland, leaving our luggage to be taken round in a small cutter.

Sunday, February 18th, 1844.—I therefore preached my farewell sermon to a large and weeping auditory, and

urged upon them especially the transfer of their respect and affection to my successor, their present Missionary. And this they faithfully promised to do.

20th.—Having engaged twenty natives to carry Mrs. Turton and the two children, with the clothes, food, and bedding, I sent them off in a canoe. We had then to tear ourselves away from the embraces of our people as well as we could; and, leaving Mr. Wallis on the beach, who had kindly come over to see us set out, we stepped hastily into the boat. Never shall I forget the lamentable howl which the people set up as we pulled away from the shore, and which was continued without abatement so long as we were in sight. It was an affectionate farewell; for, though the New-Zealanders can, at any time, weep as mechanically as a Popish statue, yet I believe, on this occasion, their tears were tears of sincerity, and their love “without dissimulation.”

21st.—The whole of this day was spent in crossing the forest-hills, which divide Waipa from the coast. At night we pitched our tent near the outskirts of the bush. The hot days of a New-Zealand summer are succeeded by cold nights, on which account we were afraid because of our children, the youngest being only a few months old.

22d.—By breakfast-time we reached the Mission-station, where we were most affectionately received by our worthy friends, Mr. and Mrs. Buddle, in whose agreeable company we spent the four following days, to our great comfort. I found the work steadily advancing under Mr. Buddle's charge, and was more pleased with the good conduct of his natives, than on former visits.

27th.—We set off in two canoes up the Waipa, Mr. Buddle kindly accompanying us three days until we reached the confines of his extensive and scattered Circuit. After much difficulty in bringing our heavy canoes up the shallows, we encamped for the night on the river-side.

28th.—From an early hour we pulled up the stream until we reached the landing-place at two o'clock P.M. Here we dined, and proceeded three hours overland to Pukamapau, where there are about fifty natives. With them we spent a good portion of the night in Divine service and conversation.

29th.—After travelling for about nine hours along a circuitous valley, we arrived at our station of Wakatutumumu about five P.M. This is one of the outposts of the Kawhia Circuit; and here we found Mr. Miller, the salaried Teacher, partly engaged in completing his house. He seems to be a good, simple-hearted man, and will doubtless, if diligent, be made useful in his neighbourhood.

March 1st.—After holding morning service, and exhorting the Chief to treat his Teacher kindly, Mr. Buddle and I separated; he returning home by another route, whilst we pursued our journey towards the Mokau, where we arrived, (that is, at Motukaramee, the landing-place,) after a very hard day's work, about eight in the evening.

2d.—The canoe which we had previously ordered from the Heads having arrived, we started early, being obliged to send most of our party over the mountains, for want of more canoes. The whole day was spent in pulling down the stream, and passing over the rapids of this romantic river, until seven o'clock, when we pitched our tent ashore on an awkward declivity on the mountain-side.

In this solitary place we spent the Sabbath, engaged in our usual services, and in giving suitable advice to my Native Teachers, as to the manner in which they were to conduct themselves to my successor, their present Missionary, on their return.

4th.—Another day's pulling down the river brought us by six o'clock P.M. to our Mission-station at the

Heads, where I immediately held Divine service, most of the *Pikopo* natives coming to hear me. Mr. Schmachtenberg is expected here with his wife in a few days. He was lately married at Sydney, and is now returning to his former station, with every prospect of success. He is a very pious man, well acquainted with the language, and much interested in the duties of his station. His wife also seems well adapted for her present position.

5th.—This day we travelled many miles on the beach, fixing our tent at night in as sheltered a situation as we could find.

6th.—By eight o'clock we reached the Parininihi cliff, where travellers have to lower themselves down to the beach by means of a rope. The height is about eighteen feet, many parts of which are perpendicular, so that the rope is your only dependence; and as it is simply tied to a stake driven into the top of the cliff, if that gives way, the common law of gravitation soon brings you to the bottom. The natives now fastened on some new flax ropes, which they had twisted the night before; and, taking the children in their arms, soon landed them safely on the beach. Mrs. Turton was soon after them. They had proposed letting her down in a basket; one obliging creature kindly offered to carry her safely on his back; but, seizing hold of the rope with both hands, she soon let herself down without assistance and without accident, to the great merriment of them all. The tide was now flowing; but it was still low enough, we conjectured, to allow us to get past a long range of shelving rocks upwards of two miles in extent. This we very narrowly effected, though we ran as fast as our dripping clothes would let us. By the time we reached the last rock, the spring-tide had risen so high as almost to preclude all hope of getting round it, the sand having been greatly washed away by the recent bad weather. To climb the rocks was impossible, to go back was hopeless;

so there I was, with my wife and children and people, up to my breast in water, hemmed in with the sea, with but the bare possibility of an escape, which my already exhausted strength was only just sufficient to attempt. O the feelings of that moment! Poor Bumby drowning in the Thames, and Peter sinking in Tiberias, both flashed across my mind; but I saw by faith the invisible hand of Jesus stretched out to me, and I determined to make the venture. Thrice was I thrown off my feet by the rebounding waves, and was only saved from being washed out to sea, by fixing my spear firmly in the sand, and holding on by the base; but the third wave had passed, so that I had just time to struggle out of danger, before the next arrived: and there I found my children wet through, and crying most pitifully. But Mrs. Turton, with her eight carriers, were still behind the rocks. When they saw me washed down, they set up a dreadful yell, thinking I was lost; nor were their fears diminished on seeing my cap floating by, on the top of the surf, expecting to see my body next. "Let us all die together," they exclaimed: "why should we live after our father is drowned?" and they relaxed their efforts immediately. I sent more natives back to help them, when, on hearing that I was safe, they made one general effort, lifted up my wife on the chair as high as their hands could raise it, and rushed through the surf, sometimes rising above their heads, until at length they rounded the rock and reached us in our place of safety, where we returned thanks to God for His merciful deliverance. —This place is called, *Te matenga o te Tatona*, "The Turton's death," to this day.

After staying here about two hours to dry our clothes, we proceeded on our journey, The children we were obliged to wrap up in shawls, &c., as all their spare clothes had been washed into the sea. By five o'clock we reached Urenui, where we were met by Mr. Skeving-

ton, and three horses, by the help of which we were enabled to reach Oranoi, where we stayed for the night, truly grateful for the mercies of the past day.

7th.—We set off by starlight at four o'clock, so as not to be hindered by the tide. This we found to be miserable work for our young children, who felt the cold severely. By eight o'clock we arrived at Waitara, where we breakfasted, and then journeying ten miles on a good English road soon brought us to the settlement of New-Plymouth, our present station. The Mission-house is situated in an isolated spot, about two miles from the town; which is a great disadvantage, both for the native and European work; but as the station was selected before the English settlement was thought of, of course no blame can be attached to any one.

NEW-PLYMOUTH.

In this district there are about one thousand Europeans, and six hundred natives; but many more intend returning hither shortly from the southward, having been driven away by the Waikatos. The land in this neighbourhood is as level and fertile as most visitors have described it, and indeed is better suited for agriculture than any other district in New-Zealand. I was sorry to find the natives in a state of great excitement about their claim to the land, as to the validity of which, according to real native usage, I have not yet made up my mind. There are many intricacies connected with the question, which require to be duly considered by persons well acquainted with Maori as well as civilised law; but the great difficulty, in my opinion, arises from the almost impossibility of reconciling the two systems, and of deciding in what particular cases to apply the one, and when to apply the other. To require either the European or the native implicitly to submit to the usages of the opposite party, would be most unreasonable; and still it

appears to be the opinion of each that it ought to be so, which therefore becomes the source of much misunderstanding, and much bad feeling. Without proper consideration, each party looks upon his own claim as the best; and so the worst feelings towards each are engendered, whilst the settlement of the general question is thereby retarded. I think it would have been greatly to the benefit of the colony, and especially for the aboriginal part of it, had Governor Hobson been directed to hold a general convocation on his first arrival in the country, and before he had involved himself in difficulties by any official acts. Such a meeting might have comprised all the officers of the Government, the oldest or most intelligent of the Missionaries, together with the most impartial and judicious gentlemen from the various settlements; (of whom, I am happy to say, we have a goodly number;) and under their united consideration might have been brought nearly every point of perplexity which can possibly arise between the two races, with suggestions of the most valuable character as to the best means of their removal, &c. In such a case, a well-digested code of laws, suited to the transition-state of the New-Zealanders, might have been adopted, and acted upon from the first; and thus that system of ever-changing policy, which is so much to be regretted, would have been avoided by the Government at the very outset of their career; nor, under the circumstances, would such a course have been at all dishonourable.

At New-Plymouth, we have a good small stone chapel; but it is still unfinished. In this place we have two services on the Sabbath. The want of a church is at present supplied by a temporary raupo building. The natives are supplied twice on the Sabbath, and visited regularly during the week, though I can neither attend to them nor the Europeans with any degree of satisfaction. Where the work is divided, it appears to me that

it must necessarily be defective. I shall, however, do my best to promote the spiritual interests of both, and, if possible, to induce a better feeling and a stronger connexion between the two races of this settlement. At present, all is fear, distrust, and jealousy ; and in such a soil, the Gospel cannot fully thrive. At any rate, the Committee may rest assured, that if I can do no good, I will at least endeavour to do no harm. I am sorry to say, that the presence of the military is now absolutely necessary to the continuance of peace in New-Zealand, and to preserve our past labours from being entirely destroyed. - We dread the immoral influence which they will probably exert on our people ; but we cannot help it. Their presence may be better than the destruction of many, and the eventual annihilation of this interesting community. The Europeans are in a state of danger without protection, which of itself is enough to tempt the natives to acts of plunder and hostility. It is my firm conviction that, unless assistance be speedily rendered, this promising colony will, ere long, become the scene of bloodshed and every calamity. Under our present Governor, there is no fear of any abuse of military power. The very display of it would, in my opinion, be sufficient to prevent its use ; but without that display, there is no calculating how soon our most distressing fears may be realised : let a systematic warfare be once commenced in New-Zealand, and farewell to every hope of spiritual and civil advancement for twenty years to come. May God support us in our difficulties, and dissipate the gloomy fears which becloud the prospects of this Mission !

It would appear that under the later administration of Governor Hobson, and his Secretary and assistant, Dr. Shortland, some smouldering discontent was latent among a

few of the Chiefs, with regard to restrictions imposed upon the sale of land, and other fiscal regulations which appeared at that time to impede commerce. They could not understand the complicated difficulties which a new Government, operating in a community which was composed partly of civilised and partly of uncivilised people, had to deal with, and they were naturally impatient of any law the general bearing and result of which they could not perceive, but which they did think might at present prove unfavourable to themselves. Among these was John Heki, a Chief of the Bay of Islands, and formerly a warrior under Shungee. He was a nominal Christian, and had been Mission-lad at Paihia, under Archdeacon H. Williams, and grew up restrained and directed, in some degree, by Christian truth; but, like many others, he had become sophisticated and injured by the political excitements and questions of his time; and being encouraged by some interested settlers of his neighbourhood, he began to manifest his opposition to the British sway. There happened to be a dispute with the settlers of the Bay of Islands respecting a native woman, which led to no small tumult; and, before it was over, the British flag-staff was cut down by Heki, to show his contempt of the authority which it represented. This indignity was resented by

Thomas Walker, the Wesleyan Chief, who was firmly attached to the Government, and the result was a general rising among Heki's people, and some subordinate Chiefs; which, besides impeding Missionary operations, resulted in the total destruction of Kororarika, and many other lamentable consequences, both near and remote, involving serious loss of property and life.

The military force in the country was then small and insufficient, and the government of His Excellency Captain Fitzroy was indebted, in the highest degree, to the faithful Thomas Walker; by whose perseverance and energy, at the head of his well-affected natives, Heki was finally reduced, and peace restored. This war, and several others of similar character, taken together, lasted a considerable time, greatly trying the faith of the Missionary body, and fully verifying the predictions which they had uttered respecting the colonisation of the land. The next extract from Mr. Lawry's communications refers to this collision.

AUCKLAND, *April 8th*, 1845.

I WRITE you the more frequently on account of the extraordinary circumstances into which this colony is brought by the total destruction of Kororarika, or Russell, by the natives. Very full accounts of this catastrophe were sent home direct by the ship "Matilda," which sailed on the 23d ult.

Nothing very important has since transpired. H.M.S.

H H

"North Star" has just come in from the Bay of Islands, bringing up about eighty refugees, consisting of out-settlers and Mission-families, but none belonging to us.

Mr. Hobbs wrote to me on the 29th ult. from Hokianga, stating that all were quiet, but trembling, there. Tamate, the native Chief, had returned at the earnest request of the white people, that he and his men might be a sort of protection to them. He is come home somewhat ashamed of his people, who robbed at the Waimate those whom they went professedly to protect. Alas for those who have no better protection!

We are endeavouring to comfort ourselves in the Lord, and to put our trust in Him. Here all is bustle and warlike preparation, fortifying the infant town, training to arms, and many are going off to the neighbouring colonies: more would do so, had they the means, or were they at liberty. Almost all confidence is now lost in the professions of the northern natives. Indeed, very little is known of the effect which this entirely new class of circumstances may produce on the native mind generally. Our soldiers beaten and driven away; a whole town plundered, and much property falling into their hands; while the Government is perfectly powerless, and obliged to intrench itself for the present, without madly attempting to take the field against the rebels;—these are new things in New-Zealand, which the natives are discussing; while the colonists are looking here and there for help, and full of apprehension of what may happen before the adequate succour can arrive from England.

Mr. Hobbs says, in his letter of the 29th ult.: "Our lives will very much depend on the measures which may be taken by the Governor, and his plans respecting the Bay of Islands. I think that if the Governor attempt to take Heki and Kawhiti without two or three thousand troops, he will be likely to find himself mistaken. The natives will not respect a small force; but if a large one

come, it would prevent hundreds, if not thousands, from joining the rebels who are now undecided."

I have named this to the Colonial Secretary, who will convey it to Government. He says, that no movement will be made upon the rebels until we have the requisite means. The thrilling question is, Will the rebels (as they are called here) sit still? or, if we are invaded by them, can we defend ourselves? The answer to this may be read in many a pale face. I call my flock to imitate King Jehoshaphat, who said, under somewhat similar circumstances, "O our God, wilt Thou not judge them? for we have no might against this great company that cometh against us; neither know we what to do: but our eyes are upon Thee."

I am sure we shall have an interest in your prayers; and God is our Sun and Shield.

AUCKLAND, *April 16th*, 1845.

As almost all communication is cut off between this place and those tribes who have destroyed the town and settlements about Kororarika, very little is known of their proceedings, further than that they say they will do the same at Auckland as they have done at the Bay. Here all is preparation for defensive war. Of Thomas Walker and his war with Heki, nothing is yet known, further than that a few shots were fired, and two men killed; but that Thomas consented to be still for a time at the earnest request of the white people, especially the Missionaries. There now remains no doubt whatever that the Popish Priests have had their hand in this native movement. But they are not men to be easily convicted, and they feel that they are strongly backed by their "grand nation." They deny that they are Anti-christ; but their deeds are worthy of the great apostasy.

The colonists are moving off to Sydney and elsewhere, as fast as ships are found to carry them. Out-settlers

are not safe, as the natives (that is, the bad ones among them) come and plunder them with impunity, shooting their cattle, and riding away their horses. They root up their young fruit-trees, and set fire to their houses. These things they have done in the Bay of Islands; and it is said that the Popish natives are foremost in these atrocities. Up to this date, I have not heard that any of our people have disgraced themselves, or any of the Mission-stations been injured.

How trying it is to the friends and supporters of Christian Missions, that as soon as they succeed in taming the savage by the spread of Christian truth, in comes colonisation, and in comes Popery! How deep is this mystery of Divine Providence, that the boar out of the wood should be permitted to root up His newly-cultivated and flourishing vineyard! It is with difficulty that I have been able to dissuade persons from attempting to colonise the Feejeean and Tonga isles. They reason very much as Lot did: "And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, as thou comest unto Zoar." But Lot did not so well consider what kind of neighbours he should have. "But the men of Sodom were wicked and sinners before the Lord exceedingly." What a lesson to emigrants, who keep their eye on the grass of the plains, and forget the moral infection of Sodom, does the case and catastrophe of Lot afford! A rapid fortune was the golden expectation, while the loss of all was the result. Persons of whom I should have thought better and wiser things, continually apply to me for a passage in the Missionary vessel, that they may settle and be quiet in the distant isles of the Pacific Ocean. Of course, my answer in every case is the same: "The vessel is set apart for Mission purposes exclusively; and if it were otherwise, I should strongly advise you, both for your

own sake, and for the sake of the natives, to lay aside all thought of settling among them until you can be sure of protection and a maintenance."

It had been, even up to the present time, a source of solicitude to the Missionaries; that although they had no reason to doubt the reality of the change which had taken place in their converts, they had not often witnessed that painful and contrite repentance, that distressing depth of sorrow for sin, which it might be supposed a barbarous people, just awakening from their wickedness into the light of the glorious Gospel, would feel. To this solicitude Wesleyan Missionaries would be peculiarly liable, both from the stress which they lay, in their teaching, upon deep and sincere repentance, and from the recollections they cherish of the results which have everywhere followed the introduction of Methodism among a previously unawakened and unevangelized race; and hence our New-Zealand brethren, while rejoicing over whole tribes that had abandoned their superstitions, and taken up the profession of Christianity, and over individuals in particular who were truly brought to Christ, were made anxiously to pray and look for that more glorious effusion of the Spirit, which should produce general conviction for sin, and penitential distress, among the nominal converts: so leading them to true conversion, and a deepening of the work of

grace in the hearts of those who had already believed to the saving of their souls.

In the years 1845 and 1846, notwithstanding the social troubles and wars of the country, these anxious petitions seemed to be graciously answered. A more than ordinary spirit of devotion rested upon the congregations, and great power accompanied the ministration of the word. In the English congregations, many colonists, who had been careless about their eternal interests, came to the Mission-chapels, and for the first time in their lives were cut to the heart by the sword of the Spirit, and subsequently healed by the balm of the Gospel: a change, too, seemed to come over the natives; for they not only evinced, on turning to God, the usually-observed desire of possessing and pondering the holy Scriptures,—but the more practical desire, accompanied with crying and tears, to flee from the wrath to come. The same gracious spirit of awakening had spread over all the Wesleyan stations in the South Seas; the work was making rapid progress every way in the Feejee and Friendly Isles; and a great extension of the Redeemer's kingdom was the consequence. The brethren gave themselves to their work with redoubled ardour; and yet, notwithstanding their wasting labours and perilous journeys, not a life was sacrificed. God reproved Kings for their sakes, and seemed

to say, to all the elements of physical nature, as well as to all hostile intelligences, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my Prophets no harm." From this time they began to reap a richer harvest of souls; and to observe, with holy joy, the attainment, on the part of the natives, of a Christian experience which, for life and power, was more upon an equality with that of God's people in this country. The Chiefs, especially, took a higher tone of thought and feeling, and then reflected the influence of their improved character upon their countrymen.

Mr. Creed was now labouring, with devoted fidelity and success, at Waikowaiti, Port-Otago, in the Middle-Island. To many wicked settlers in the place, and to several small tribes of benighted Heathen around, he was the messenger of mercy and salvation. But at and around Auckland the work of conversion was proceeding with most cheering rapidity. The following extract from a letter addressed by Mr. Lawry to the Secretaries is inserted, giving an account of a lovefeast held there about this time, and showing the real and spiritual aspect of the work:—

AUCKLAND, *September 19th, 1846.*

No one could have witnessed our lovefeast, on the afternoon of the last Sabbath, without glorifying God in the converted New-Zealanders. Many baptisms had taken place in the morning, administered by the Rev.

Thomas Buddle, and several marriages, all at the Institution. Among these were Ralph Scurrah, Elijah Hoole, William B. Boyce, George Allen, (ex-Mayor of Sydney,) James Byrnes, and many other names dear to me, assumed by these new disciples, who soon changed them so much, that my old friends would not be likely to answer to them, as pronounced by those who bear them in New-Zealand; but they chose them because I could tell them these were men of God, and my friends. The chapel was crowded with members; and as the natives chiefly spoke, Mr. Buddle interpreted, and Mr. Watkin wrote down what was said by a few of them, which I send you as a specimen of their testimony for the Lord Jesus Christ. About one hundred and fifty of these tattooed men of savage birth were present. Such a breaking down and weeping I had not seen before among their race; and Mr. Watkin says the same. Before the service began they were, in several instances, weeping and sighing before the Lord, mostly tears of joy.

Abraham spoke as clearly of his faith as any one could desire; while his dark tattoo was radiant with delight, and his black, full eye shot forth beams of light.

Samuel was full of love, and burned with Christian zeal. He is a rare character, and one of our Institution.

John White said,—“I was praying last Friday, and God met me. He answered my prayer, and I was not able to sustain myself, but fell flat among the fern, overwhelmed with joy. I am often very happy, and shall hope only to live that I may serve God.” This lad spoke with floods of tears: the feeling throughout the chapel was very great.

Jabez Bunting (Chief of Pehiakura) said,—“For eighteen years I have been called a Christian, but was a *name* only. I did not enjoy the salvation of Christ; and this was the case up to the present year. A short time ago I heard Mr. Henry Lawry preach from, ‘Ye will not

come unto Me that ye might have life.' He said, 'Those who come aright shall be received, and such alone.' My fear began when I heard this word, and remembered what the lads" (students at the Institution) "had testified; and I resolved to seek that which many of them had found. I prayed to God, but felt my heart grow hard; I determined to spend a week in solemn, fervent prayer; during one whole day I prayed, and then saw what a great sinner I was. I could neither eat nor sleep, day or night; I was in an agony." (Here he sobbed and was speechless for some time, his manly chest heaving with emotion, his manly face bathed in tears. After a while he resumed,) "This knowledge and sorrow did not come from myself, but from God, whom I sought, and found, and now had peace and constant joy. I found the Lord at the Lord's table. He was made known unto me in breaking of bread. And now my heart cries to the Lord night and day. I wish to tell my countrymen everywhere of these things, which the Lord hath wrought."

Timothy.—"I have just escaped from the belly of hell: I resolved more than ever to flee to Christ when I heard the sermon last evening." (Saturday night.)

Paul.—"I have seen that I am lost as a sinner, but have determined to trust in Christ."

Matthew.—"Long ago I embraced Christianity, but went astray in the war. Then I saw God looking upon me, and I was afraid. I was sorry for my sin, and felt more than I can tell at the last sacrament, when the great weeping took place." (Referring to a most signal season of Divine power which had recently occurred at the Institution, when the native members of the Pehia-kura tribes had received the Lord's Supper.)

James.—"The way in which I was brought to repentance, was by hearing a sermon delivered by Mr. Buddle. I was then like the man described in Rom. vii. Great

was my sorrow ; and I cried, ' O my Father, my Saviour, turn unto me, and forgive me my sin ! ' Hell appeared open, and great was my distress ; but God answered my prayer, and light, light brighter than day, spread over my heart : the joy of my spirit continues with me always." (Here he wept profusely, and *looked* the things he could not utter.)

William King.—"This is my thought : in this way I began to serve the Lord. I went to worship, but did not think God was the true God. Mine was a name, a fashion ; but I was ignorant until I came from Taranaki to the Institution, where I began to feel that I was a sinner. My sins were not set on one side of me, but they were set before my eyes, and they looked me straight in the face. I then prayed all Saturday, Sunday, and all the next day : great was my sorrow, heavy my burden. But early the next morning I found peace, and was very happy in God's love. I felt that I was a child of God." (This lad has travelled five to six hundred miles, to tell his friends that God has saved him from sin, and to exhort them to believe in Christ.)

Thomas Chapman.—"Sickness came upon us, and I was afraid to die : I thought upon God, and saw that the wages of sin was death. I could not rest, but sought unto Jesus. I did seek Him in right earnest, and found Him ; yea, I tied myself fast unto Him, and unto His people."

The gradual development of our Native Institution is daily becoming more satisfactory and delightful. The lads get soundly converted, deeply pious, and well trained. The results are being felt far away ; and when we have the first race of lads mature for their future work, we may be sure of happy fruit from these plants in the Lord's vineyard.

We now see the need of more schools, more training, more printing ; and no effort shall be spared on our part to secure these.

We are in great straits for want of a thorough good boarding-school for the children of our Missionaries. Will no good man and his wife, properly qualified, come out to us for this purpose? We greatly need school-material, such as may be had of the British and Foreign School Society. I should like a copy of their publications. A few pounds laid out with Mr. Dunn, [the Secretary of that Society,] would be of great use here.

And again :—

October 18th, 1846.

OUR annual District-Meeting, held at Auckland, has just concluded in great peace and harmony: the Missionaries are gone to their homes, which several of them may not be expected to reach for a fortnight, their burdens being heavy, the weather wet and stormy, and there are yet no roads in New-Zealand. People in a civilised land have little knowledge of the real life of such men as these. But they are gone to their homes encouraged; for God is saving sinners, and we are witnesses that even the New-Zealander is heard bearing his testimony to the grace of God; his ignorance is instructed, his pride is humbled, and he is seen earnestly seeking Christ in prayer, with devout contrition and a broken spirit. This mighty work of the Holy Spirit is not confined to one or two, but many of these *Maori* (natives) are as clear as ourselves in the evidences of Christ's work in their hearts, and shown in their holy lives. One of our Institution-lads, William King, walked more than five hundred miles to proclaim the love of Christ, which, he said, constrained him to make this long and wearisome journey, that his friends might find mercy and be saved, through faith in Christ, as he and several others had been while at the Institution. These things greatly cheer the Missionaries, who are gone home full of gratitude and hope.

At our lovefeast held here October 5th, 1846, many of the natives were quite melted down to weeping and sobbing; the tears freely flowed down their tattooed faces; and powerful warriors, some of whom are just come from the battle-field, where they engaged in deadly fight, were seen struggling in the pangs of godly sorrow, and eyes unwont to weep were weeping tears of love, because Christ had made His mercy known to them.

Mr. Kevern observed, during the weeping struggle which was in progress before us, "This is like what we have been accustomed to witness in the Friendly Islands. Our King George, and many of his people, are used to weep, and pray, and praise like this."

Such a scene, witnessed by a dozen Missionaries, cannot fail to give an impulse to the work of God among us. But I will give a few specimens of what the natives said in their own tongue, which Mr. Whiteley there and then took down and translated.

Hone White.—"It was the death of Mr. Skevington that first led me to think in my heart. I saw if I were to die I should not go to heaven: then I began the exercise of prayer; I prayed night and day. One Sabbath Mr. Buddle preached, and told us to finish the cultivation of our own garden, before we went to help others. I felt that I was wrong, and had great darkness of heart. On the 24th of October, Samuel (one of the students) preached on the text, 'Here we have no continuing city, but seek one to come.' I fell from my seat; went out, and could not speak. I went to secret prayer; became as one dead; God showed me the greatness of my sins, and hell opened before me; I prayed all day, and cried, 'Why dost Thou spare me? why not send me to hell for my sins?' For three days and three nights my heart would not rest, or its trouble subside, because of the greatness of my fear. On Thursday night at the class, Mr. Buddle urged me to pray to God for

forgiveness. On the following Friday the Spirit led me into secret to pray; and then and there I received forgiveness. I heard the Spirit witness, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee; all thy sins of theft, lying, adultery, fighting, and rebellion!' He washed my heart from all. His manifested love to me was so great, I could not understand it; but it has led me constantly to cleave to Him. On the 1st of February last, while at secret prayer, I had such great rejoicing in the overpowering love of God, that I fell to the ground; so great was the manifestation of Divine light to my soul, that the water of my eyes flowed abundantly. Great is the pain of my heart for the love I feel to the souls of my relations. This my experience continues."

Abraham.—"This is my thought. I am astonished at the greatness of God's work of love in my heart, banishing the darkness, after which I received the light and exceeding great joy. My heart cleaves to this night and day."

Matu (Matthew).—"I remember my work in days gone by. I embraced Christianity, went to worship, heard preaching, met in class, was baptized, and received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. I thought this was religion. Not till I came here" (Institution) "did I know the truth, or see the greatness of my sins. But here the word came home to my heart; and I was afraid, and went to pray in secret. You spoke about men going to preach who had not received forgiveness themselves. At this I was alarmed. When the power of the Holy Ghost came, then the preaching entered my heart. Whether I went to bed or to work, my constant prayer was, that God would take away my sin, until I obtained forgiveness."

Hone.—"I am not able to speak of all my sins; but I will speak of the love of God. I was formal in my worship, and served God with my lips; but this year I have found the love of God. The beginning of my

concern for salvation was the sermon in which we were exhorted to finish the culture of our own garden before we went to assist others. The darkness then came to my heart, and I then saw that my work was not right. God showed me hell, the darkness, and my sins of many years. I had heard that man was not able to contend with God; that he cannot stretch out his own hand to heaven, and blot out his own sins from the book; and I felt that I could not contend with God. I said, 'It is enough: I will make peace with God, and give up my heart to Him.' September 9th, I found the great peace of God: a voice called to my heart, 'Why tarriest thou? why wander about unpardoned? go and pray in secret for a new heart.' I obeyed, and God manifested His love to me. I heard a voice, saying, 'You have lived long enough in sin;' and thus my heart was fully constrained to love God. My joy now is the love of God in my heart, and I am for Him as long as I live."

Such is their own account of what they now experience, and we could easily add many more such-like testimonies. I wish I could stand on your platforms as a witness that Jesus Christ is saving sinners through the instrumentality of the Gospel preached by your Missionaries in New-Zealand. But my business is to abide where I am, and labour, and report, and delight in the showers of blessings which come down in their season. Many Kings and righteous men have desired to see the things which we see, and have not seen them.

The principles and conduct of these new-born babes in Christ will be severely tested by the ordeals arising out of the peculiar character of society in this newly-colonised and lately-heathen country.

Here are men of the world, seeking their fortune; far more males than females.

Here is an array of military and naval men; and are there not "the English abroad?"

Here are some heathen natives, and many who are merely nominal professors, sunk low enough in the works of the flesh.

Here is "the Church," whose head tells us, and tells the natives, that the Wesleyan Missionaries are not Ministers, and, consequently, ours is no church, and its members are being deceived and deluded. And the natives of "the Church" are not slow to lay hold of such a statement, to "exalt themselves and despise others." And if their "head" be right, who can prove that they are in the wrong?

Here is Popery direct from France. It, of course, unchurches all the other Churches, and serves the Bishop of New-Zealand as he serves us: puts him, also, without the pale of "the Church."

Surrounded by such a state of things, are not these young disciples overtaken in a storm? Surely, if they come up at all, they must come up through much tribulation. They have not all our helps; the New Testament only is rendered into their tongue; they have not our admirable Magazine, nor the sublime Hymns used in our assemblies. Who can make or translate hymns in their poor language? So that our pastoral efforts must be more than doubled, and your Missionary zeal must not wax cold.

All the evils which the Rev. Dr. Beecham had predicted as likely to result from premature and forced colonisation, were being realised, both in the case of the natives and of the settlers; and, from Heki's outbreak until now, wars and outrages on the land-question, and on misunderstood law, were continually taking place: but as a new state of society had been introduced in spite of the Missionaries, and as

the change must needs spread over the land, the only course left for the brethren was to rush into every opening, promulgate the truths of the Gospel, gather serious and prepared natives into orderly societies, and put them under training and care. They had to fight against Heathenism on the one hand, and Popery on the other; to contend often with the prejudices of unreasonable men; and, in St. Paul's sense, to become all things to all men, in order that they might save some.

An official dispatch from the Right Hon. Earl Grey, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonial department, to His Excellency Governor Grey, the successor of Governor Fitzroy, in 1847, was published in New-Zealand, giving directions as to the management of disputed land-claims and the like. This document, for a while, produced great alarm amongst the Missionaries and their people; for, according to their interpretation of its leading clauses, they apprehended that an infraction of the treaty of Waitangi might be practically involved; and that then, not only would great injury and oppression result to the native tribes, with a prospect of the prolongation of their wars, but the character of the Missionaries, who used their influence on the side of that treaty, would be compromised, and their power to do good proportionally weak-

ened, if not destroyed. On the particulars of this subject we cannot here enter: but a correspondence took place between the Rev. Dr. Beecham, in the name of the Missionary Committee, and the Colonial Office, respecting this apprehended breach of the treaty of Waitangi; and an explanation was given by Earl Grey, the noble Secretary of State for the Colonial department, sufficiently satisfactory to allay the fears of the Committee, as his Lordship pledged Her Majesty's Government to the strict maintenance of that important treaty, as understood and explained by the Committee themselves.* From this time greater tranquillity began to prevail. We have seen from Mr. Lawry's journal, that, at a public meeting held at Auckland, in the year 1844, a "Wesleyan Native Institution" was formed at Auckland, with a view of instructing the aboriginal inhabitants in the religion and literature of our own country and denomination. To this Institution the Missionaries attached the utmost importance: its great influence was foreseen both by themselves and by the wise and good among the colonists. His Excellency Governor Grey warmly supported the scheme by his influence and personal contribution; and the house soon received its complement of natives. There was

* For particulars of this most interesting correspondence, see Missionary Report for 1848.

a splendid Popish chapel hard by, and a College was being instituted under the auspices of Bishop Selwyn, both in Auckland; and it was only fitting that the Wesleyan Mission, which had been so long and laboriously breaking up this field, should garner its own fruits, and furnish its *quota* towards the enlightenment and Christian elevation of the native community in this way. According to an arrangement of the Missionary Committee, first suggested at the New-Zealand District-Meeting, a "Wesleyan College and Seminary" was likewise built and instituted at Auckland: partly with a view to the education of the children of the Missionary brethren who are stationed in Australia, New-Zealand, and the islands of the South Seas, and partly to benefit the youth of such colonists as were desirous to avail themselves of the Wesleyan teaching and order; and possibly train some of them for the ministry, should they be called to it. The Rev. Alexander and Mrs. Reid were sent to take charge of the Native Institution at Three Kings, and the Rev. Joseph H. and Mrs. Fletcher to conduct the College and Seminary. They sailed together, December 22d, 1848. Both Institutions soon became most popular and most efficient.

The brig "Triton," which, in some respects, had become unfit for the purposes of the Mission, had been disposed of; and, then, a fine

new brig, built by Messrs. White, at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, called the "John Wesley," was sent out in 1846, with a noble reinforcement of Missionaries for the South Seas, to serve instead. She arrived safely at New-Zealand in April, 1847. This beautiful vessel was likewise placed under the direction of the General Superintendent, to run between New-Zealand and the Islands, as well as make occasional voyages home. From this time the New-Zealand people began to introduce wheat, and other articles of English produce, into their system of native culture ; several mills were set to work, and flour was obtained by our own ready and efficient process ; live stock was reared, and vegetables were grown by the country tribes, for the town settlements ; blankets were less demanded, and complete garments more sought after ; slaves who were willing to go were sent to their homes, and slavery in Christian families was abolished altogether ; the face of the country around the great centres began to wear a changed aspect, and the usual progress of a colony was most evident. Christianity, notwithstanding a thousand discordant elements all at work, was the presiding spirit of the scene ; that is, a free intelligent Protestant Christianity ; for the Scriptures were so extensively circulated among, and read by, the people, that Popery could hardly take hold of any

but the immigrant Irish, and the most superstitiously inclined of the natives. At the Conference of 1850, the ministerial arrangements stood as follows :—

NORTHERN SECTION.

Auckland and Pehiakura, Walter Lawry, General Superintendent ; Thomas Buddle.

Wesleyan College and Seminary, Joseph H. Fletcher.

Native Institution, (Three Kings,) Alexander Reid.

Manukau, Henry H. Lawry (son of the General Superintendent).

Mangungu and Wangaroa, John Hobbs, Deputy Chairman of the Section.

Waima and Newark, John Warren.

Wairoa, (Kaipara,) James Buller.

MIDDLE SECTION.

Kawhia, John Whiteley, Deputy Chairman of the Section.

Aotea, (Beecham-Dale,) Gideon Smales.

New-Plymouth, Henry H. Turton.

Waingaroa, James Wallis.

Waipa and Wakatumutumu, George Buttle.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

Wqimate, William Woon.

Waitotara, George Stannard, Assistant Missionary.

Wanganui and Taupo, William Kirk.

Wellington, James Watkin, Deputy Chairman of the Section; John Aldred.

Nelson, (Middle Island,) Samuel Ironside.

Waikowaiti, near Otago, (Middle Island,) Charles Creed.*

Neat and commodious chapels were raised in all the peopled localities around the principal stations, and thus those stations became Circuits, as in England; native young men, in greater numbers, as soon as their piety and intelligence were of an order to warrant such an arrangement, were sent forth among their heathen countrymen, to lead them to the knowledge of the truth. All this tended powerfully to arrest the tone and practice of public immorality; to produce a general respect for religion; to deepen the work of grace where it had been begun; to extend the observance of public and private worship through the land, even the interior parts; and to lay the foundation, both deep and broad, for a great Christian social edifice of the future. An awful earthquake which happened in Wellington, October 14th, 1848, destroying some lives and much property, even Mission property, was the means, in the Divine hand, of greatly deepening the tone of serious religion.

* For the Statistical Table, see end of the volume.

Such are the present results and aspects of the New-Zealand Mission. It is a territory which has been won for Christ by the united exertions of the Wesleyan and Church-of-England Missionaries. The former chiefly by their powerful evangelical ministrations, and the latter by their literary labours and efficient teaching, have taken hold of the spirit of the population : though now the educational institutions of our own brethren are as influential and efficient as those of their Episcopalian neighbours. To the Wesleyan people especially, it has been a sphere of unparalleled toil, carried on for thirty years, at a cost, most economically distributed, of several thousands per year ; and yet yielding glorious fruit. The fields are white unto the harvest, and Christian reapers are filling their arms with the sheaves. O, what hath God wrought, that this land, which was almost unapproachable through its wars and cannibal atrocities, should now be the abode of a rising, intelligent, and peaceful people ; and, perhaps, eventually another Britain hard by the side of another, the Australian, continent ! With regard to the character of our Christian labourers in this field, the words of Mr. Lawry in reference to the Feejee Missionaries, are true also of them. I give these words entire from his journal.

Our Missionaries here are hard-working men, and

men of all work. They rise early, and translate the Scriptures, or prepare other good books ; they teach the natives useful arts, and guide them in all they do : one part of the day is devoted to native schools, and another to the schooling of their own children. They preach the Gospel to all who will hear it, morning, noon, and night. They administer medicine to the sick, and settle disputes for all parties. They are consulted about every important enterprise, and have their hand in everything that is going on. They are lawyers, physicians, privy-councillors, builders, agriculturists, and frequent travellers on the high seas in the frail native canoes. They are men

“ Whose path is on the mountain-wave,
Whose home is on the sea ! ”

They study hard, that they may give a faithful translation of the word of God ; several of them daily read Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, for this end ; beside their constant application to the perfecting of their knowledge of the native language, in which they preach and converse daily with ease and fluency. These things they do in the ordinary course of their regular labour as Pastors of the flock of Christ ; beside the oversight they are obliged to take of their own domestic affairs, where the busy housewife plies her care, and where the tedious natives crowd around.

Such is a very faint picture of the devoted men employed in these Missions, of whom it would be wise to say, what we often hear said in a very different sense, “ They may do to go abroad ; they may be fit for the Mission-work.” Whoever has been tempted to think that inferior men are good enough to send out as Missionaries, cannot have estimated the cost of sending them, the mighty obstacles they have to overcome, the versatility of gifts and graces they need, and the untold

evils which must result from an unqualified standard-bearer. Let no young Superintendent propose, nor any Quarterly-Meeting pass, a candidate for the Christian ministry, of slender abilities, and questionable qualifications, under the absurd and inexcusable impression that such a man, though not fit for the home-work, "may do to go abroad." Our work abroad requires men of all the wisdom, courage, and piety that can be obtained. *No man is too good for the Mission-work.* This field will give full scope to all his energies and powers, no matter how much they may have been cultivated, improved, and refined. If possible, the man who is to spend his life in learning a strange language, and in raising and ruling new churches, far away from the wise counsel of his fathers, should have his full time in one of our admirable Institutions, and there be instructed in those things which may prepare him rightly to discharge the duties of the pastoral office. These are not mere probabilities: I write the observations which are pressed upon me in my every-day movements, in the discharge of my duties, among the South-Sea Mission-stations.

With regard to the aboriginal inhabitants, it remains to be seen whether they will be borne down and lost under the surging tide of colonial immigration, or whether they will stand like a rock amidst it all. Native tribes have generally disappeared wherever mere aggressive or commercial colonisation has taken place; but here, where cupidity has received a check, where the clear lines of right have been revealed, where the native mind has been elevated, and the trading spirit overawed by a more than usual amount of Christian influence and appliance;

the results may prove far more cheering. Wise and experienced men, such as the senior Missionaries, give it as their opinion, that the slave-population of New-Zealand, the lowest in the physical scale, will die off, and become extinct; while the Chieftain families, changed in their habits, and raised by religion and educational training, will be preserved and increase, partly and for a while as a separate race, and then perhaps, ultimately, as commingled with the Europeans of the country.

In the mean time numbers are rescued from sin and misery, nurtured in faith and holiness, and ushered into everlasting life. Dark and untutored, though powerful, minds, which revelled in conceptions of cruelty and blood, have been filled with the peace of God, with holy affections, and absorbed with the contemplation of truths so great and hopes so glorious, as to make them tremble at the vastness of their new vision, and the depth of their new emotions.

Their euphonious but poor language is now impressed with great Gospel conceptions, with words that shall stir the hearts of generations to come. With them the Sabbath is a delight and honourable; and, notwithstanding the number of those who still walk according to the course of this world, there is nothing to hinder the ordinary progress of the Gospel

through this fine and interesting country, or to prevent it from becoming a fair, prosperous, and Christian land. And when the time shall come, when civil and educational institutions shall flourish, and wealthy society is gathering around ; when dignified Churchmen shall follow their tranquil course by the side of the hard-working and aggressive Wesleyan ; when commerce shall thrive, and godliness is found to have the promise of this life as well as of that which is to come, and New-Zealand has become the mistress of the southern sea ;—then let the man who participates in these blessings reflect how and from what source they were obtained ; that, unless there had been a Marsden, a Leigh, a Morgan, a Turner, and others of like temper, to wrestle with the horrors of cannibal Hea-thenism and overcome them, there would have been no dignified Christianity ; indeed, no colonised New-Zealand at all. The nation would still have been the terror of the seas, or else have perished, a gigantic suicide, by its own wars. “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy, and for Thy truth’s sake.”

TABULAR VIEW OF THE NEW-ZEALAND DISTRICT.

CENTRAL OR PRINCIPAL STATIONS OR CIRCUITS.	Number of Chapels.	No. of other Preaching-Places.	Missionaries and Assistant ditto.	Number of Subordinate <i>Paid</i> Agents.		Number of <i>Unpaid</i> Agents.		Number of Full and Accredited Church-Membs.	On trial for Membership.
				Cate- chists, &c.	Day- School Teachers.	Sabbath- School Teachers.	Local Preach- ers.		
1. Auckland ; and 2. Manukau.	7	7	5	..	4	56	37	325	20
3. Mangungu.....	3	5	1	..	2	20	16	304	29
4. Waima and Newark	2	8	1	8	6	127	7
5. Wairoa (Kaipara)	4	4	1	10	12.	145	10
6. Kawhia	12	30	1	1	2	48	41	504	75
7. Beecham-Dale (Aotea)	10	2	1	28	26	326	12
8. New-Plymouth	9	8	1	36	19	196	32
9. Waingaroa	5	8	1	20	10	212	30
10. Waipa.....	5	9	1	38	26	241	9
11. Waimate ; and 12. Waitotara	12	7	2	72	42	536	..
13. Wanganui and Taupo	8	33	1	1	..	28	26	161	143
14. Wellington	13	13	2	62	35	562	..
Cloudy-Bay	9	..	0	10	20	150	..
15. Nelson	8	11	1	..	2	34	26	344	25
16. Waikowaiti	2	12	1	1	2	14	12	289	..
Totals.....	109	157	20	3	12	484	354	4422	392

TABULAR VIEW OF THE NEW-ZEALAND DISTRICT, CONTINUED.

CENTRAL OR PRINCIPAL STATIONS OR CIRCUITS.		207	7246	110	3649	4148	3123	7271	11577
Number of Sabbath-Schools.	1. Auckland; and 2. Manukau.	9	569	4	350	340	234	574	1080
	3. Mangungu.	6	145	95	50	145	500
	4. Waimea and Newark.	6	150	1	30	90	60	150	400
	5. Wairoa (Kaipara)	4	195	1	20	115	80	195	380
	6. Kawhia.	36	965	45	981	480	485	965	1032
	7. Beecham-Dale (Aotea)	10	826	10	750	426	400	826	826
	8. New-Plymouth	23	440	1	7	240	200	440	794
	9. Waingaroa	10	600	350	250	600	750
	10. Waipa	15	575	284	291	575	580
	11. Waimate; and 12. Waitotara	22	822	22	822	522	300	822	1210
	13. Wanganui and Taupo	16	334	10	224	189	145	334	595
	14. Wellington	20	760	470	290	760	1600
	Cloudy-Bay	9	200	130	70	200	250
	15. Nelson	7	280	2	80	185	115	300	800
	16. Waikowaiti	14	385	14	385	232	153	385	780
	Totals		207	7246	110	3649	4148	3123	7271
Number of Sabbath-Schools.	Number of Sabbath-Schools of both Sexes.	Number of Day-Schools.	Number of Day-Schools of both Sexes.	Male.	Female.	Total.	Number of Attendants on Public Worship, including Members & Scholars.		

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